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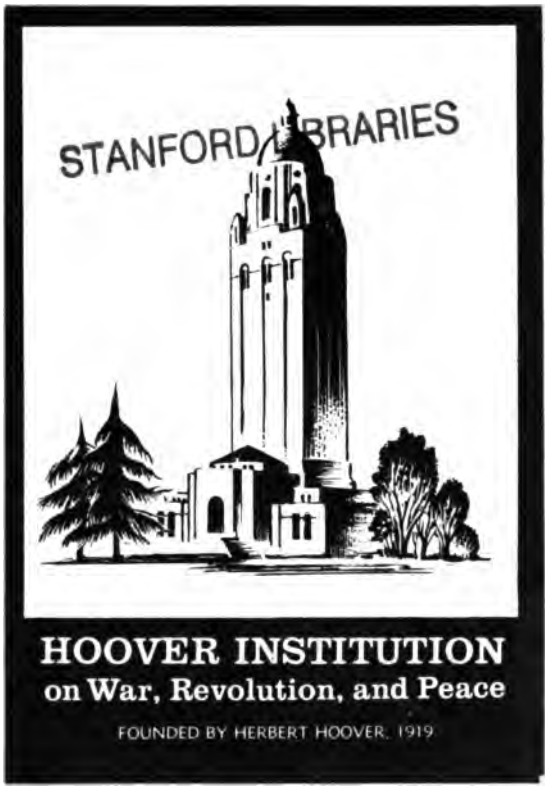
WHITE
MAN'S
AFRICA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[P. 134

TABA-BASIO CONFERENCE

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA

BY

POULTNEY BIGELOW

AUTHOR OF

"HISTORY OF THE GERMAN STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY"
"THE BORDERLAND OF CZAR AND KAISER" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE

AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1899

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TO

MARTIN STEYN

PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

Without your permission or knowledge I am dedicating this book to you. We differ on many points, yet in one vital matter we agree. The four Republics of South Africa have in their hands the shaping of a great nation. This empire cannot be guided by wires from Berlin or Amsterdam, New York, or even London. The greatest good of the greatest number must become a watchword from the Cape to the Zambesi.

As in my country the citizens of Virginia and New York call themselves Americans, so in South Africa the Transvaal Dutchman and the Cape Englishman must in future think less of what each is giving up and more of what all are gaining in common by a United Fatherland.

My journeyings in your country have given me the happy assurance that no man in South Africa commands more completely than yourself the confidence of his fellow-citizens, particularly the large class of industrious and silent men whom politicians occasionally forget. Think of these when you are inclined to be discouraged.

Your friend,

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

CENTURY CLUB, New York, 1897.

PREFACE

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA is a very small portion of the great Dark Continent, stretching from the Cape of Good Hope for a thousand miles or so northeastward along the Indian Ocean. As compared to the whole continent, it reminds one of the thirteen united colonies of America in 1776. Here is the only section of Africa where the white man has established self-governing communities. This is the New England of Africa, whose enterprising sons are doggedly conquering the wilderness step by step, carrying with them Christianity and constitutional government. These pioneers, whether we call them English or Boer, have in their veins the blood of a common ancestry.

Four hundred years ago Portuguese navigators and Romish monks established themselves along the whole coast-line of this continent, with the exception of the Mediterranean shore; but they brought with them an administration directed exclusively to the accumulation of gold and indiscriminate conversion of natives. They and their work have been swept away, leaving nothing but a few ginger-colored officials to remind the traveller that a government cannot live long unless its foundations are laid on principles of justice.

About the same time that Portugal commenced her career in Africa Columbus stumbled upon America,

where Spain proceeded to claim every right of sovereignty. She governed in America as Portugal governed in Africa, and with nearly the same result. She established no self-governing communities, and what she has done has been the result mainly of theological and military violence. Nothing of value was accomplished in either Africa or America until there came to these continents men trained in the respect for law and, above all, civil liberty. In 1620 there landed in Massachusetts Bay a boat-load of Englishmen who faced the storms of the North Atlantic and the tomahawks of the red Indians rather than submit to theological domination. Their descendants are governing a community where sixty or seventy millions of English-speaking men and women live in peace and plenty.

Within a few years from the founding of New England, a handful of Dutchmen established themselves at the Cape of Good Hope, and to these were soon joined a few Protestant Frenchmen who had left their country in order to escape religious tyranny. At the close of the Napoleonic wars England became the paramount power, and there was promise of a happy colonial future from the mingling of British, Dutch, and Huguenot colonists, bound together by common views regarding civil and religious liberty. The Cape was so far from England, and the problems raised by local conditions so strange to the European, that only those who knew the country well could legislate with safety. In the Cape Colony a community grew up that soon ceased to be English, Scotch, Irish, or Dutch, except in a secondary sense. First of all, they had regard for their local and material interests, and on these points they were Afrikanders to the same extent that a Virginia planter became an American when the British Parliament

enacted laws conflicting with his rights as a free Englishman.

England has sent many excellent Governors to South Africa, and when their advice has been followed the development of that country has been satisfactory; but in many cases the recommendation of a good Governor has been brushed aside by a colonial minister in London, the effect being usually bad. I hope that in these pages I have made it clear how the gulf between Dutch and English-speaking Afrikanders has been artificially widened by the injustice of a well-meaning but ill-informed colonial administration in London. I trust also that I may have so illustrated my propositions as to convince those who read these pages that the self-governing communities of South Africa are able to manage their own affairs, or that, even if they do make blunders now and then, they cannot make worse blunders than those perpetrated by a colonial minister in London.

The literature on South Africa is more than abundant, and I have tried to read all of it. Perhaps I am the only writer on the subject who cheerfully admits that he knows nothing of the subject. It was much against my will that I accepted an offer made by the publishing house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers to proceed at once to South Africa and write my impressions. I pleaded my ignorance of the subject, but this did not seem to discourage them. I had just corrected the last proof-sheets of my *History of the German Struggle for Liberty*, and felt that even if I learned nothing on this trip to Africa, I should at least appreciate a long holiday.

My preparations for this trip were entirely negative. The history of black and white colonization in America was tolerably familiar to me. I had visited in all the

... I had been able to note the at
French government in colonizing a terri
twenty-four hours from their nearest p
aration as this had taught me, at lea
ficulty of legislating for blacks and w
all, of establishing permanent white se
population of blacks inferior in politic
vastly superior in numbers.

I have tried to reflect the truth at a
minds of honest men were inflamed by pi
the first of January, 1896, the Jameson I
indignation of the world and made ever
Boer distrustful of the English govern
3d of January the German Emperor cabl
Kruger words of congratulation which d
countersign of his Prime Minister, but
understood to signify that if the Transv
ficulties German troops would come to
Thus two trifles set South Africa and
Europe in a blaze of malediction which h
sided, eighteen months after the event.
Raid might easily have been left for s
South African tribunal—certainly the sit
been improved by Colonial Off

wherever I went, although in the Transvaal itself so bitter was the feeling against England that I was an object of suspicion until it was demonstrated for me that I was there merely as an observer, and not for hostile purposes. My greatest obligation is towards those Boer farmers who sheltered me overnight, although I came to them as a stranger; who allowed me to share the society of their family circle, and who gave me their blessing when I said good-bye on the following morning. The future of South Africa lies, I believe, not in the hands of noisy and frothy filibusters or Stock Exchange brokers; nor does it lie with a small section of Boers who still struggle for isolation. The men who hold the future of that country in their hands are men of English as well as Dutch descent, but who are no longer subject to one flag more than the other. They are men who feel and act as Afrikanders, whether their farms lie in Natal or the Cape, the Transvaal or the Orange Free State. The type that is to dominate White Man's Africa is produced neither in the family of Eckstein, Beit, Wernher, Neumann, Barney Barnato, J. B. Robinson, and other great financial aristocrats; nor will it be found in the congregation of Paul Kruger. It is alive, however, and flourishes vigorously in the person of Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

CENTURY CLUB, New York, 1897.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
I.	JAMESON'S RAID	1
II.	PRESIDENT KRUGER	20
III.	PORTUGUESE PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA	46
IV.	THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE	73
V.	THE LAST OF A GREAT BLACK NATION	106
VI.	AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE	139
VII.	THE WHITE MAN'S BLACK MAN	163
	THE ROMANCE OF MR. RABBIT	163
	THE SKY COUNTRY	171
VIII.	THE DUTCH FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND	189
	THE BOER AT HOME	189
	SLAAGTER'S NECK	191
	THE BOERS AND SLAVERY	198
	THE CAUSES OF THE GREAT TRECK	205
	THE GREAT TRECK	207
	DINGAAN'S DAAG	211
IX.	NATAL—A COLONIAL PARADISE	220
X.	BRITISH AND BOER GOVERNMENT	251

ILLUSTRATIONS

TABA-BASIO CONFERENCE . . . . . *Frontispiece*
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Sketches and Photographs made by the Author.)

CRICKET ON SHIPBOARD . . . . . *Facing p.* 2
(Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from an Instantaneous Photograph by the Author.)

DUTCH HOUSE NEAR CAPE TOWN . . . . . " 8
(Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

TABLE MOUNTAIN, FROM CAPE TOWN . . . . . " 16
(Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from a Photograph by the Author.)

PRESIDENT KRUGER . . . . . " 20
(From a Photograph by Plumbe & Bradshaw.)

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, PRETORIA . " 22
(From a Photograph.)

PRESIDENT KRUGER AT HOME . . . . . " 24
(From a Photograph.)

MRS. KRUGER, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT . . . . . " 28
(From a Photograph.)

ZULUS STACKING AMERICAN TIMBER AT LORENZO MARQUEZ " 46
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs taken by the Author.)

THE WAR-DANCE OF THE ZULUS . . . . . " 48
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from a series of Instantaneous Photographs taken by the Author.)

PORTUGUESE SENTRY IN LORENZO MARQUEZ . . . . " 52
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT LORENZO MARQUEZ . . . . . " 64
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS 67

M. T. STEYN, THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE *Facing p.* 80
(From a Photograph by O. Mönnig.)

TRAVELLING IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE . . . . . " 88
(Drawn by F. Remington from Photographs taken by the Author.)

THE BOER'S FIRST HOMESTEAD . . . . . } *Facing p.* 92
(Drawn by W. H. Drake, after a Photograph.)
A BOER FARM-HOUSE IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE . }
(Drawn by W. H. Drake, after a Photograph.)

BOERS IN CAMP . . . . . " 96
(Drawn by Frederic Remington, after a Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

THE NEWLY COMPLETED CAPITOL AT BLOEMFONTEIN }
OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE } " 100
ORANGE FREE STATE . . . . . }

INTERIOR OF THE LEGISLATIVE HALL IN THE NEW CAPITOL . . . . . " 102

CROSSING A STREAM IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE . . " 104
(Drawn by Frederic Remington, after a Photograph.)

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION IN BASUTOLAND . . . . " 108
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs taken by the Author.)

CROSSING THE CALEDON . . . . . " 110
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

POLO AT MASERU . . . . . " 116
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE GRAVE OF MOSHESH, WITH BASUTO MOUNTED POLICE . . . . . " 130
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs and Sketches by the Author.)

MEETING MASUPA . . . . . " 134
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from a Photograph by the Author.)

THE STORMING OF TABA-BASIO BY BOERS AND BRITISH, 1865 . . . . . " 136
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from details supplied by the Author.)

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN . . . . . " 142
(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH . . . . . " 144
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

CLIMBING THE LION'S HEAD, CAPE TOWN . . . . . " 148
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from an Instantaneous Photograph taken by the Author.)

STREET SCENE IN CAPE TOWN . . . . . " 152
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Sketches and Photographs made by the Author.)

A CAPE HIGHLANDER, VOLUNTEER BATTALION . . . . " 156
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

OLD DUTCH HOUSES AT CONSTANTIA—A STRANGE FLEET IN SIGHT . . . . . " 158
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

CONVICTS AT WORK . . . . . " 160
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

TRADING FOR ZULU LABOR . . . . . " 164
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE STAFF-BEARER OF THE KING OF TONGOLAND . . *Facing p.* 166
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

A NIGHT SEARCH FOR STOLEN DIAMONDS IN A ZULU HUT " 168
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs taken by the Author.)

NATIVES IN COMPOUND, WITH MITTENS TO PREVENT DIAMOND-STEALING . . . . . " 170
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs made by the Author.)

WASHING AT THE HOSPITAL . . . . . " 172
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville from Photographs made by the Author.)

A MATABELE NATIVE . . . . . " 174
(From a Photograph.)

A ZULU WOMAN, NATAL—FULL DRESS . . . . . " 176
(From a Photograph.)

A WITCH-DOCTOR OF DELAGOA BAY . . . . . " 178

A FIGHT IN THE COMPOUND AMONG RIVAL TRIBES . . " 180
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

"CIVILIZED" NEGROES SEEKING WORK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS . . . . . " 182
(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

LABORERS TRAMPING TO THE MINES IN NATIVE COSTUME " 186
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE DEATH OF BEZUIDENHOUT . . . . . " 194
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

SLAAGTER'S NECK—THE BREAKING OF THE SCAFFOLD . " 198
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

BOERS TRECKING—CROSSING THE DRAAKSBERG . . . " 210
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

DINGAAN AND THE MURDER OF THE BOER EMISSARIES. " 212
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE CHARGE OF THE BOERS TO AVENGE DINGAAN'S DAAG " 214
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

BOER WOMEN HELPING TO DEFEND A LAAGER . . . " 216
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

PIETERMARITZBURG, THE CAPITAL OF NATAL . . . . " 222
(From a Photograph by G. W. Wilson & Co.)

MY JINRIKISHA MAN . . . . . " 224
(From a Photograph.)

IN FULL CRY . . . . . " 226
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

AT THE DURBAN RAILWAY STATION—NEGROES AND EAST-INDIANS . . . . . " 230
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

THE LATEST THING IN HEAD-DRESSES . . . . . } " 232
(From a Photograph.)
BOER SENTRY, BLOEMFONTEIN . . . . . }
(From a Photograph by the Author.)

AT THE BERRY MARKET . . . . . *Facing p.* 234
(From a Photograph.)
"A JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN POSSE" . . . . . " 236
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)
TOWN CLOTHES AT DURBAN . . . . . " 238
(From a Photograph.)
AN EAST-INDIAN MILKMAN . . . . . " 240
(From a Photograph.)
A ZULU POLICE ORDERLY . . . . . " 242
(From a Photograph.)
LANDING PASSENGERS AT DURBAN—THREE IN EACH BASKET . . . . . " 244
(From a Photograph.)
A ZULU SERVANT OF THE GOVERNOR OF NATAL . . . " 246
(From a Photograph.)
AT THE DURBAN CLUB . . . . . " 248
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)
BRINGING THE RAIDERS TO JOHANNESBURG . . . . . " 256
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)
OFFICE OF THE "REFORM COMMITTEE" DURING THE JAMESON RAID . . . . . " 258
NATIVE CHIEFS IN THE JAIL WHERE THE "REFORM" PRISONERS WERE KEPT . . . . . " 262
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)
AT THE PRETORIA CAMP—TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY " 268
(Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.)

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA

I

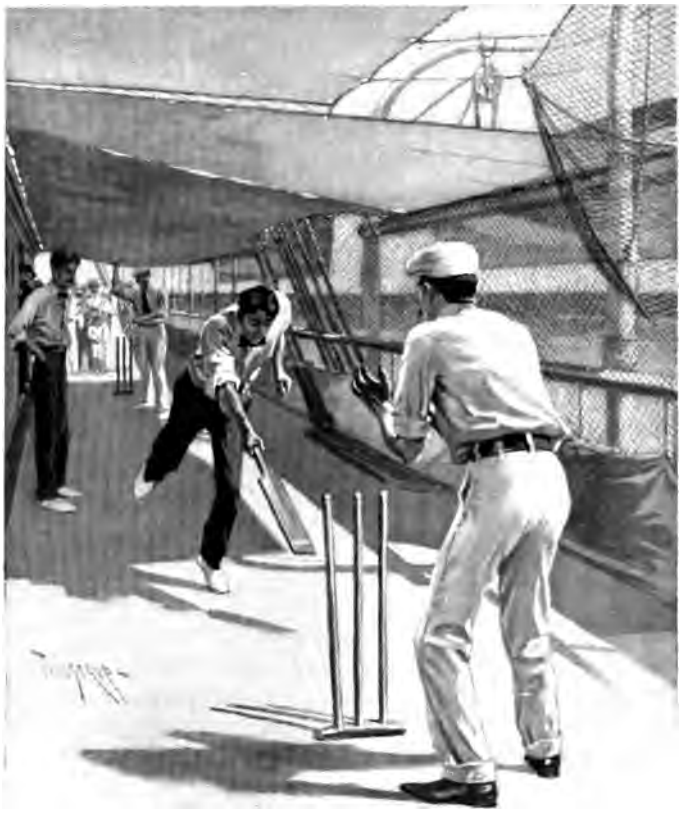
JAMESON'S RAID

GEOGRAPHICALLY speaking, the part of Africa which suits the white man best is that part which puts the most miles between him and the equator—so I started for the Cape of Good Hope. It does not look very far on the map; yet, with the fastest steaming available, the journey took me thirty days; for I had to go first to Southampton, which required eight days; then I had three days to wait until there was a steamer sailing for the Cape; and then another sea stretch, consuming nineteen more days, making the total thirty. The distance travelled was 3000 miles to England from New York; then 6000 from Southampton to the Cape.

The wise passenger on all lines takes a salt-water bath every morning, and all lines are supplied with bath-tubs now. In the North Atlantic one often feels like adding a bit of hot water of a chilly morning, but between the tropics the traveller more often pines for a cake of ice, when the sea temperature rises almost to blood-heat, and the sides of the ship grow so hot that dressing and undressing become burdensome.

As to dress, however, the African journey is vastly more fashionable than the line of the "roaring forties." It would be a bold man who on the North Atlantic would care to make a full-dress toilet each evening; and, indeed, the journey is now so short that many passengers do not appear at table until the voyage is nearly over. But between the Isle of Wight and Table Mountain, after allowing for the Bay of Biscay, which is usually rough, there is a long stretch of more than two weeks when the sea is smooth, the air warm without being hot. Ladies dress for dinner as they would in big cities, with low neck and short sleeves; a very pretty picture it makes on deck in the moonlight, particularly when a waltz is heard from the saloon that sets our feet in motion over the smooth deck, and, of course, if woman sets the example, man must follow; and thus it happens that, coasting the savage shores of Morocco Senegambia, Congo, and Niger, the modern passenger steamer leads the life, as near as may be, of Mayfair or West Point.

The dress-suit for men is the natural result of the daily *sweat;* the man who does hard physical exercise every afternoon, who opens his pores once a day, that man must needs change his clothes when he comes home for his evening meal, not because it is the fashion but because it is well for his health. And so it was on the trip to the Cape each afternoon. One side of the promenade deck was inclosed in netting, and a violent game of cricket ensued. The netting was intended to prevent balls getting lost, but in spite of it some managed to escape, and I hope they choked a few sharks. It was a most confined space, and the exercise violent, so that it was not long before every cricketer was dripping with wholesome perspiration. Fortunately the con-



CRICKET ON SHIPBOARD

ditions under which the game was played enabled me to have a hand in it, else I had died of inanition. I had never played cricket in my life, but it is a game first cousin to base-ball, and whoever plays one can readily find amusement in the other.

On the North Atlantic route the passenger list is essentially international—largely American, German, and English—and for obvious reasons. The interests of South Africa are, however, so predominantly English that I was not surprised to find myself the only American on board. The rest were, with few exceptions, British. And, of course, so soon as seasickness had been survived, a committee on *sports* was organized, which, by dividing itself into sub-committees, arranged all the spare time of the voyage in such a manner that for almost each day there was some interesting recreation for the passengers in general.

Twice there were formal dances, when the deck was hung with Chinese lanterns and bunting, when dancing-cards were provided, and also free punch. To be sure, the punch was not good, and the music was ditto; but all hands enjoyed it hugely. Then twice there were dramatic or musical performances. The second-class passengers shared in the dances and in the dramatic entertainments, and of course they took part in the athletic competitions which came afterwards. There were races for children and races for grown-up people. The ladies entered for a race to determine who could run with the greatest speed carrying before her an egg in a spoon. The stewards raced to see who could eat a bun and drink a bottle of soda-water in the shortest time, and then run the length of the deck. I thought they would die of apoplexy. The sailors had a race to see who could make the best time while their legs were

...s pulled at the other.
tug-of-war. Then there were j
various other diversions, which m
at the time, and caused as much
as though each event had been an
race; for you see we were a long
had been accustomed to have ea
sensation. Nineteen days at sea i
the sea is smooth and the food a
every event was won by passenger
which, if this be an average ship-l
thought. It foreshadows roughly tl
at least the aristocracy of money a
same time an aristocracy of muscle a
to hold its own not merely with bla
also with the men of English speech
factory and the workshop in the fon
future home is to be one where votes
vail.

It was a bewildering picture of A
Many typical and representative sp
African life were there—some born
had lived many years there. For ins
young lady whose fa

It is outrageous that the government allows them to have their absurd republic. They stand in the way of progress; they never wash; their beds are full of fleas; they are cruel; they commit abominable crimes; they are degenerate, and can't shoot any more as they once did."

That man was sincere in what he said, and so was my Boer friend Chintorius, whom I asked about his country. "These damned English," said he, "think that no one has any rights but themselves. They come into my country like pirates and adventurers; they care for nothing but gold, and when they have got their pockets full they go away again to spend it in England. We don't want people like that; they may threaten and bully all they like, but they sha'n't get what they want so long as I can prevent it. What do we care for their Tommy Atkins? One Boer is a match for any five of their redcoats. They stole our land from us when we were weak. Now we are alive to our danger; we are united; we have plenty of ammunition; we can shoot straight; we know our country. So let them come on, and they shall have Majuba Hill over again."

Then I had a long talk one morning with an energetic hotel proprietor, whose property lay north of the Transvaal, in what is called Rhodesia. "I should be a rich man to-day," said he, "had it not been for that stupid raid of Jameson. That raid has put the whole country back at least three years. We were all doing well. Property was rising in value. We were getting along smoothly with the natives. The Boers were getting to like us, and emigration was setting towards Buluwayo and Salisbury in a most encouraging manner. Now everything is down. My hotel is worth next to nothing. People are afraid to come into the country. The

[illegible] thought I w
the truth about the country was so
by men vastly more experienced in
could ever hope to be?

A turning-point in African history
Jameson. Let me anticipate some
here a few extracts which a friend,
Dr. Hatheway, allowed me to make
kept on the march from Mafeking to

Dr. Hatheway was the one English
steamship *Bolter* who always spoke ki
to me. He has lived a lifetime amc
their language fluently, as he does that
tribes. He will forgive me if I refer
handsome, athletic specimen of the so
accompanied the Jameson column in
sional capacity. On board we had alsc
ber of the Boer Volksraad, named, le
burg. We became fast friends at onc
loved George Washington, and could
eloquent verse glorifying the Father
Rendsburg recognized Dr. Hatheway at
seven times fired at him during the bat
dorp. However, Rendsburg shall tell
Let us first revive the impressions whic
on the spot by his enemy:

after lunch to-day, so I had a pretty busy time of it, packing what I was to leave behind and seeing to what I had to get ready."*

"This is a big order, and hard to say how it will turn out, and our work is pretty well cut out for us anyhow."

"We are G and K troops, with Colonel Raleigh Grey, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, in command, Major Hon. Charles John Coventry, Captain Monro, Captain Gosling, Second Lieutenants McQueen, Wood, Hore, and myself as officers.

"Men and horses all fit, as they had need be, for we have to get to Krugersdorp in sixty hours. [Distance between Mafeking and Krugersdorp less than 150 miles.]

"No sleep, I expect, and though plenty of food, not too much time for eating it. Were cheered by Mafeking—such as knew we were leaving — for none of *us* even knew until this afternoon." (The public had been humbugged into thinking that Jameson was contemplating an expedition against some Matabele tribes.—P. B.)

"*Dec.* 30, 1895.—Halted about midnight of the 29th, and were told we were over the border and in the Transvaal."

"On again, after a brief halt, until dawn, when we halted again for half an hour. As the sun rose we rode into the village of Malmani, and here we met the British South Africa force."†

* The sergeant who kept the roster told me that the total of white men on this expedition, both of the British South Africa Company and the Imperial Protectorate forces, numbered 482 men. There were besides some fifty negro teamsters. Mafeking is just beyond 26 south latitude, at the extremity of the railway northward from the Cape through Kimberley. It is close to the frontier of the Boer republic.—P. B.

† These so-called stores had been erected by the chartered company at intervals of about ten miles. The Boers had been made to believe

"It was a very pretty sight seeing them coming over the veldt to meet us."

"Offsaddled at a store about 8 A.M., and breakfasted. Met here three officers who had been sent on ahead to cut telegraph lines."

"On again after a couple of hours' rest. A flat, open country—only a very occasional farm—and we met hardly anybody. No incident all day, but beginning to feel tired and sleepy to-night."

"*Dec.* 31, '95.—Rode on all night again, with an enforced rest for a couple of hours while our guides found the road again which we thought we had lost."

"Offsaddled at sunup at a store where there were some 300 horses, remounts for us. They were not of much use, however, most of them being unbroken." (Of these 300 remounts only half a dozen *circa* were found available, so Dr. Hatheway told me.—P. B.)

"Some Dutchmen drove up to us this afternoon and asked to see Jameson, but were not allowed to."

"Halted at another store this afternoon, but owing to an alarm of Dutchmen ahead we saddled up again before we had time to eat, and rode on again. Got through a very nasty place just before sundown this evening, called the Lead Mines. We could have all been wiped out if the enemy had caught us there. We are promised six hours' sleep to-night.

"*New Year's Day*, 1896.—Instead of six hours' sleep last night we had four hours' fighting, being attacked at 11 P.M. when passing through some nasty kopjes." (Kopjes or koppies mean hills.)

"We got through the pass at dawn, and New-year's

that they were exclusively for the convenience of a prospective stage route.—P. B.

DUTCH HOUSE NEAR CAPE TOWN

Day found us offsaddled in rather an ugly place commanded by hills all round. So we pushed on again and got to a store about 6 A.M., where we rested and fed.

"On again until about noon, when we found ourselves getting near Krugersdorp." (About forty miles west of Johannesburg.)

"I was away out on the right flank this morning with Coventry, Monro, and Hore, but nothing exciting occurred; but we could hear the 7-pounders shelling somewhere." (On the left. Jameson had eleven pieces of artillery.)

"Called in about 2 P.M. We had a snack, and then advanced on Krugersdorp. Again I was on the right flank, and did not get off so easily this time. We were exposed to a very hot fire from some pits in front of us, and we were in the open, while the Boers were never visible." (It was here that Rendsburg fired seven times at Dr. Hatheway, the Boer not knowing that the good doctor was wholly absorbed in helping the wounded.)

"What was happening to the left I can't say, but there was a very hot fire kept up. I never felt so 'big' before, and it was impossible to get shelter. The shells were beginning to tell now, and we saw Boers leaving their fort and holes rather hurriedly. We were expecting a re-enforcement from Johannesburg every moment, for two messengers on bicycles had joined us this morning with despatches saying Johannesburg had risen to a man, etc." (This, of course, proved wholly false.)

"The whole column advanced to the right now, it being nearly sundown; and I began to hear how things had gone on with the main body and left flank. Captain Lindsell, Dr. Farman, and Sub-Inspector Scott, all of the British South Africa Company, and some sixteen men, were missing, and supposed to be shot, and we had five

[illegible] on the afternoon
nesburg contingent. We were soon unde
and hastily formed a sort of laager whe

(Among these mounted men was ou
Rendsburg, who acted as lieutenant for
on occasions. From his stand-point, a
other trustworthy sources, it may be
that the English leadership was anythin
to professional soldiers, and Jameson's co
manded by officers of the regular army.)

"*Jan.* 2, 1896.—The most awful night
put in, tho', thanks to Almighty Provide
only two men shot dead and three wou
and mules, I don't know how many, fel
fired into us as we lay in the dark, and n
in some cases, within one hundred yards.
silenced them eventually, but they kept fi
all night." (It will be noted that the doc
est to mention things which he did not hi

"At daylight they began again, and
under a heavy fire, still fighting, on towa
burg. I was with my own (Bechuanaland
men, and covering the retreat.

"We had to leave the dead unburied

White rode past me and told me to go back and help Dr. Hamilton at the two ambulance wagons. I rode back and found the wagons filled with sick and wounded, and a few skulkers who said they had lost their horses. I was not long in getting rid of them in spite of their pleading, and then turned my attention to the wounded."

"The first man I touched was dead, so I went on to the next; but as the wagons were being pushed on as rapidly as the tired mules could drag them, it was impossible to do more than roughly bandage them up. We were getting left farther behind every minute, and I expected we would be cut off any moment."

"Just then Colonel White sent an orderly back for me to come on again to the front, and for Dr. Hamilton to take the ambulance wagons up to a mine on the left flank, get the wounded into the houses, and surrender.

"I looked for my horse, but the orderly who was leading him had cleared, and was nowhere to be seen. Every few yards of the road were saddles, blankets, bandoleers, cloaks, food, pots, etc., etc., which had been thrown away by the men in their haste; and loose horses (mostly wounded) were scattered all over the feldt. I started to run after the column, trying to catch a loose horse as I ran. But I could not; and a party of Boers appearing on the right flank, I ran pretty hard in a left direction.

"Fortunately for me, Inspector Dykes, of the British South Africa Company, came up then with the rear-guard, and he had a led horse with him, which he gave me. The poor plug was very nearly done up then, but I kicked him on somehow, taking off wallets, cloak, and everything that was on the saddle, and chucking them away."

"The head of the column had halted now and got among some kopjes (little hills), and was in very brisk action indeed. I struggled up with the rear-guard, and found things looking pretty bad. We were surrounded by Boers, whom we could only locate by the puffs of smoke from behind rocks. Horses were falling all over the place, and an ugly lot of our men were lying suspiciously still — not in firing attitudes. It was a very warm corner indeed, and I was almost sorry I was not back at the ambulance wagons again.

"Below us and to our left was a farm-house (Vlackfontein), and on this we retired, having an unpleasant bit of open, swept by their fire, to cross.

"When we got there it was not much protection, and the end, we could see, was not far off. I was busy enough, and was trying to get a bit of shelter to put the wounded in, when we surrendered. Our trumpeters sounded cease firing, and the white flag was run up." (Dr. Hatheway gave his last piece of lint for use as a white flag on this occasion.)

"The other officers and men were marched away into Krugersdorp at once, but I was left with ten men and our guards to finish the wounded and get the dead buried. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the people, both Dutch and English, who came up afterwards. Milk, brandy, meat, and bread were sent for the wounded, and ambulance carts came out from Krugersdorp."

Omitting the details of life as prisoners at Pretoria, where the Boers treated them with humanity:

"On Saturday, 11th (Jan., 1896), about 9 A.M., a guard of the Pretoria Volunteer Cavalry came down, and we were marched up to the railway station in two separate lots, and put into two special trains, which left Pretoria about noon. We were very well treated here, and a Dr.

Saxton, surgeon to the Staats Artillery, was sent with us, as well as a strong escort of Pretoria Volunteer Cavalry. We officers were put into first-class carriages, and well supplied with fruit and liquor. We were cheered as we left the station, and at every station as we passed."

As the doctor said to me, afterwards,

"We were nothing but pirates, and richly deserved hanging—every one of us!"

And yet immediately after this unprovoked attack upon the Boers, these apparently forgot everything excepting their duties as Christians. This is the nearest example I know of in history of soldiers in the field acting practically on the precept, "Love your enemies."

And now let us hear our doughty Boer legislator who tried hard to kill Dr. Hatheway. W. J. Rendsburg is a Dutch burgher of Potchefstroom, which is eighty miles southwest of Johannesburg. He is a member of the Legislature, deep in the chest, brown as an Indian, has hands that close like a blacksmith's, and he bears among Boers the reputation of being as good with the rifle as with the parliamentary manual. He struck me as a man of observing habits, good-natured by temperament, of religious conviction and strong individual character; in short, nine out of ten prosperous Yankees at an average New England society gathering would have reminded me of my friend Rendsburg. He spoke English well, could repeat Shakespeare and Longfellow by the hour, and loved his native country; in short, I found him an interesting companion. One day I asked him about his share in the fight with Jameson's men, and he told me a tale which I recall somewhat in this wise:

"It was on Tuesday morning, the last day of 1895, when news reached me that Jameson's men had invaded the Transvaal. As a member of the Legislature, or

men of family, armed and equipped
and mounted on our own horses.
way, had been for the most part out
fore in poor condition for campaig
gard to ammunition, we had nothi
man happened to have in his belt, c
will see that Jameson's men had abu
tion, while we ran very short. We m
60-odd miles to Krugersdorp in 18 ho

"By the time we reached Waterv
three miles west of Krugersdorp, Jar
in sight, coming from the west. W
wagons and artillery they covered so
we thought they must be near two thc
on the south side of the road, and cou
make our proposed junction with the c
district, Cronje, who had taken up a
north side. This Cronje, by-the-way, is
egist; there could be no better in any

"However, since there was no time
Cronje's force, the next best thing was
a position as possible, and there awa
vance.

"The fighting commenced almost i
we had got into position. They

us in skirmishing order, supported by artillery fire. We had orders from Cronjè not to return the fire until he gave the word of command, for we had no ammunition to waste, and wanted the enemy to come up close before we opened. The Boer, you must know, is thrifty with his powder, and shoots only to kill. So we waited, and at last, when the English were within five hundred yards, we opened fire, and killed a good many horses. Soon I saw the English, apparently discouraged from pushing along the straight road, make an effort to go around by the north. But Cronje stopped them there, and soon afterwards I could see through my field-glasses Jameson consulting with his men. They then put a 12-pounder in such a position as to rake us, but we soon silenced that by our rifles, for we had no artillery with us. After this Jameson made a move to get around by the southern side; but again Commander Cronje divined his purpose, and when the morning of January 2 broke, Jameson found himself once more faced and flanked by Boers. In that night Cronje's son was wounded, and was carried by the father to the Krugersdorp hospital.

"In the final action Jameson's men charged. My immediate force was two thousand yards away, and took no part, but we could see well what passed. This charge was led by the Hon. Major Coventry and Captain Barry. Barry died of his wounds in the Krugersdorp hospital. Coventry recovered from a dangerous wound, the bullet just grazing his spine. Jameson's men formed up, the bugle sounded, and they dashed up the hill with vigor, and up to within a hundred yards of the Boers. There, however, they were met by severe firing, and must have lost thirty men. They then retreated, formed, and charged again, but with no better result.

"After this I saw them all draw off to a farm which was in the rear of their position, and almost immediately afterwards I saw what looked like a white flag. [This was the bit of lint furnished by Dr. Hatheway.] We had just succeeded in bringing up our 12-pounder and a Maxim, and were commencing to fire upon the English position when the white flag was seen, and at once I rode up to the gunner and ordered him to stop firing.

"The Boers by this time were about 1500 men, and most of us hurried down to the English as soon as we saw the flag of surrender. To our surprise, we found all of Jameson's men with arms in their hands, as though they expected a general massacre. Cronje entered the farm-yard with about thirty men; the rest stayed away at a proper distance.

"Jameson surrendered unconditionally, and of course his men all laid down their arms. As far as I could judge, the men had still a good supply of ammunition about them. The magazines of their Lee and Metford rifles were full; so were the chambers of their revolvers. I left the field with Cronje, and know nothing more."

This is the tale of a fair-minded Transvaal citizen.

The two accounts, coming from brave and honest men, who shared in this strange campaign, who have compared their experiences, who are now good friends—these words are precious in connection with the white man's struggle for mastery in Africa. But there is one episode to be added.

When the Boers had silenced the firing of Jameson's men, and had saved their country from what they feared might prove an invasion disastrous to their independence, they did not celebrate the event by cheers or bonfires. They fell upon their knees and followed the prayers offered by their elders; they gave praise to Almighty

TABLE MOUNTAIN, FROM CAPE TOWN

God for having protected them; they searched their hearts and prayed to be cleansed from the spirit of boasting; they prayed for Jameson and his men, that they might be guided by the light of justice and Christian fellowship—and this they prayed while some of the dead lay yet unburied about them.

Rendsburg and Hatheway are fictitious names, but I shall be happy to disclose them to any one seriously interested in the history of this movement. So, also, I have changed the name of the ship, for obvious reasons.

At last the good ship *Bolter* reached the Cape of Good Hope and was made fast to her dock, as though in New York. Above us towers the magnificent Table Mountain, which to the Cape dwellers is as essential in the horizon as Fusiyama to a Japanese, and quite as remarkable. It is 3500 feet high, and looks like a bit of a vast wall, such as the Palisades of the Hudson, and, indeed, the geological formation reminded me superficially of this. This grand old rock presides over Cape Town much as the Citadel overhangs Quebec. The mariner looks up to both of them as though his ship were a tiny canoe.

My first care on landing was, of course, to seek the American consul, and renew my patriotic fervor by contact with the man on whose shoulders should rest the dignity of our country. To my chagrin, I found that we had no consul; that for the time being American interests were being cared for—and very well, too—by an English gentleman. I made inquiries of various people, and learned that in the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Cape Town such a thing as an American consul who could keep sober after twelve o'clock noon was too seldom known; and this fact must be carefully borne in mind, for it will explain many things that otherwise

might seem obscure. Other countries encourage the commerce of their citizens by appointing capable consuls at foreign ports. Capable consuls cannot be secured unless they are either well paid for their services or unless they are given a permanent position. The American consul at Cape Town has large American interests to watch—not merely at the Cape, but throughout South Africa. Uncle Sam offers such a man the wages of a second-rate mechanic or baseball-player.

Merchants of Cape Town who seek to do business with the United States have no one here to whom they can turn for information, and thus orders which might have been placed in New York or Chicago are diverted to Birmingham or Buenos Ayres. The consuls of other countries are constantly laboring to increase the trade each of his own country. Ours are often regarded as worse than useless.

When the Boers locked up the leaders of the Johannesburg Reform Committee, and among them one or more Americans, it was the English Governor at Cape Town who did what was possible for American interests. He sent an Englishman to look after John Hays Hammond in the Pretoria jail, and that Englishman went with a credit on the bank here for the purpose of bailing out any American that might be in distress. Nor did the English Governor stop there. He gave orders that the best legal talent available should be employed in protecting the legal interests of English and Americans alike—all at the expense of this British colony.

And so I land under Table Mountain, at the southernmost end of Africa, in the midst of war and the rumor of war. The powers of Europe are fiercely scrambling for all they can get from the native races, and even the two Boer republics do not feel safe from the greed of

their neighbors. Sudan and Abyssinia are ablaze in the north; the Matabele are on the war-path south of the Zambesi; in German Southwest Africa the natives have risen; and as I go ashore troops from this colony are embarking for Natal on their way to Mafeking. France, Germany, Portugal, England—all are here watching one another with eagerness, knowing the vast commercial interests that hinge upon trifles light as a black man's whim. At such a time the best man would be none too good for representing American interests in South Africa. And you naturally ask, Well, what are those interests? At least I hope you do, else no one will read my next contribution.

II

PRESIDENT KRUGER

It is not my purpose here to do more than record a few personal notes about Paul Kruger. At a later date I may attempt to fill in this picture by drawing upon the stores of official publications covering the years of his public life; but now I shall seek to give answer to a question that is often heard: "What sort of a man is this grand old Boer?" And let me say, by way of preface, that what I am here penning is partly from the lips of Mr. Kruger himself, partly from his State Secretary, Dr. Leyds, and very largely from intimates who have had the President's permission to speak in regard to his early life.

It was on May 30, 1896, that I first set foot in the capital of the Transvaal, named Pretoria, after the Boer leader Pretorius. It was about noon; the sun was broiling down as it does in Texas; the broad, dusty streets reminded me of an average prairie town west of the Mississippi, and this impression was further heightened by noting great freight-wagons drawn by sixteen oxen, and scrawny mustangs galloping about, with sunburnt, shaggy-bearded Boers astride of them. There was a flavor of cowboy and sombrero to the scene. With me was Mr. R. W. Chapin, the acting United States consul. He had with him official authority to appropriate the body of an American citizen, take him to Johannesburg, to

PRESIDENT KRUGER

the bedside of his sick wife, and then bring him back to Pretoria. Mr. Hammond was in the town jail, and Mr. Chapin had cheerfully given up his time in order to do this act of mercy for a woman in distress.

Why Mr. Hammond was in jail is another story. Without pretending to pass here upon the merits of Boer legislation, it did strike me that something must be wrong with the judiciary of a country that found it necessary to treat as a felon such a man as Hammond.

Arrived at the jail, we found the entrance encumbered by dozens of wagons, and learned that President Kruger had that very morning released some fifty of the "Uitlanders" who had been confined as traitors. Hammond was not of this number, so our acting consul applied to the janitor with an official request for him. The jailer, named Duplessis, sent back word that he was too much occupied then to attend to Mr. Chapin, and that he had better return later—in an hour or so. We did as we were ordered, much wondering at this. But on returning to the place we learned that this same Duplessis had meanwhile slipped out himself, taking Hammond with him, for no other reason than that he might thereby himself have a holiday and earn a fee into the bargain. So poor Hammond, after five months of petty torture in the society of black convicts, was on this day robbed of the society of a friend and made to share his sketchy liberty with his jailer.

Sadly we went back to the town, to hear that Hammond had been seen leaving Pretoria for Johannesburg in charge of the jailer, and so our acting consul had a worse than wasted day.

That afternoon, when it was almost dark, a Boer member of the Lower House of Assembly said to me:

"Have you met the President?"

"No," I said.

"Then come along with me."

There was a refreshing simplicity about this procedure that suggested a pastoral if not patriarchal form of government. We walked for ten minutes along one of the many broad, unpaved streets of the little town, until we came to five army tents pitched on a vacant corner lot.

"What is that camp doing here in town?" I asked.

"Oh, that is for the President's sentry guard."

"Odd," thought I. "The American President manages seventy millions and doesn't even have a policeman at his door, and here in a republic of two or three hundred thousand whites the President has to be guarded by soldiers." Later I found that whenever Mr. Kruger went to or from the government office, he was invariably surrounded by six mounted troopers armed with carbines, and commanded by an officer. The government offices were surrounded by soldiers bearing rifles, and two sentinels paced up and down before the windows of the executive chamber, looking in from time to time to see that all was safe. Of course this room is on the ground-floor. Whether the government indulged in these extravagant military precautions from serious apprehension regarding the President's life, or whether it did so in order to make the farmer constituents believe that the Uitlanders* were plotting to kidnap or assassinate their leader, I do not venture here to express an opinion.

Opposite the five army tents stood a long low house, all the rooms of which were on the ground-floor. A veranda ran along the front, and perhaps six feet of shrub-

*Uitlander is our *outlander*, German Ausländer, and refers to aliens as distinguished from citizens.

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, PRETORIA

bery separated the stoop from the sidewalk. It was a typical farm-house, such as a prosperous Boer farmer would be inclined to build, and was almost concealed by lofty shade trees. There was no driveway to the front door, no sign that the house contained any but an average citizen of Pretoria. But at the wicket-gate were two soldiers with rifles, who challenged us as we attempted to pass. My friend the legislator said who he was, and that sufficed, for no further questions were asked. The front door was wide open; we walked into the small and rather feebly lighted hallway, and looked about us in the hope of attracting the attention of a servant. But no servant was to be seen, though we walked through to the back of the house and made as diligent a search as the circumstances warranted.

Then we returned to the front door. To the right of the hall was a reception-room, occupied by a few ladies, who were, I presume, calling upon Mrs. Kruger. To the left was a corresponding room, but the door was closed. Gruff voices I could distinctly hear, and my friend said, in a relieved voice, "He's there; it's all right!"

I thought, "On the contrary, it's all wrong." For I had no mind to intrude myself upon Paul Kruger when he was talking gruffly with his fellow-burghers. I had also just learned that the liberated prisoners had come from jail directly to Kruger's house, and there thanked him for his clemency. I felt that this must have been a hard official day for the aged statesman, and that he was having at that moment another of the many political tussles through which he has had to make his way in order to rule with effect among people like himself.

My law-making friend knocked at the door; a voice bade us come in, and we entered upon such a scene as carried me back in spirit to the year 1809, when Andreas

Hofer met his fellow-farmers of Tyrol in the castle of Innsbruck. But that was long ago, when the first Napoleon was making Jameson raids over every frontier of Europe, and before Africa was dreamed of as anything but a wilderness of blacks and strange animals.

In an arm-chair beside a round table sat Paul Kruger. The rest of the room was occupied by as many swarthy burghers as could find seats. They wore long beards, and gave to the assembly a solemnity, not to say sternness, suggestive of a Russian monastery. My friend led me at once through the circle of councillors, and said a few words to the President, who rose, shook hands with me, and pointed, with a grunt, to a chair at his side. He then took his seat and commenced to puff at a huge pipe. He smoked some moments in silence, and I watched with interest the strong features of his remarkable face. I had made up my mind that I should not say the first word, for I knew him to be a man given to silence. He smoked, and I watched him—we watched one another, in fact. I felt that I had interrupted a council of state, and that I was an object of suspicion, if not ill-will, to the twenty broad-shouldered farmers whose presence I felt, though I saw only Kruger.

And, indeed, his is a remarkable face and form. I have seen him often since—during church service, on the street, and in his office—but that first impression in his own simple home will outlive all the others. I should like to have known him in the field, dressed in the fashion of the prairie—a broad-brimmed hat upon his head, a shirt well opened at the throat, his rifle across his shoulder. There he would have shown to advantage in the elements that gave him birth, and lifted him to be the arbiter of his country, if not of all South Africa. Kruger in a frock-coat high up under his ears, with a stove-pipe hat

PRESIDENT KRUGER AT HOME

unsuited to his head, with trousers made without reference to shape, with a theatrical sash across his breast after the manner of a St. Patrick's day parade—all that is the Kruger which furnishes stuff to ungenerous journalists, who find caricature easier than portrait-painting. That is the Kruger whom some call ungraceful, if not ugly. But that is not the real Kruger. Abraham Lincoln was not an Apollo, yet many have referred to his face as lighting up into something akin to beauty. The first impression I received of Kruger suggested to me a composite portrait made up of Abraham Lincoln and Oliver Cromwell, with a fragment of John Bright about the eyes. Kruger has the eyes of a man never weary of watching, yet watching so steadily and so unobtrusively that few suspect how keen his gaze can be. There is something of the slumbering lion about those great eyes—something fearless, yet given to repose. Could we think of Kruger as an animal, it would be something suggested both by the lion and the ox. We know him to be a man of passionate act and word when roused, yet outwardly he carries an air of serenity.

His features, like those of most great men, are of striking size and form, and, moreover, harmonious. The mouth is strikingly like that of Benjamin Franklin in the well-known portrait by Du Plessis. It is a mouth that appears set by an act of will, and not by natural disposition. It parts willingly into a smile, and that smile lights his whole face into an expression wholly benevolent. All those who know Kruger have noticed this feature—this beautifying effect of his cheery smile. The photographs of him give only his expression when ready for an official speech—not his happy mood when chatting with his familiars.

His mouth is not so large as might reasonably have been expected from a man so famed for persistence; and, after all, this inclines me to think that the character of Kruger has been misunderstood, and that when his life comes to be written we shall find in his case, as in that of Benjamin Franklin, that the secret of his success lay not in obstinacy, but in the overcoming of obstacles which he felt to be within his powers. Kruger and Franklin each led long lives of public usefulness, and have made their names memorable by the personal ascendency they exercised over the minds of their fellow-citizens. Each of these great men had a career of almost unbroken success, and owed it largely to the spirit of conciliation which lurks in the corner of each one's mouth. With a square jaw and a broader mouth Kruger could not be to-day what he is. One has but to look Bismarck full in the face to see there the reason of his sudden loss of influence.

Massive oval chin, large flat ears, and strong nose are notable in Kruger. His head, however, is small in proportion — neither deep nor high. His shoulders are rather high, his chest broad and deep; he stands full six feet, and has long legs, which help to make us believe the marvels told of his running powers.

For instance, here is the story I have from an eye-witness, just as he told it: "It is also a fact that the President could run as fast as a horse. I remember once that he had a dispute with his friend Jacobs, owing to the President stating that he could run as fast as a horse. The result was that the President ran against a horse, with a rider on it, for a length of seven or eight hundred yards, and actually outran the horse." This would seem incredible had I not heard the tale confirmed by Kruger himself, who is most reluctant to speak of

his own doings. He must have been about eighteen years old at that time.

On another occasion he ran a foot-race against the pick of the Kaffir chiefs. There were large prizes of good cattle. It was a long, whole day's run across country, past certain well-known landmarks—among others, his own father's house. Young Kruger soon distanced all his pursuers, and when he reached his father's house he was so far ahead that he went in and had some coffee. His father, however, was so angry at him for running across country without his rifle that he very nearly gave his son a flogging. But he made the boy take a light rifle with him when he left to finish his race.

On sped young Kruger, the Kaffir braves toiling after him as well as they could. They threw away their impediments as their muscles weakened; their path became strewn with shields, spears, clubs, and even the bangles they wore on their legs and arms. But, in spite of it all, Paul Kruger kept far ahead of them; and as the day waned he found himself so completely master of the situation that he commenced to look about for an antelope which he might bring into camp by way of replenishing the larder.

He saw through the tall grass a patch of color, which made him think that it belonged to a buck taking his ease. He aimed and pulled the trigger; but the gun missed fire; and, instead of an antelope, there bounded up a huge lion, who had been disturbed by the sound. The two faced each other, the lion glaring at Kruger, and he returning that glare by the steady gaze of his fearless eyes. The lion retreated a few steps, and Kruger made as many steps forward; then Kruger commenced slowly taking one step backward, followed by a

second, and then a third. But the lion followed every move of Kruger, keeping always the same distance. This work was getting to be very wearing, not to say dangerous, particularly so as darkness was coming on and no sign of relief. Slowly and cautiously Kruger prepared his musket for a second shot. He raised, aimed, and pulled the trigger, but again there was only the snap of the cap, and Kruger saw himself face to face with a lion, and no weapon but the stock of a useless rifle. The last snap of the lock had so infuriated the wild beast that he made a spring into the air and landed close to Kruger's feet—so close, indeed, that the earth was thrown up into his face, and he expected to be in the animal's grasp. He raised his gun to deal the animal a blow, but at this the lion retreated, glancing sullenly over his shoulder, until he was about fifty yards away; then, as though by a sudden impulse, the beast broke into a furious gallop and disappeared over the next hill.

Kruger joyfully resumed his race, and, in spite of all that happened, easily carried off the prize from the Kaffir chiefs.

Kruger had no equal as a runner. He was also famous for his skill with the rifle. Indeed, he would have challenged the best of Buffalo Bill's outfit and given a good account of himself. An old friend of Kruger told me, of his own knowledge, that Kruger was once on horseback and chased by an infuriated buffalo. His horse was a good one, but on this occasion had become rather fatigued, and the buffalo commenced to gain. The unequal chase promised to end disastrously for the horse and its rider, for the buffalo kept gaining, and would soon have his horns in action. Then Kruger performed a feat which his old friend recalled to me with great

MRS. KRUGER, WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT

pride. He turned in his saddle, raised his rifle, took deliberate aim while his own horse was in full gallop, fired, and the buffalo fell, shot straight through the forehead.

But Kruger himself never lets one suspect that he has done these things; and to look at him in church one would think that he had been trained for the post of deacon or church-warden.

Another story, equally strange, was told me by the same friend. It happened on the same day on which the previous adventure occurred. He had been chasing another buffalo, and his horse had brought him close up to his victim. Suddenly the huge beast put his foot into a hole, and fell head over heels into a wallow. Kruger was on top of it in a moment, horse and rider and buffalo rolling pell-mell in the same big puddle. But Kruger was the first to collect his wits. He sprang at the head of the buffalo, seized both its horns in his hands, and while the beast lay upon its side, twisted its neck so as to force its nose under water; and thus, after a struggle of sheer strength, Kruger killed the buffalo by drowning it. I had heard this story already in Cape Town, but would not believe it until I had the President's corroboration of this extraordinary feat.

It was a superior horse which Kruger rode in those days, but, like many another excellent animal, looked rather unpromising. Two famous elephant hunters went out with him once, and arranged that as they had the best nags they should ride ahead and turn the elephant's head, while Kruger on his inferior mount should come along as well as he could.

When they sighted their first elephant the two well-mounted hunters sprang away and gave valiant chase. At first they heard nothing of Kruger, and thought he had been left far behind. At last the well-known tones

were heard calling out, "Why don't you head the beast off?" But they were dealing with an uncommonly active elephant, and were having all they could do to hold their own. Again came Kruger's loud call: "But why don't you head the beast off?"

The two fore-riders redoubled their efforts, but they could not outdistance the ever-increasing appeals of their comrade, whom they had considered as wholly unequal to the task of keeping up with them. But Kruger knew his horse well, and had waited long for this triumph. He rode beside the two men for some time, and then said, carelessly, "Perhaps I'd better turn the beast," and then shot ahead. He soon had this elephant far away from his former companions, and shot him dead. Then, seeing nothing of these two famous hunters, he rode off after more elephants, and when they at last overtook him he had killed five to their nothing.

Indeed, had Kruger never entered public life, his early years in the hunting-field would alone have made him worthy to be ranked with the heroes of Fenimore Cooper.

As Benjamin Franklin was pleased to recall his life as a printer's apprentice, so President Kruger told me, with some appearance of satisfaction, that his youth had been largely spent in herding cattle. A friend in the Cape Colony told me that he once called upon Kruger with a certain duke. The conversation, as I recall it, ran about as follows. Of course it was conducted by means of an interpreter.

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Kruger continued puffing in silence for some moments. Then, turning to the interpreter, he said, gruffly, "Tell the Englishman that I was a cattle-herder."

The Duke's name I withhold, and I tell the story merely as I recall it. Whether true or not it is characteristic of Kruger and runs current among Boers.

Paul Kruger has a sharp tongue in his head, and a most impartial way of using it. Never an old friend of his did I meet but I heard of some saying or other illustrating this. His strong words run like proverbs through the Transvaal, and, where the law is silent, the Boer is guided by the parables of his President. When, for instance, people warned him against Jameson, who in December of 1895 was preparing his raid upon Johannesburg, he answered them by referring to the tortoise—we must wait until the beast has stretched his neck well out of his shell, then we can cut it off. In other words, he acted towards Jameson and his fellow-conspirators according to this parable—gave them all the time and opportunity they sought, and at last cut the turtle's head off most completely. On another occasion a dep-

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utation waited upon him in order to beg him not to hang Jameson and his comrades. "Bah!" said Kruger, "you are always tap, tap, tapping at the *tail* of the snake; why don't you cut his *head* off?" That is to say: "Why come worry me about Jameson and his filibusters? Why don't you go for Rhodes, the chief offender?" And again, when on that same May 30, 1896, he received the liberated "reform" prisoners, he said to them, "If a dog snaps at me, I don't try to punish the dog, but I try to get at the man who set the dog at me."

These little sayings not merely mark the mind of Kruger, but at this time they illustrate the public opinion among the Boers touching the Jameson raid. That in itself they regard with comparative indifference, but they cherish strong suspicion that behind Jameson stood a very powerful combination of rich and influential men, whose object was to rob the Boers of their independence.

When I first sat face to face with this strong man, I felt much as Kruger himself must have felt on meeting that lion who so strangely interrupted his race with the Kaffir chiefs. He embraced me in his great bovine gaze, and wrapped me in clouds of tobacco. I felt the eyes of his long-bearded apostles boring through the back of my coat. My good legislative friend and mentor was sympathetically troubled as to the reception I was about to receive. It was not a wholly cheerful moment, though I tried to look into his great eyes with some degree of confidence. At last, as though he felt angry at being forced into speech, Kruger said, gruffly, "Ask him if he is one of those Americans who run to the English Queen when he gets into trouble."

The question was roughly put; the reference was possibly to Hammond and other Americans who had

received English government assistance. On the face of it the words contained an intentional insult, but in Kruger's eyes was no such purpose at that time, and with all his gruffness I could see that there was elasticity in the corners of his mouth. His twenty apostles watched me in silence, and I decided that this was not the time for a discussion as to how far Uncle Sam need apologize for leaning on the arm of Britannia. "Tell the President," said I, "that since visiting his jail here I have concluded that it would be better policy for an American to ask assistance of Mr. Kruger." This appeared to break the ice, for Kruger expanded into a broad smile, and his twenty bearded burghers laughed immoderately at my small attempt to treat the subject playfully. It has since crossed my mind that the twenty burghers may have taken seriously what I spoke in jest, but, on second thought, I doubt if much harm could have been done even had they believed me literally. I am sure that each burgher present believed that Americans would do well to invoke Boer protection in case of a difficulty with England.

There was once a council of war in the Transvaal, and one chief asked if any one knew what the English flag looked like. All looked at one another inquiringly. Then up spoke a man who had been at Majuba Hill, and he reported that the only flag he had seen was a white one. Then another, who had fought at Krugersdorp, confirmed his fellow-burgher by stating that the only flag displayed by Jameson was also a white one. I was told by a member of the Transvaal Volksraad that this is a true story, but, true or false, it has complete currency among the Boers throughout South Africa—so much so that they no longer speak of making war with England; they refer to such an event as

"going out to shoot Englishmen," as they might go out for antelope or other game. That such sentiments are shared by Kruger I doubt. He has watched the history of Englishmen in South Africa for fifty years, and has fought by their side against natives. None better than Kruger can testify to the personal courage of the average Anglo-Saxon; and if British soldiers have run away from Boers, he knows well that there were circumstances of an exceptional nature to produce so strange a result. But Kruger is an old man, and the men of his generation are passing away, leaving the field to inexperienced patriots who know of English soldiers nothing beyond Majuba and Krugersdorp, just as many French statesmen before 1870 knew of German history nothing but Jena and Auerstädt.

In concluding my first interview with President Kruger he asked me some questions about America, and finally charged me to bear to President Cleveland a cordial message of good-will both for him and for the American people. This was rather a heavy responsibility, and I am seeking in these lines to partly carry out the spirit of my instructions.

After leaving the Presidency I made a house-to-house visitation of all the known book-shops, addressing everywhere the same question: "Have you a life of President Kruger?" Not only was there no life of him to be found in the capital of his country, but no shop could supply me with even a pamphlet on the subject. There were pictures of him, but all from the same negative, and one photographer complained bitterly to me that the President would no longer allow himself to be photographed. I spoke with Boers in high official station regarding the President's life; they knew nothing of their grand old chief save a few hunting yarns. He

was, they said, a man wholly illiterate, who cared nothing for family history or historical record of any kind, and was very angry at such as asked him questions on the subject. Even his State Secretary, Dr. Leyds, told me with regret that he had in vain urged Mr. Kruger to collect material for a biography, but without success. However, one afternoon I was called over to the Executive Chamber, and found to my surprise the President alone with Dr. Leyds, and both prepared to help me in my task. It must have been the hardest piece of diplomatic work ever accomplished by the State Secretary, as can readily be appreciated by any one knowing the temperament of the old Boer. He had before this expressed strong dislike for certain men who had come to see him and had then gone away to make him ridiculous before the public. One of them, for instance, said Mr. Kruger, had called attention to certain stains upon the Presidential waistcoat. Indeed, Mr. Kruger seemed more sensitive on this subject than I should have expected.

However, Dr. Leyds succeeded in convincing him that I had not come to see him for sinister purposes, nor even idle curiosity, and as a result I had with him some memorable moments. He told me many things definitely which I had heard from others and but half believed. For instance, he was but seven years old when he shot his first big game—an age when most of us could scarcely raise a gun, let alone aim it steadily. In those days he lived as a nomad—trecking from place to place over the prairies with large herds of oxen and sheep. The life on the high, open prairie of South Africa is the very ideal of out-door existence, and the men who lead that life should, indeed, all become centenarians, did they not undermine their forces by the immoderate use of coffee

and tobacco. At eleven years of age the President, according to his own testimony, had killed his first lion; and with his thirteenth year he was fighting for his country along with the rest of the citizens.

These facts alone speak for the great physical powers enjoyed by young Kruger, and it is easy to believe them, seeing what a splendid physique he has even now, with more than seventy years behind him. His face today bore to me marks of a deranged liver, as well as impaired digestion, and both these ailments may reasonably be traced to the old gentleman's proclivity for coffee and tobacco. Had Mr. Kruger led a more simple life in these two respects, he would probably reach his ninetieth year without looking older than he does now at seventy.

Kruger's first African ancestor came not from Holland, but from Germany—three generations back. And I note in this connection that he spells his name *not* Krüger, but Krŭger—the two dots indicating the French sound of *u*, while the half-moon means the sound of *oo* in moon. Yet, with it all, even Boers pronounce the name almost like the German Krieger (*i. e.*, like English *ee*). I was first struck by this discrepancy while noting the President's autograph upon the picture he presented to me. I thought at first that possibly the half-moon over the *u* had been made by a slip of the pen; for the newspapers were at that time constantly placing two dots over his *u* instead of the half-moon. But in Natal the Governor showed me subsequently several signatures of Mr. Kruger, affixed to official documents, and these official signatures correspond exactly to the one on my picture, showing that the half-moon is correct and the two dots wrong.

Mr. Kruger referred with great pride to his father

and mother, both "brave and honorable people," he said. His father had the distinction of firing the first shot at the English under Sir Harry Smith at Boomplatz, in the year 1848; and at the recalling of this stirring episode in South African history the venerable Kruger seized a sheet of blotting-paper, drew a few hasty lines, and at once, with flashing eyes, gave me a graphic picture of how the British marched up here, the Boers seized that point, the engagement started with this, and ended with that—all told so clearly that the listener had no difficulty in appreciating each move in the little battle.

He was a wild boy, was Kruger, according to his own confession. His friend told me that while engaged upon building the first church at Rustenburg young Kruger was so delighted at having laid the ridge-pole beam that he at once climbed to its highest point and there stood on his head, to the alarm and scandal of the whole community. But, as his old friend explained, Kruger was not a wicked youth; it was, to be sure, an impious thing to do over a church, but it was done in sheer exuberance of spirits.

Kruger was so clever in the acrobatic line that he could, according to an old friend, stand on his head in the saddle while the horse galloped along. His friend had frequently seen him do this; and to my closer questioning he said that young Kruger held on to the stirrup-straps by his hands. I have seen Cossacks and cowboys do many clever things, but nothing to approach this feat of Kruger's. He also was known, when his saddle-girth snapped, to throw the saddle off while in motion and continue the chase. He rode bareback quite as well as otherwise.

As to Kruger's book-learning there is little to say.

His own version is that the little he knows he picked up from a neighboring ranchman, and that was not much. His handwriting is obviously that of a man to whom penmanship is irksome. But those who are in the habit of tracing character by means of chirography will be struck by the persistence and strength indicated by the few letters at the bottom of his portrait. Kruger's neighbors were no better off than himself so far as schooling went, and we do not say much for him in saying that he enjoyed the best education which the country at that time afforded. That he learned to read and write is in itself creditable, if we reflect that the Boers who trecked northward from the Cape when Kruger was a boy had no houses save their big ox-wagons—or, as we might say, prairie-schooners—and that it was a very rare thing to see a clergyman, let alone a schoolmaster, in those days. Historically it is near the truth to say that the lowest level ever attained by the New England Puritans of 1620 was vastly higher than the best state of the Boer emigrants in 1835. It is only within the memory of the present generation that the Transvaal Boers have commenced to enjoy those educational advantages which the colonists of Massachusetts and Connecticut enjoyed from the very beginning, in spite of red Indian and trackless forest.

But the New-Englander lived in a log-cabin, while the Boer moved with his cattle; and hard as was the life of an American frontiersman, he was at least in a more favorable position for the learning of his letters than the child of any Boer leading such a life as did young Kruger. At any rate, the President learned to read his Bible, and he reads and re-reads it piously. He has a text for every trouble, and loves to expound its truths both in the family and in the pulpit. People who think

little of religion are apt to charge Kruger with hypocrisy, but I can find no foundation for such a charge. He finds in the Bible a strength suited to his daily needs, and the book is as much a part of his life as are his daily meals.

It was not until 1842, said Kruger, that he was confirmed, and then, oddly enough, it was at the hands of an American missionary, the father of Bryant Lindley, who to-day represents a large American Life-insurance Society in Cape Town. Old Lindley was very much liked among the Boers, and as they had no clergymen of their own, he occasionally made journeys among them, for the purpose not only of preaching, but of marrying, baptizing, and confirming. As Kruger was born in 1825, he must have been seventeen years old before he was confirmed—another eloquent witness to the scarcity of clergymen; for his parents, being God-fearing Boers, would surely not have postponed their son's confirmation without good cause.

In that same seventeenth year young Kruger filled his first public office, acting as magistrate under the name of field-cornet. He was, to be sure, only filling the place as substitute; but at the age of twenty he was elected to that post, and from that time on was elected to all the higher grades of the public service, including the post of commander-in-chief and President.

Kruger has been a faithful reader of the Bible, though I could not discover that he read with pleasure anything else. He himself told me that he could recall no book save the Bible that had at all exercised an influence upon him, and this I found confirmed by his intimates. He knows no language but the Boer Dutch, which bears to High Dutch the same relation that Mecklenburg Platt does to University German. When he visited

England he bought an English Bible, and tried by that means to learn our language; but though he picked up a moderate vocabulary, he never acquired such facility as enabled him to follow a conversation or even write it with ease. Dr. Leyds's opinion on such a matter I take to be final, for no one can be in a better position than he for knowing the exact state of the President's literary knowledge.

As Mr. Kruger himself put it, "I had no chance to read books—I was always campaigning or fighting lions."

I interrupted to ask him which he preferred, African lions or British lions.

"No choice," said he, gruffly, but with a twinkle in his eye—"they're both bad."

Kruger, as I have already said, was never a wicked boy; but, according to his old friend, there came a crisis in his life when he suddenly experienced a complete change, and, in the spiritual sense, became a new man. The President himself never speaks of this time, and many of his friends were wholly ignorant of this phase in his life. Let me quote the very words of his intimate friend:

"One time he [Kruger] had a struggle with religion, and became troubled in spirit. Of a night he gave his wife a few chapters to read in the Bible, and then went suddenly away for some days, never coming home. This was about 1857 (when Kruger was therefore thirty-two years old). Some men went out to look for him, and when in the mountains they heard somebody sing, but did not take any special notice, and returned, telling that they had heard somebody sing.

"Then they came on the idea that it might have been the President, and they went out again, and found him

almost dying of hunger and thirst; even to such an extent that they had to take the water away, lest he should kill himself by drinking too much at a time."

All this is narrated by the man who was then Kruger's intimate friend at Rustenburg. "When we took him with us," continued the old friend, "he was so weak with hunger, thirst, and fatigue that we could hardly keep him on his horse.

"Ever since then he showed a more special desire for the Bible and religion. He was a changed man altogether. He lived for religion, telling us that the Lord had opened his eyes and showed him everything. His enemies often talked about this sudden change, but he never took any notice. They often made fun of him, but he let everything pass in silence.

"This incident was the turning-point in his life."

The place where this happened is near his farm, Waterkloof, near Rustenburg, westward of Pretoria. Those who laugh at Kruger's piety little know the force of that influence on such a strong and strange nature. It is noteworthy that Paul Kruger became a real Christian at the same age as was the present German Emperor when he first developed his great energies in this direction.

Kruger's Christianity is not one which he reserves for the pulpit—far from it. He carries his religion about with him, and there are plenty of well-authenticated stories about him to show that his life was a fair reflection of his faith. For instance, he once saw a Kaffir struggling in the river, while other Kaffirs stood on shore as spectators. At once he jumped in for the purpose of saving his life. But the black man lost his head, and grappled Kruger with such violence as to render it more than probable that both would drown

together. Kruger was a splendid swimmer, and was able to remain a very long time under water. On this occasion he could only rid himself of the frantic black by total immersion, and so he remained under water for a period of time which thoroughly alarmed those who witnessed the performance; but at last he emerged upon the surface—without the Kaffir.

Another instance of Kruger's readiness to suffer in the place of another occurred during the troubles with the Orange Free State. Its President, Bosshoff, had made prisoner some Transvaal burghers, who had been under his (Kruger's) orders. In the language of Kruger's friend, who was present: "When hearing this, the President at once saddled his horse and rode to the Orange Free State as quickly as possible, informing Mr. Bosshoff that he ought to set those men free and hold him (Kruger) instead; that those men had merely carried out the orders given by himself as sub-commandant of Pretorius. This was about 1857." It certainly is not common in modern war for an officer to offer himself a ransom for the men who have been taken prisoners while acting under orders.

The President has a violent temper, and his old friends think that of late years he has had increasing difficulty in restraining it. But quickly as he is roused, so quickly does his passion cool again. One day in 1884 Kruger and Dr. Leyds had a sharp altercation. Strong language was used, for the minister, too, is a man of emotion. At length matters came to such a pitch of passion that Kruger burst out with these words: "One of us must get out." Of course Leyds said, "Then, of course, I am the one to make way," with which he took his hat and went home, supposing that his career in the Transvaal was at an end.

In the middle of the night came a rap at the door of Dr. Leyds, and in walked the President. He had saddled his horse and come over by himself, explaining that he had been unable to sleep, and had come to say that he had been in the wrong, and to ask Dr. Leyds that what had passed might be completely buried. This story Dr. Leyds told me to illustrate the President's generous nature, and, above all, his mastery of himself.

Kruger is a strict member of the Independent Congregational Church. But he is not on that account intolerant. When Dr. Leyds was first asked to become Secretary of State, he declined on the ground that he was not of the same religious faith as the President, but Kruger at once disposed of this plea. "If you are an honorable and able public servant I shall never ask you what your religious views are." This was a very strong concession for a man of Kruger's convictions. This generosity of Kruger is notable in his political life. He fights heart and soul for the success of his measures, but when the majority has decided he loyally abides by its decision, and works with it as though it were his own. In this way Kruger has steadily increased the volume of his political followers, and commanded respect from even his enemies.

Kruger was shooting one day when his gun exploded and blew away part of his thumb. The surgeon to whom Kruger finally submitted the case found that the flesh had begun to mortify, and advised amputating the arm half-way up. But Kruger said he could not afford to lose his arm, for then he would no longer be able to handle his rifle. Then the doctor said that Kruger should at least allow him to cut off his left hand. But even this was too much for Kruger. The surgeon hereupon told Kruger that he would have nothing whatever

to do with the case, and left. Kruger then got his jack-knife and sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor. He then laid his thumb upon a stone, and himself cut off its extreme joint. But, to his great chagrin, the flesh would not heal at that point, as putrefaction had gone already too far. Again he laid his hand upon the stone, and this time carefully cut away all the flesh about and above the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed and his hand was spared. He now uses his left index finger as a thumb, and seizes small objects between the first two fingers of that hand.

Dr. Leyds almost capped this anecdote by telling me that while in Lisbon Kruger had a toothache, and paced up and down the room, seeking relief in vain. At last he quietly pulled out his penknife and cut the tooth out of his jaw by patience and persistence. What can such a man know of fear?—what can be to him such things as nerves?

It is gratifying to recall now that of all the stories I have heard about the Transvaal President, not one indicates that he is cruel or vindictive or untruthful. Men of all political opinions unite in acknowledging his courage, his good sense, his honesty, his patience, and a host of other estimable qualities. If some member of his family had collected but a tithe of the good things he has said, I have no doubt we should have to-day a volume of table-talk replete with rough wit and homely wisdom—another Martin Luther.

Kruger is unique. There is no man of modern times with whom he may be compared. We must go back to mythical days to find his parallel—to the days of the many-minded Ulysses, who could neither read nor write, and yet ruled wisely and fought successfully. Old Field-Marshal Blücher was a Kruger in his indifference

to grammar, but Blücher was sadly devoid of moral principle. Jahn was blunt and patriotic, but wholly lacked Kruger's spirit of moderation. Cromwell had something of the Paul Kruger, but it soon vanished on the battlefield. The men who framed the American Constitution commanded the respect of their fellow-citizens, but not one of them was a man of the people in the sense that Kruger is a burgher among his fellow-burghers. To compare Kruger with Andreas Hofer is also misleading, for the Tyrolese peasant acted not for his people as a sovereign people, but exclusively for his Emperor as the Lord's anointed.

Kruger is the incarnation of local self-government in its purest form. He is President among his burghers by the same title that he is elder in his church. He makes no pretension to rule them by invoking the law, but he does rule them by reasoning with them until they yield to his superiority in argument. He rules among free burghers because he knows them well and they know him well. He knows no red tape nor pigeon-holes. His door is open to every comer; his memory recalls every face; he listens to every complaint, and sits in patriarchal court from six o'clock in the morning until bedtime. He is a magnificent anachronism. He alone is equal to the task of holding his singular country together in its present state. His life is the history of that state. Already we hear the rumblings that indicate for the Transvaal an earthquake of some sort. We pray they may not disturb the declining years of that country's hero—the patient, courageous, forgiving, loyal, and sagacious Paul Kruger.

III

PORTUGUESE PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

I

HUNDREDS of well-built and wide-eyed Zulus were at work as we landed on the beach. They were engaged in piling up thousands of huge beams that had been floated ashore from a four-masted 3000-ton sailing-bark anchored in English River, which constitutes the port of Lorenzo Marquez. As they worked they sang, and when thirty or forty of them lifted high some monstrous bit of Oregon pine it was as though the act was part of some fantastic musical drill; for at a certain stage of their song up went the great beam, tossed high by one impulse, and with it on their shoulders they marched away, singing in unison, and bearing their burden to its appointed resting-place. Then they moved back to fetch another beam; but not as day-laborers move in the land of the "walking delegate." These unspoiled savages moved with the elasticity of young athletes; they chuckled and gurgled and crooned, and made those thousand idiotic noises which in children correspond to irresponsible satisfaction touching nothing in particular; and as they laughed and sang they now and then gave little kicks, and made little movements with their hands and heads, indicative of what we all wish to do when we are restless from long inaction. Here they were, in the

ZULUS STACKING AMERICAN TIMBER AT LORENZO MARQUEZ

midst of their long day of toil, showing unmistakably that they had life enough left in them to perform a song and dance between the lifts. So I asked the manager of the lumber-yards (an American) if his men would like to stop work for an hour or so and have some skylarking. He called up one of his blacks, who appeared to enjoy local popularity, and told him that he might pass the word among the "boys" to have a dance immediately after the mid-day meal, which here was eaten at eleven o'clock, and consisted of bread furnished by their employers, and such other luxury as they chose to add from their own purse.

After their dinner was over our blacks of Delagoa Bay lined up along the sandy beach in the blistering noon sun, and at once commenced to sing in unison, and to beat their feet and knock together the sticks they carried, one in each hand. At first the movement suggested the drill of a gymnastic class, but in a very few minutes the excitement so rose that eyes began to snap, the bodies commenced to move convulsively, and the singing became touched with ferocity. Then up started a new note from somewhere in the ranks, and out jumped a naked Zulu, brandishing his two sticks and leading off into another song, the refrain of which was at once caught up by his comrades, who stamped the ground and swayed their bodies as though deeply affected by the words of the one who now held every eye. He was singing of war, and acted the part of a Zulu chief, making extravagant bounds into the air, brandishing his spear, and at the same time dancing in perfect accord with the weird music about him. Sometimes he splashed into the little waves of the beach; then sprang back into the deep sand; then rushed forward in attack; then crouched as though warding off an imaginary

blow; finally falling back exhausted among his comrades. But the savage song kept on, and the place of the retiring dancer was quickly filled by another, who sprang out into the open amid cheers and rapping of sticks. This one was obviously given to doing the comic, for he drew forth shouts of laughter by hopping round in a large circle, raising his knees to his chin like a supercilious game-cock, and wagging his hands and elbows with equally grotesque effect. He squirmed and wriggled and hopped about, while the singing changed from the sound of war to the patter of the quickstep. All beat their sticks together merrily, and shouted out their song with vigorous sympathy. At last he too became exhausted, and a third took the floor with a new burst of song. Each dancer impersonated some set of emotions, and was applauded according to the vigor with which he threw himself into the part.

It was marvellous to note the variety of songs, or rather of chants, commanded by these men—the powerful effect their voices produced. This effect reminded me of the songs sung on the march by a Russian regiment. It was usually in a minor key, and the tone was always round and rich; it might be loud and savage, but never harsh or unmusical.

When the principal favorites had danced themselves into apparent helplessness the leaders drew the whole body of blacks off into two camps, about one hundred yards apart. Now commenced a war-dance of even more violent character than the first, for it was proposed that there should be a mimic battle here on the spot. The joke was a bit ghastly to me, as I recalled that this same harbor town of Lorenzo Marquez had been more than once threatened with extinction by possibly the same blacks who to-day were brandishing their

THE WAR DANCE OF THE ZULUS

clubs in sham war. But it was well done, and the better for the fact that every black present threw himself into his part with a fervor that made my illusion almost complete. They approached one another with demonstrations of great hatred, making huge springs into the air, which no doubt were intended by way of intimidation; they sang together the same Zulu war-cry which rang through the ranks of Cetewayo's warriors, and at one time carried disaster among English regulars. There could not have been more than seven hundred in this fight, but with all the gyrations of their arms and heads and legs and sticks I could have almost sworn that thousands were engaged.

The battle looked as though it might have furnished inspiration to a Zulu Homer. Blows fell with painful suddenness; eyes glared with mock frenzy; passes were made which suggested violent death. Then, while the great body of warriors was engaged in this furious scuffle, one champion would challenge another from the opposite ranks, and the two would engage in a spirited duel, according to the rule of Zulu chivalry, using the right-hand stick as a broadsword, and the left-hand one by way of a shield. Their eyes blazed with excitement; the foam dripped from the corners of their voluble lips; their bodies quivered with a frenzy that seemed real, or else it was such a frenzy as only great actors could have simulated. The shouts that burst from them and the savagery they were enacting were equally calculated to recall the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of the Portuguese and the wars in which they had shared only a few months gone by.

Yet, in the midst of such fury of mind and action, not once did I see a blow dealt in malice, not once did I catch a resentful look. Now and then on the naked

head came a crack that would have split a cocoa-nut; but, so far from evoking angry retaliation, it was met by a grin of good-nature and a redoubled zeal in warding.

Finally both sides became exhausted in the prolonged conflict, and they retired, as by mutual consent, to rub their sore limbs and laugh over their little triumphs.

When they had rested a little they gave us an entertainment that closed and crowned the whole affair. The white overseer knew who among the natives were the champions of Zulu fighting, and he coaxed some of them to challenge the rest to single combat. So we had now some fencing more exciting to watch than even that which we had previously witnessed. For in the grand fight the matching was the result of accident, and each fought with an eye solely to a general effect. Now, however, the champions were carefully selected, and the duel was watched by the assembled armies. Nothing on the floor of any fencing club has ever held me so interested as this series of gladiatorial duels on the sandy beach of Delagoa Bay. It is difficult to tell what most I admired—the surpassing swordsmanship, or the splendid display of muscular agility, or the exquisite good-breeding of the knights engaged, or the wildly interested ring of spectators; it was all of it admirably strange, single of its kind, and withal typical of the black race before it had been degraded by ill-treatment.

II

That the blacks are still so gentle in their ways towards one another and towards their white conquerors is not due wholly to the Portuguese, whose flag floats over the coasts of Mozambique. To illustrate this, I have

here gathered together, from different sources, native as well as white, the true story of a war between the Portuguese and their black subjects.

When I arrived in Lorenzo Marquez the echoes of this war were still heard; several Portuguese men-of-war lay in English River under the windows of the Governor; little ginger-colored soldiers from Lisbon marched about with very big guns upon their shoulders, and every night the little fort acted as though before the next daybreak the poisonous swamps about Delagoa Bay would ring with the war-cry of surrounding chiefs and the swish of well-whetted assegais. Seeing the many big ships swinging at anchor before this small town little prepares the visitor to realize that he is arriving at a port whose possession by Portugal depends upon a tenure so feeble that its garrison has within the past year (1895) trembled in the fear of total extermination at the hands of blacks, such as those who had danced for me.

To understand the feelings entertained by the blacks for their Portuguese masters on both sides of Africa, I must explain that the black man has a strong love for his native hills and streams, as well as a loyal attachment to his chiefs, and other social forces surrounding his native kraal; the Portuguese, on the other hand, have adopted a method of punishing natives which to these blacks seems peculiarly cruel. For instance, to the south of Lorenzo Marquez, across English River, is the land of Tembé, ruled by Chief Mavaï. This chief was kidnapped by foul means in 1891 and deported—after having been coaxed into the Portuguese lines under pretence that nothing was intended beyond a peaceful powwow. At different times, when the Portuguese have been in need of soldiers, they have laid traps for the unsuspect-

ing blacks, hurried them on board of their ships, drilled them, and carried them off to distant provinces — the men of Delagoa Bay being shipped to Mozambique, those of Angola shipped to the east coast, and so on. This is one of the reasons why to-day it is difficult to secure cheap black labor in Delagoa Bay, in spite of the fact that the native population has suffered very much through locusts and is very anxious to earn wages. The blacks, indeed, dread the Portuguese more even than the Boers. As one of them said, resignedly, "The Boers are hard upon us and lock us up for nothing sometimes, but at least they do not take us away far from our homes."

In parentheses, I might remark here that Portuguese Africa, like the Transvaal Republic, places no effectual restriction upon the sale of spirits to natives. On the contrary, each of these governments draws a large revenue from the debauchery of their blacks; for the native is, after all, but a big child, and requires the same paternal treatment.

On July 10, 1894, a chief named Mahazul furnished the theme for a chant that is sung to-day throughout Portuguese East Africa:

> "Alas! poor Mahazul, the white man calls thee!
> Why does the white man call thee, oh Mahazul?
> Alas! poor Mahazul, he calls thee to thy ruin—
> The white man will kidnap thee to Mozambique."

This Mahazul was the chief of a tribe named Magaia, dwelling northward of Delagoa Bay. He was a young man about twenty-two years of age, commanding about 5000 warriors. Several times had the Portuguese cited him to appear before them on pretence that they desired only a peaceful discussion; but each time Mahazul had

PORTUGUESE SENTRY IN LORENZO MARQUEZ

evaded the citation, because he feared to be kidnapped as had been Mavaï, the chief of Tembé.

Finally, however, fearing to awaken the hostility of the Portuguese, he did make his appearance at a military post named Angouana, which is about ten miles northward of Lorenzo Marquez. But, instead of coming alone and unarmed, as the Portuguese commandant had desired, Mahazul arrived under the protection of his army. The project of kidnapping had therefore to be abandoned, and the commandant sent Mahazul back with pretexts that could not conceal his regret at the failure of his plot.

But the Portuguese soon had another plot ready, and on August 27, 1894, ten of Mahazul's councillors were summoned to the military post of Angouana—again the pretence being made that there was, on the Portuguese side, no other desire save for a friendly discussion. They were ordered to come unarmed, and, indeed, came accompanied only by a small guard of honor. They assembled peacefully, and listened to what the commandant had to say, which was, however, a project so cruel to their chief Mahazul that they protested strongly against it as being contrary to their native sense of justice, and repugnant to their feeling of loyalty towards Mahazul.

When the Portuguese commandant saw that these councillors of Mahazul remained loyal to their chief, he gave a signal, and at once his soldiers, brought from Angola, fell upon the unarmed councillors and made them prisoners. But help was near. There was a scuffle, the Angola mercenaries were driven off by the partisans of Mahazul, and the councillors were rescued from the Portuguese, who fired upon them, wounding one of them.

Again the kidnapping project failed, but this time so

treacherous had been the Portuguese attempt that these councillors of Mahazul roused the country to arms as they fled northward out of the reach of the rifles of the Portuguese and their mercenaries.

But the Portuguese Governor could not afford to ignore what he regarded as a humiliation at the hands of Mahazul. In the early part of September, therefore, he made another effort to do by indirect means what he was unable to accomplish by his own forces. He called upon the chiefs of the neighboring country, and demanded of them that they invade the land of Mahazul. But these chiefs, while anxious to have no quarrel with the white man, made delays and excuses, finally giving a flat refusal to the outrageous demand of the Portuguese Governor.

Time wore on to the latter half of September, and the Portuguese commenced to fear for their own safety, hearing only rumors of war from the territories of the natives whom they had wronged. The delays and refusals of the native chiefs were misunderstood by the Portuguese—the poor hunted blacks wanted only to be left alone; they dreaded war because their elders warned them that they would always get the worst in war against whites. But the Portuguese, in their ignorance, finally developed symptoms of panic. They abandoned the military post of Angouana in hot haste, even leaving their cannon behind them. They sought to conceal their ammunition by burying it in the ground, but the natives found it when they entered the place. Lorenzo Marquez was in the last stages of fright. The only safe place was the public square where the black military band now plays of an evening. Here barricades were erected —against an enemy who proved to be imaginary. Indeed, so great was the fright of the Portuguese military

authorities that on two occasions the garrison was turned out in the middle of the night to fire into the darkness at an enemy which existed only in the fever of their fears.

On the 3d of October the Portuguese finally enjoyed the sight of about 2500 black warriors from Maputa. They arrived on the southern shore of English River after having done the questionable service of pillaging the country of Mavaï, which was then nominally friendly with Portugal. So glad, however, were the Portuguese to see these ambiguous allies that they made towards them every demonstration of friendship. They presented them with rifles and cattle, and strips of white cloth, which the people of Maputa were to wear as a distinguishing badge for the coming war.

But the coming war did not happen according to the Portuguese plan. The natives of Maputa, in common with the followers of Mavaï, of Mahazul, and of Zichacha, cherished a great dread of the kidnapping Portuguese. They had, it is true, marched as far as the southern side of Lorenzo Marquez Harbor, and at one time they may have entertained the project of actually assisting the white man against Mahazul and his supporters. But their hearts failed them when they looked over the broad English River and saw the Portuguese barges that had been prepared as transports for them. They were told that these barges were intended only to carry them across the river to Lorenzo Marquez, and the story seemed at first plausible. But in their midst some one raised the chant of warning, and soon the belief gained ground that this was another plot of the Portuguese: that they were to be coaxed by this means on to the white man's boats, and then carried away into slavery at Mozambique. And thus the tradition of treachery, commenced

near that spot by the soldiers of Portugal, lost that government the aid of a powerful army at a moment when it was sorely needed. The men of Maputa became thoroughly suspicious and alarmed. At daylight of the next morning they had all decamped.

But time was working strangely in favor of the Portuguese, owing to the natural gentleness of the black man, and also to his belief that war with the white man must result in still further calamities to the black. So on October 11th the chief who had declined to fight against Mahazul now sent a message of peace to the Portuguese. This was Zichacha, whose land adjoined that of Mahazul on the west, and formerly included Lorenzo Marquez. Nothing could better illustrate the naturally peaceful disposition of the South African native than this constant seeking of peace by the different chiefs about Delagoa Bay, even after the Portuguese had shown their complete incapacity to conquer any single one of them. These whites had grievously wronged the blacks; had driven them into rebellion as the only refuge left them; and yet, when the military power of Portugal in that neighborhood was at the lowest, Zichacha sent a messenger to beg that there might be no war between white and black. Let us remember these episodes when we read in sensational papers that white troops have succeeded, after great heroism, in burning some native huts and chasing away the inhabitants. We shall discover, in almost every instance, that the whites met with no resistance, or, if resistance was ultimately encountered, it was at a point where the blacks had to fight in order to avoid extermination.

In this peaceful message of the much ill-treated Zichacha the only favor he begged which to the white man might appear rebellious was that the Portuguese Gov-

ernor might return to him the inoffensive blacks who had been kidnapped and taken to Mozambique. The Portuguese do not speak of kidnapping; they call it "enforced conscription."

This message of peace from Zichacha was given to the Portuguese Governor, who gave a favorable answer. But, as bad fortune would have it, this last message, acceding to the wishes of Zichacha, was intercepted by an uncle of the black bearer. And so it happened that Zichacha waited in vain for the letter he had been expecting; and, as he could no longer restrain the more violent section of his young warriors, Lorenzo Marquez was attacked on October 14th. The attack was not of much account, excepting that it served to frighten still further the Portuguese garrison. A few blacks were killed, after which the rebels withdrew to await on their own ground the expected retaliation. On October 15th the Governor issued a proclamation which showed clearly that after Portugal's pretending to have governed Delagoa Bay for several centuries her hold upon the country was in the year 1894 about as nominal as it had ever been—say in 1502, the tenth year after Columbus discovered America. For in 1502 Vasco da Gama sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, and one of his fleet finally cast anchor in the Bahia da Lagoa, or Delagoa Bay. In that year 1502, as in our time, the Portuguese visitors were treated with kindness by the natives; and they requited this kindness then as they did in after-years — they kidnapped and carried away into slavery those who had fed them. It is interesting to recall this now, for the claim of Portugal to all these coasts rest upon a chain of historic incidents no one of which rises to greater colonial value than is involved in the landing of a few soldiers and the kidnapping of a

few credulous blacks. In 1894, at any rate, the Governor of Lorenzo Marquez had to proclaim to all the world that the inhabitants of that place might seek their safety behind a barricade of bales and barrels hastily reared in the public square. This barricade seemed to the Portuguese the only protection that remained for the white population of their principal port.

This painful siege was raised, however, at last—in November—when 500 troops arrived from Lisbon. These marched on the 4th of December to reconquer Angouana, which place had been abandoned in a panic about the middle of September, as has been already told. Of course the blacks were driven out, and the Portuguese claimed a glorious victory.

The Portuguese now felt a renewal of confidence, and at the end of January, 1895, were at the centre of the country of Mahazul, northward of Lorenzo Marquez. But even in their new strength they narrowly escaped extermination, for their camp, at a place called Moraquen, was surprised at daybreak; the natives penetrated within their lines, for some time the Portuguese wavered, but finally they managed to form a hollow square and hold their own against the blacks.

From this time on their career of conquest was unchecked. They secured black allies in abundance, and built a chain of small forts far into the countries to the north. Zichacha and Mahazul had retreated farther and farther northward, seeking in vain shelter from the Portuguese and their black allies. There was no further resistance on the part of the blacks, and both Mahazul and Zichacha were surrendered to the Portuguese by the chiefs who had hitherto given them asylum.

Goungounyane was the name of the chief who finally surrendered Zichacha to the Portuguese. On Novem-

ber 7th his forces had been routed, and on the 11th his kraal was burned to the ground. In December of 1895 he therefore decided to give up his dangerous guest, and hoped thereby to avert further disaster to his country.

But even this did not satisfy the Portuguese Captain Albuquerque, who marched upon him in the spirit of vengeance. Poor Goungounyane had not the remotest notion of resisting this final white invasion. His only desire was to beg a peace at any price. His crime had been that of shielding a friend whom the Portuguese had called rebel. He had suffered much for daring to offer the right of asylum to this black friend, and thought to have expiated still further by finally giving him up as prisoner into Portuguese hands. So when Albuquerque marched against him, so far from offering resistance, he sent his own son to meet him, and loaded that son with gifts of gold and ivory as token of submission to the white man. And he sent also a message begging Albuquerque to come and talk the matter over in a spirit of friendship.

He forbade his retainers from fighting, and with them retired to a grove sacred to his ancestors, where his famous grandfather Manukosi is buried. Here, unarmed, he awaited Albuquerque and his forty soldiers.

In spite of this complete submission, however, Albuquerque, on the 27th of December, 1895, ordered the poor chief seized, and they carried him to Lorenzo Marquez. His principal retainers they put to death. Poor Goungounyane is now in a Portuguese prison. So are Mahazul and Zichacha, wondering what white people mean when they speak of justice and Christianity.

In the beginning of 1896 the Portuguese at last commenced to feel some security at Lorenzo Marquez. They held the semblance of a court, and proclaimed officially

that they were wholly in the right and the blacks wholly in the wrong—incidentally they proved to their own satisfaction that the natives had been stirred to rebellion by emissaries of perfidious England. They sought to justify their cruelty towards the natives by pretending that these blacks were conspirators against the life of their nation.

The closing act in this tragic burlesque occurred on April 18th of this year (1896), shortly before my arrival. The Governor appeared on that day to have for the first time heard that in Natal all natives are required by law to be within doors by nine o'clock. If in Natal, thought he, why not also in Lorenzo Marquez. He was a new Governor—they always are. A friend of mine counted a list of seven different Governors who had ruled Delagoa Bay within the past eighteen months. So this new Governor called his chief of police and ordered him to lock up every native caught upon the streets that same night after nine o'clock. It did not occur to this Governor that there might be a certain amount of inconvenience arising from the unexpected arrest of the whole population of blacks, irrespective of offence. As early as half-past seven o'clock squads of soldiers took possession of the strategic points in this little town, and every native was seized and carried off to the jail, which was soon full to overflowing. We may imagine the dread that took possession of the blacks when this act became known. No one could imagine a reason beyond the well-worn one that the government needed black recruits for Mozambique, and was making another kidnapping raid for this purpose.

The jail that night was so crowded that to lie down was impossible, and the poor blacks stood huddled together awaiting their fate in the greatest alarm. Among

these blacks were many servants sent by their masters on important errands — for instance, to fetch medicine from the druggist; to deliver letters; to purchase food. One and all, they were locked up and kept like malefactors, while their masters and kinsmen at home marvelled much at this new governmental eccentricity.

Next day there had to be a jail-delivery; for food was costly, and the jail was far too small to hold all that were brought in. Many were released whose identity was satisfactorily established. All money had been taken away from those who were locked up, and I have reason to think that much of this cash remained in the hands of the prison authorities when the victims were released. Of course no reparation was offered for the unjust detention; but on the day afterwards the Governor made a proclamation which explained, if it did not excuse, his wholesale kidnapping. He ordered that for the future blacks should not appear on the public streets after nine o'clock at night.

In other countries we refer to such legislation as "First hang your man—then try him!"

III

When our ship at last cast anchor in the chief port of Portuguese Africa it was with a certain sense of gratitude for dangers happily escaped; for the Portuguese government regards lightly its duties touching navigation. Sometimes there is a buoy, sometimes there is not, and when the navigator finds one it may be a mile out of its place. Many are the sad wrecks that have taken place at the entrance to Lorenzo Marquez owing to strangers arriving at the port under the delusion that buoys which were marked upon the charts

would also be found in the channel. I have talked with consuls and sea-captains on this subject, and come to the conclusion that the Portuguese find no satisfaction in promoting the commerce of others, and they do see at least some good in wrecks that occur at their door. Of course the vessels that ply regularly in and out of Delagoa Bay know something of Portuguese ways, and consequently ignore the buoys entirely, depending wholly upon their own soundings—for pilots at Delagoa Bay enjoy no better reputation than the Portuguese lightship.

English River flows into Delagoa Bay at Lorenzo Marquez, and this is the stream that forms the port. It is here about a mile wide, and is capable of sheltering an almost infinite number of ships. That is a vague statement, but from merely rowing about I should say it formed as big a shelter as New York or Plymouth. The shores are sandy. The Portuguese town is down on a flat place, most of which is swamp; but behind, the land rises to a cheering altitude, where many of the officials have their houses.

There were some thirty sailing-ships anchored here on the day that I arrived, and also half a dozen steamships, besides a couple of Portuguese gunboats. The shores of the river are admirably adapted for wharves, and did the government but allow it, arriving ships might unload their cargoes directly into railway trucks on shore. As it is, they have to unload in the stream; lighters have to carry the cargoes ashore; then there is another unloading operation on to the land, and after this the commerce of the port has to be lifted on to the backs of blacks and carried a short distance to the railway.

The Portuguese government manages all this, for it owns the railway and the landing machinery. It acts

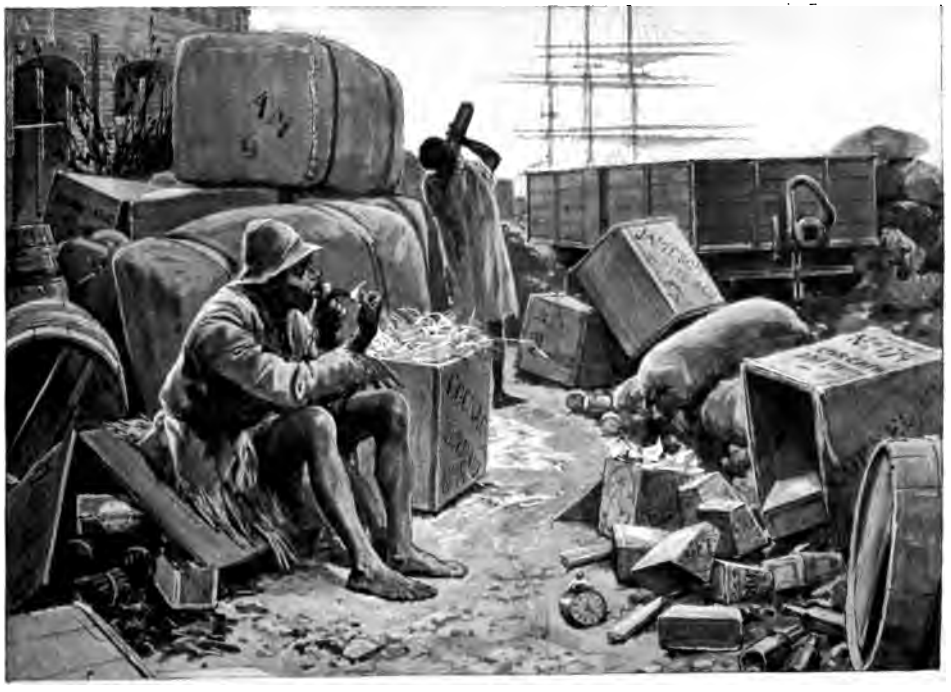
for commerce here as it does for the ships entering port. It creates as much difficulty as is possible; it embarrasses trade rather than helps it. When I landed at the government wharf, where the lighters are unloaded, I looked about me upon a scene that recalled Strasburg after the siege. Lorenzo Marquez appeared to have sustained either a bombardment or an earthquake. Fortunately I had a friend with me capable of explaining that what I saw was the result neither of war nor of a Providential act of wrath. It was simply the Portuguese government acting as a forwarding agent.

First I saw masses of boxes containing tinned provisions from Chicago—they had been smashed open, and were scattered about as by the effect of a well-directed shell. With them lay thousands of little rock-drills, made also in America—they were scattered all over the sand, and seemed to have here no more value than banana peelings. No doubt some miners in Johannesburg were wondering what had become of their rock-drills. A step farther I saw a barricade of sacks, some containing rice, some lime. The lime was on top of the rice, and I could readily imagine the pleasant taste that would result from this unholy alliance in this tropical temperature. Then I stumbled upon the complete outfit for a mine railway—little cars, little wheels, little rails, little iron sleepers, along with innumerable bolts and nuts and carefully fitted parts that had been carefully packed in Birmingham or Philadelphia. Here they lay all smashed as though they had been wrecked in a railway collision. Up at Johannesburg hands were idle while waiting for this important consignment. There was wreckage on all sides, and I threaded my way among Portuguese officials and natives as though I were being guided among the ruins of some great warehouse.

There seemed no end of this scene of destruction—broken cases, whose contents were sometimes made up of precious bottles or jars, the stuff all running away into the sand; delicate machinery for an electrical plant; clocks; billiard-tables; barrels of molasses. It seemed to me that the Portuguese must here have shown more than usual energy to have succeeded in smashing so much of value. But no—I was there at rather a favorable time! It had been much worse a few weeks before.

We all know, I suppose, that Delagoa Bay is the nearest port to the gold-fields of Johannesburg, and that the Boer republic does all in its power to favor this railway. The reason for this is that the railway connecting Johannesburg with the Portuguese frontier is owned by Hollanders, and the Boer government seeks to favor Hollanders at the expense of the English, who have competing railways to the ports of Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Cape Town.

But even the Boer, thought I, must be rather tired of paying so high a price for the pleasure of spiting John Bull. Indeed, it was difficult in Lorenzo Marquez to discover where the custom-house ended and where the town commenced; for bales, boxes, and general wreckage were scattered up and down the streets leading in any direction from the government landing-place, offering every temptation to thieves; and, indeed, there are thieves in plenty, wearing the Portuguese uniform. They are officials who come to Lorenzo Marquez on a nominal salary equal to that which is paid to domestic servants, and who return home after a few years prepared to retire comfortably as landed proprietors. Such of us as know Cuba, or Russia, or China can understand how an official receiving $500 a year can live in the style of men receiving $50,000.



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT LORENZO MARQUEZ

Some idea of the value of this little Portuguese port may be gained on learning that one American alone brings in about 150,000 tons of lumber annually, chiefly from Tacoma. All this he seeks to ship through to the mines of Johannesburg, but the Portuguese cannot provide him with enough railway trucks to carry on his business. They will not build him a wharf at which to unload his lumber, and they will not even allow him to build his own wharf. His lumber lies rotting on the beach as I write; and may lie there for six months more, as it has for six months past. Whatever can be done to make difficult the work of unloading his timber-ships and forwarding their contents is done, in the belief that thereby the officials of government can earn the largest amount of bribes. But let not such officials for a moment think that this American merchant has told me these things—he is far too wise a man to complain of the corruption that reigns in Portuguese East Africa. In fact, now that he and his subordinates have learned how to manage the government, it is to their advantage that this official corruption continue; for now they have no competitors. They have, by long practice, learned just what amount of bribe will secure a given object; just what price is placed upon each official's virtue; just how many dollars are required before legitimate trade can commence.

This is the talk we hear in every counting-house of Lorenzo Marquez:

"Say, Jim, have you sent that case of brandy to the Inspector?"

"No, not yet," says Jim.

"Well, hurry it up, or we sha'n't get our papers signed."

It may be a case of brandy to-day, or a box of pre-

serves to-morrow, or Havana cigars the next day—in any case, those transacting business with the government must do so with gifts in their hands. If a merchant wants to ship goods to Johannesburg, he not only pays the tariff rate of freight, but he must bribe some one to let him have a truck on which to load his merchandise.

In other words, the merchant of Lorenzo Marquez lives only in so far as he is willing and able to meet the persistent blackmailing demands of the Portuguese officials. I feel safe in the statement that the curse of East Africa is the Portuguese government—that, so far from advancing civilization in the Dark Continent, it has succeeded in making commercial intercourse difficult, and the white man contemptible in the eyes of the negro.

If the King of Portugal chooses to learn why his officials at Delagoa Bay and elsewhere are regarded as thieves, I can cheerfully refer him to half a dozen reputable merchants in Lorenzo Marquez and Johannesburg, who would furnish him every evidence required for sending to jail at least seventy-five per cent. of the present officials in the province of Mozambique. But naturally no one of these people would speak freely so long as they were within Portuguese jurisdiction.

There is a beautiful map of Lorenzo Marquez published by order of government. It represents many graceful squares, gardens, fountains, parks, avenues, public buildings — in short, a little Paris ready-made on the shores of Southeast Africa. On investigation I found that this official map was made up much as are the projects of ambitious land companies in the far West. Where the Portuguese government placed streets and squares I found nothing but a swamp, which generated so much

fever that I marvel at the pluck of those who continue to live there.

The total white population in June of 1896 was about 1200. What it is now I dare not guess. Between the coast fever and the Portuguese there should be a con-

MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA, SHOWING THE PORTUGUESE POSSESSIONS

siderable falling off by this time, unless the losses of to-day are repaired by the immigrants of to-morrow.

The only recreation accessible to this population of quinine-fed men was a little whiskey-booth situated in the public square of the town. This was the casino, the club, the centre of social life for the population. From

private sources I learned that Lorenzo Marquez with its 1200 whites supported ninety drinking-shops. It is obvious that, thirsty as is the average white man of South Africa, not even the most accomplished community of drunkards could justify ninety rum-shops to a population of 1200. We have to look for the constituency of these drinking-places among the native blacks, who are being from day to day assisted in becoming worthless if not dangerous members of the community.

What the black population may be no one knows; but one thing is very evident, that black labor is difficult to get, and consequently demands high payment. Black domestic servants were receiving $15 to $20 a month while I was there. And the day-laborers in the harbor got 4*s.* ($1) a day and their food. Nor were these well-trained servants, upon whom one might rely—they were almost raw negroes, only temporarily separated from their kraals and merely come to gather an amount needful to buy them a few wives. Judged by the standard of Europe or America, these blacks would be handsomely paid at the rate of $5 a month, and no doubt they themselves would gladly accept such wages did they not live under the conditions incident to Portuguese misrule.

The cost of living is in other respects equally out of proportion to the cost of production. Remember that Lorenzo Marquez is only a few hours by rail from the highlands of the interior, and connected by almost daily steamers with Natal and its excellent market. Yet at Delagoa Bay butter costs 3*s.* 9*d.* per pound (nearly $1), and even then one must not expect it regularly. It has to come 665 miles, from Cape Town, and may have lain a week or more in the custom-house or post-office; and the recipient may find that the butter for which he has paid $1 a pound is no more than a piece of brown paper

saturated with greasy matter. The house-keeper at Lorenzo Marquez is glad to pay 1*s.* 8*d.* (40 cents) per quart for milk unfit to drink—watery stuff not worth four cents a quart in any European city. I tasted some such milk—it was a painful experience. An African chicken, a scrawny sketch of a bird, costs 75 cents (3*s.*), a puny duck costs 6*s.* ($1.50), and all else in proportion. Just think, you women who count your weekly bills, sugar at 9*d.* (18 cents) a pound! You ask the reason? It is not that freight to Delagoa Bay is dear; it is not that the black man is unwilling to work; it is not that the soil and climate are unfavorable to chickens or cows. The reason is that the Portuguese government acts as a blight upon any attempt to make that part of the world habitable to white people.

The nearest port to Delagoa Bay is Durban; note at once the vast difference. It is like going from Venezuela to British Guiana; from Russia to Germany; from darkness into light; yet, so far as climate and natural opportunities are concerned, Durban would be no better than Lorenzo Marquez had Portugal retained control of Natal.

IV

Dr. G. M. Theal is the chief living authority on South African history. One day he told me this, that in the sixteenth century the Dominican order had extensive missionary stations in the present British protectorate south of the Zambesi (Mashonaland). "There is no doubt," said he, "about the genuineness of their work. For at least three generations, and perhaps more, the African blacks of this part of the continent were in name and practice Christians, and remained so for as long as they had white men to look after them.

"Now what has become of their Christianity?

"Lord Grey showed me a letter written to him by David Livingstone, who was his intimate friend. This letter must have been dated in the fifties. Herein he narrates coming to a kraal on a stream flowing into the Zambesi River. The natives here called themselves Christians. On inquiry he found that they knew neither the Creed nor the Lord's Prayer; that they were polygamists and devil-worshippers. But they knew how to cross themselves, and that is all that remained to them of the Christian religion. There is no doubt in my mind," concluded Dr. Theal, "that had these people remained in contact with white missionaries they would have remained Christians to this day, for it was the faith of their fathers for more than three generations."

Now, making all the allowance possible for statements dealing with religious conversions, the conclusions of Dr. Theal are most important, as those of one who has enjoyed, more than any other competent white man, an opportunity of reaching just conclusions on this subject.

This talk with Dr. Theal led me to look a little closer into the history of the Portuguese, in the hope of learning why they have so completely lost their power. For in the year 1620, when the English Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, Portugal controlled the whole of the African coast-line, with the exception of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Her missionaries baptized the blacks with a rapidity that is bewildering, as we read of it; but it gave huge delight in Lisbon and Rome. Yet side by side with this missionary zeal grew up a trade in slaves, which became soon the staple industry of the country. It was sanctioned by a papal bull, and already in 1645 slaves were being shipped to America from East Africa.

The Portuguese Governors soon came to regard their posts as the means of repairing their fortunes, and instead of a salary they were given trading monopolies, highly injurious to the colony as a whole. As early as 1775 history tells us that there were then only eight clergymen for the whole of the Portuguese East African coast, and of these only three were white. What in the world, then, had become of the hundreds of thousands of Christians entered in the books of the Jesuits and Dominicans? Dr. Theal, in his history of the Portuguese in South Africa, speaks of the officials having their harems, and living a life of Oriental laziness and corruption. Indeed, he confesses that in following the chronicles of this part of the world he is always in doubt whether officials referred to by high-sounding names are white or colored.

At any rate, one conclusion it is safe to draw—that Portugal, after three hundred years of African rule, not only made no good impression upon that country, but has left behind her everywhere traces of a government scandalous to white men of any age.

It would be interesting to trace the connection between the slave trade and Portuguese degeneration, particularly the effect of mixed marriages upon the Portuguese character. Already in the fifteenth century were African slaves brought to Portugal; and when once these blacks had accepted the Christian religion, the whites of that country regarded them as their equals, and mingled with them in marriage. In fact, the Roman Church encouraged slavery in those days as being good for the blacks, to be brought thus under Christian influence. And there is little reason to doubt that blacks remained Christian so long as they lived among Christians, but on removing the personal influ-

ence of the whites they reverted to their native tastes —polygamy and devil-worship.

The Portuguese have in the past tried to raise the blacks to their level by marrying with them, and permitting them to become priests in their orders. But this has worked badly. The negroes have not been raised to the white level; the whites have sunk to the level of the black. Portugal is to-day full of negro blood, and Portuguese East Africa is the result.

But this opens up another question—a very big one, indeed—and not confined to Portuguese East Africa alone.

IV

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

The balance of power in South Africa is to-day in the hands of Marthinas Theunis Steyn, President of the Orange Free State. This little republic is ideal in many respects, but in none more so than its fortunate geographical position. It is almost at the centre of the white man's South Africa. It is a buffer state between the Boers of the Transvaal and the thriving colonists at the Cape of Good Hope. Its capital, Bloemfontein, is about half-way between Cape Town and the southern edges of Mashonaland; and the bulk of the travel by rail from Table Bay to the gold-fields of Johannesburg is through its territory. It sells its corn and cattle in the markets created by the gold and diamond diggers, and is thankful, or ought to be, that these sources of political disturbance are beyond its borders.

Its neighbors are all well disposed towards it, and all seek its alliance, particularly the Boers of the Transvaal. Yet it is a very small state, measured by African scale—about as large as England—scarcely more than one-third the size of its Transvaal neighbor.

It is difficult now to believe that in 1854 the Orange Free State was deliberately cut adrift by the British government and compelled to organize independently. We hear many complaints against John Bull as one rather prone to absorb land on slight provocation, but

in South Africa he has shamefully belied the current opinions about him. Forty years ago so little did this Boer state desire separation that it sent a deputation to England begging that it might be allowed to remain under the British flag. The Duke of Newcastle received it (March, 1854), and in the name of the Queen informed its members that their petition could not be entertained; that in his opinion England had already extended her rule too far in Africa; indeed, that she needed no territory beyond a coaling-station at the Cape.

The British commissioner to the Orange Free State had great difficulty in bringing about the wishes of his government. Then was presented the strange spectacle of the English government treating as "obstructionists" those loyal subjects who insisted upon remaining British rather than forming a republic of their own. Sir George Clerk, the commissioner, had to bully and coax long and skilfully before he finally succeeded in cutting this little state adrift.

It was March, 1854, that the British flag last waved over the little fort which to-day overlooks Bloemfontein. The English troops marched away, and with them went the English officials. They parted from the inhabitants in friendship—for a large proportion of the people had Scotch or English ancestry, and of these many were intermarried with the families of Boer extraction. Even the most extreme of those who disliked the English government felt that they had a very difficult task before them. They had a standing boundary war with the Basuto tribes on their east, and with the rest of the black population about them they were not on the best of terms. The whole population of the Orange Free State in 1853 was estimated as 15,000, whereas the

hostile black tribes numbered their hundreds of thousands. The whole of the Transvaal at that time was said to contain only 5000 white families, say roughly 25,000 souls; and they were amply occupied with their own struggle for existence, without any thought of coming to the aid of their neighbor—especially a neighbor whom they liked but little.

That was the Orange Free State forty years ago. It was what we would have called "the frontier," where cabins passed for houses, where all men worked with their hands, where all lived on pretty much the same social level, where none were very rich and none very poor, where life must have resembled what it was among the New England pioneers who crossed the Alleghanies and settled in the prairies of Ohio and Illinois in the days before the railway.

President Steyn was born three years after the birth of the Orange Free State, on October 2, 1857, at Wynburg, about fifty miles northeast from Bloemfontein. Before he or his country was christened, Paul Kruger had already become a political power among his burghers; but Kruger is not merely a patriarch among his own people, he has been a part of South African history since the Boers "trekked" away in a body from the Cape. That is an interesting chapter, but too long a one to be inserted here.

When I had the honor of first being presented to Mr. Steyn, in the spring of 1896, every Boer—aye, every "Afrikander"—was smarting under the outrage attempted against the Transvaal by Jameson and his fellow-adventurers. It was in the midst of Mr. Steyn's campaign for the Presidency that Jameson (January 1, 1896) made his raid. On the 19th of the month following the new President was elected, and he was inaugurated on March

11th, while the public mind throughout South Africa was excited to fighting pitch against an act which, at the time, appeared to be directed with the connivance of the British government against the independence of the Boer republics. We must bear in mind that Boers are not confined to these two republics, but that they form a majority in the Cape Colony, and a very respectable part in every state or territory south of the Zambesi.

President Steyn himself told me, with much feeling, how deeply the raid of Jameson had injured South Africa; how it had revived race hatred, which had been all but obliterated. Race hatred, let me hastily interject, has, in South Africa, reference not to black and white, as with us, but, strangely enough, designates the feeling between English and Dutch, who have practically the same blood in their veins, and the same way of thinking on the most important social, political, and religious questions.

Mr. Steyn told me that so soon as the news of Jameson's raid reached the farmers of the Orange Free State, the government officials were besieged by burghers desirous of being enrolled in the defence of the Transvaal. "For," they argued, "to-day their liberties are in danger, but to-morrow it may be that ours will be attacked in the same manner." A candidate for the Presidency seeking popularity could have found it cheaply by fanning the universal hatred, and thus making himself the people's champion in the issue that overshadowed all others. But Steyn was a different man.

On the occasion of his inauguration he used language touching this burning issue that would have done credit to statesmen of double his age and ten times his experience. Did I not believe that Mr. Steyn is the most available candidate for the Presidency of the future

United States of South Africa, I should not here ask so much of the reader's time on a subject that might otherwise appear rather personal to the writer alone. On March 11, 1896, President Steyn, among other things, said this to the members of the Popular Assembly, or Volksraad:

"Here we have the [Orange] Free State inhabited by a people who have shown themselves capable of coping with all the demands which an unexpected change of conditions made upon them, a people in whom lies the stem of a great nation. [The reference is to their independence in 1854.]

"Can there be a more glorious work than to apply all your power and strength, all the means at your disposal, to aid that people in fighting against the difficulties which they have to encounter every day, by advancing religion and education to elevate that people higher and higher, and so make it worthy of its vocation?

"Here in the Free State, where we have raised the banner of republicanism, and will continue to uphold that banner, sustained by true republican principles, where from all quarters strangers are coming to us, is it not a glorious task to incorporate these strangers with us, and amalgamate them in one republican people? [This would be heresy to the burghers of Paul Kruger.]

"I know that when we take note of the occurrences of the past few months and the history of the South African people, a feeling of uneasiness comes over us, and we ask ourselves how long, how long must we extend the hand of friendship, to see it time after time rejected with contempt? But shall we, then, as sensible men, allow a wretched freebooter [Jameson] to put race hatred in our hearts? Or shall we allow him to take us a hair-breadth out of the path our fathers have pointed

out to us and followed, which leads to peace, friendship, and fraternity? For the sake of their memory we shall again pursue that path, and say to the stranger, 'Come and join us, show that you mean well by us, but do not stand aside and expect that we will abandon our nationality and allow you to absorb us.' In this way alone can we expect blessing and progress.

"Here we have the Free State, situated in the heart of South Africa, surrounded by states and colonies. Is it not our duty to evoke from them a spirit of union; and if misunderstandings arise, to gather our brethren together, remove those misunderstandings, give each other the hand of friendship, and so, here in the Free State, lay the foundation of a unity for which every right-thinking Afrikander yearns? [Here, then, is the lead towards the Great Federation.]

"Yes, great and glorious tasks, with many more, to which a life could be devoted; and if it is given to me to advance one of them, I shall feel happy and grateful."

I venture to think that for breadth of thought, for condensation of words, and for charity of spirit, the expressions I have quoted may be placed beside President Lincoln's famous speech at Gettysburg, or the farewell address of George Washington.

Of a politician I cannot but be suspicious, particularly when he speaks to his constituents. He talks "bunkum"; he frequently exaggerates; he often misleads; he has been known to lie. It has been my fortune to meet many in many countries, and I have noted with much interest how in their case like causes produce like results. For fear that those who read these lines should charge me with frequenting bad company, let me hasten to add that political life has produced some of the noblest types of man among us of the English-speaking

race—not merely in times past, but to-day. Nevertheless, we are suspicious when a politician pleads for votes.

As I talked with this Boer President of a Boer republic, this Afrikander leader of an Afrikander Union, I had in mind the words I have quoted from his inaugural speech. In the talk of Mr. Steyn are the same political charity and breadth of reasoning as breathe in that address.

The eyes of Paul Kruger are close together and small, resembling those of a North American Indian. The eyes of President Steyn are those of a frank as well as fearless man. In them I seemed to see the reflection of a mind resigned to the injuries that usually come to the one determined to do his duty. The whole expression of his face is eminently that of harmony and strength. His nose is a strong one, but not, as in Paul Kruger's case, an exaggerated feature of the face. Both Presidents have the large ears characteristic of strong men, and both are broad between the cheek-bones. The full beard of President Steyn gives to him so great an aspect of dignity that I, at least, was much surprised on learning later that he was not yet forty years old. His ample forehead adds to this dignity, and he has also, from much poring over books, allowed one or two folds of skin to droop upon his upper eyelids. So striking are these most prominent features of the President's head and face that it is only on a second and closer inspection that one is struck by the youthful quality of his skin—the notable absence of wrinkles.

To be sure, he leads a singularly simple and regular life; he has inherited a grand body as casement to his spirit; he is fond of all out-door life, and seizes every occasion for a day on the prairie with his rifle. He may

in twenty years seem no older than to-day, but may preserve his youth like many of those splendid Englishmen one meets in the hunting-field, who ride to hounds in every weather at an age when most New York business men think a drive around Central Park quite enough.

Like Paul Kruger, Mr. Steyn is a man of great physical strength; stands a full six feet high, and weighs two hundred pounds, or, as our English cousins would put it, fourteen stone and a fraction.

It is hard to speak of Mr. Steyn without comparing him, if not contrasting him, at every step with Paul Kruger. Indeed, the one President stands towards the other much as the one state compares with the other, or rather as the citizens of the one state compare socially with those of the other. I was forcibly reminded of this by a gentleman in Bloemfontein, whom I somewhat irritated by referring to Boers as being the same in both states. He took me sharply to task for my slip, and begged me to remember that the Boers of the Transvaal had to send their children to Grey College, in the Orange Free State, in order to give them an education. This is true, and marks well the relative levels of these two Boer republics in the scale of civilization.

Again we are reminded of the contrast between the two Boer Presidents — Kruger, who can barely write his name, and would not know what to do with a library, save as the means of lighting his big pipe; Steyn, a statesman, strengthened, like Kruger, by familiarity with the people and the forms of popular government, but whose mind is liberally stored with the knowledge acquired from contact with the minds of other countries and other ages. Kruger is to-day a political anachronism; Steyn understands the movement about him, and works for the future.

M. T. Steyn

THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

So interesting to me were the few personal talks I enjoyed with the President that before leaving Bloemfontein I tried to buy a sketch of his life. But in vain. As in the case of Kruger, no one had found it expedient to print his biography. It seemed at first strange to me, for in England or America we should have had in print certainly the outlines of such men's careers. Perhaps the explanation for Africa lies in the fact that these Presidents become personally known to every farmer of their respective states long before they aspire to the honors of the Presidency. It is said of Kruger that he knows personally every voting-man in the Transvaal. Perhaps my informant (a member of the Volksraad) spoke of Kruger when he was more active and fit to travel. He admitted that of late there had been instances when young men had called upon him whose faces he did not know. Of course he at once asked their names. But the moment they had spoken that much, the old man readily recalled their fathers and all their family affairs.

This being true of Kruger, it is still more so of Steyn to-day, for he has travelled his state more than Oom Paul has the Transvaal, and it is a much smaller state, with a smaller population. When, therefore, the people voted for Steyn as President, there was not one that had to be told what sort of a man he was—that had to be enlightened upon his career by professional campaign speakers. In America and England voters are called upon to support candidates whose names they may never have heard six weeks before election day; and in America at least it has often been the case that the man likely to succeed as a Presidential candidate is one almost unknown before. Nearly all the candidates nominated during the last fifty years illustrate this.

President Steyn enjoyed in his youth the best education which South Africa could afford, in the Grey College of Bloemfontein. I took much interest in visiting this school, which is a monument to the generosity of Lord Grey, once Governor of Cape Colony. It was a novelty to see here two languages in use side by side, the text-books being some in Dutch and some in English. There appeared to be no disposition to boycott the English tongue; on the contrary, the pupils from the Transvaal made the long journey to Grey College because they were there not only taught English, but also in other things taught better. The High-school of the Transvaalers at their capital, Pretoria, is wholly in the hands of a "Hollander" who hates the English tongue so much that he would rather his pupils learned nothing than that they should learn it through that medium. The Transvaal government makes to that Hollander High-school enormous grants, and still their burghers insist on keeping away from it, or of patronizing the rival school two hundred miles away. Here is another lesson in the wisdom of not being guided by the spirit of "race hatred."

I have had great difficulty in gleaning the few facts I am here bringing together about President Steyn; fortunately, however, the little I have is on good authority.

After leaving school, young Steyn worked upon the farm of his father. He did exactly what other young Boers did, and no doubt at that time looked forward to a life devoted mainly to his cattle range, his black workmen, and the little interests surrounding the average taxpayer in a free community. Of course he had to be a horseman, for riding is the normal manner of getting about in that country; and of course he became

expert with the rifle, for not to be able to ride and shoot is there quite as anomalous as along our rivers to find a youngster who cannot swim and handle a pair of oars.

In 1876, however, when the young Steyn was nineteen years old, an event happened which changed the whole of his life's plan. He received a visit from Mr. Justice Buchanan, of the Orange Free State High Court, a visit that gave obvious satisfaction to both host and guest. My informant did not mention the fact, but it is safe to suppose that a justice of the High Court would not "visit" a young man of nineteen in the house of that young man's father. The elder Steyn was in Bloemfontein, attending to his duties as member of the Executive Council, having for many years been a member of that important body, and also a valued and trusted friend and adviser of the late Sir John Brand, who was then President of the Orange Free State. Nothing, by-the-way, could better illustrate the former relations between this republic and Great Britain than that the burgher President should wear with pride the title of an English knight. Sir John is dead, but his widow lives in Bloemfontein, gratified by the constant evidence she has that the memory of her husband is well preserved. A dozen Jameson raids could not make her people distrust her for having an English title. Grey College and Lady Brand are institutions in Bloemfontein.

When President Brand's fellow-citizens became independent they acted towards English names and insignia with more liberality than did we Yankees in the glorious days of 1776. We amused ourselves tearing down all the effigies of George III. that were within reach; the Boers would have smiled at such child-play. I happened to be in Bloemfontein on Queen Victoria's birthday, and,

in spite of the Jameson raid, it seemed as though English sentiment governed the place. Up to the year of my visit the Anglican clergymen had persistently and offensively used the English formula in praying for the sovereign; that is to say, Afrikander Episcopalians, citizens of the Orange Free State, each week prayed for a "sovereign Lady Queen Victoria," begged the Almighty to "confound" her enemies, and otherwise acted as though these words meant nothing. For forty years the Episcopal Church used this formula unchallenged. Up to this year (1896) the prayer for the Queen appeared a matter of course; after the Jameson raid honest English Afrikanders asked themselves if they could conscientiously respond to such a prayer, knowing that this raid against their sister republic was commanded by officers wearing the uniform of Queen Victoria.

Justice Buchanan was visiting the nineteen-year-old Steyn, doubtless during one of his circuits, when the judges are made welcome at the best farms along their route. When he returned to the capital and met the father of Marthinas Theunis, he gave that father a glowing account of the boy who had entertained him—said that the young man had talents which should be developed, and finally persuaded him to send his son abroad to study law.

This was the turning-point in the life of President Steyn. It was a momentous step for the father to allow. It was a costly experiment—so costly that few in the Orange Free State attempted it. From Bloemfontein to the coast there were as yet no railways. The nearest port was Durban, about 300 miles away, through a wild and dangerous country. Cape Town was about 600 miles off, through territory equally inhospitable. Johannes-

burg had not been heard of, nor was it to be for yet ten years. Kimberley was furnishing a feverish excitement to a few speculators, but few suspected the steady output that was to take place under the genius of Cecil Rhodes. The Zulu war had not yet commenced. In fact, when young Steyn, in 1876, began his long land journey of 300 miles to the coast and his 7000 miles of sea journey round the Cape to England, I doubt if at average dinner-tables in London one person out of one hundred had ever heard the name of the Orange Free State, let alone that of its President. Africa was known then in so far as Livingstone had been there, and Stanley had written a book about finding him. No one dreamed that any white people would ever go there for the serious purpose of becoming Afrikanders. True, the Cape of Good Hope was known to be an important strategic station, where life was tolerable to Europeans; but for the rest—the huge expanse of South Africa stretching from the Cape to the Zambesi River, a distance about equal to that from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico—was about as little known as were fifty years ago our rich territories beyond the Mississippi.

Young Steyn threw himself heart and soul into the work before him, and studied the practice and the philosophy of law, not merely in England, but in Holland as well. Six years he spent in Europe—years devoid of historic incident so far as his student life was concerned, but in that time he was learning more than law. He was studying the means by which little England dotted the seas with her merchant-ships, and rolled up at home ever-increasing comfort and population. He had in Holland an object-lesson of how one nation can stand still while another moves forward. To-day the public acts of President Steyn are influenced, to an extent he

himself probably does not realize, by the education he received during his six years' residence abroad. Paul Kruger and most Boers believe, and no doubt honestly, that England is powerful merely because she maintains soldiers and war-ships and delights in oppression. Steyn may have thought this before he crossed the seas, and shared in this respect the feelings of his neighbors. Soon, however, he saw that the source of power in England resided not in the Queen, not in the House of Lords, not in the fighting forces of the army and navy. He saw that the strength of England lay in the collective strength of strong Englishmen exercising their energies in a community governed with the utmost practicable freedom. Steyn studied the British constitution closely, and there learned the greatest lesson which a statesman can lay to heart—namely, that the making of laws is easy, but that good administration is the beginning and the end of good government. In England Steyn saw that the subjects of Queen Victoria had their personal rights and political liberty protected quite as effectually as were those in the so-called republics of Africa, where England was usually personified as a heartless tyrant. He saw, as Mr. Kruger had never been able to see, that when English legislation in regard to South Africa had been oppressive, it was because it had been done under misapprehension. Steyn returned to Africa no less a republican, but one able to see that it takes more than a name and a pronunciamiento to make a true republic.

I have extended this somewhat, for when we come to look at the Transvaal we shall see the radical differences between the governments of these two African states—differences such as we see between two brothers, one of whom seeks an education while the other prefers to grow up among cattle.

In 1882 young Steyn, now twenty-five years of age, returned to his native country, full of enthusiasm for his profession. He did not come to criticise. His old friends and his neighbors had no reason to find him spoiled by his life in great cities; on the contrary, he was the same Theunis Steyn, stronger in his capacities and more esteemed for his knowledge. He returned with pleasure to a society where the reputation of women was held sacred, where religion was still a real thing, where the stranger found welcome at every farm-house, where paupers and tramps were unknown, where rich and poor had not yet learned that they should hate one another. In the Orange Free State is realized a state of society which we of New York and London talk about as ideal, or as having possibly existed in some past golden age.

Steyn practised six years at the bar of the Supreme Court of his native state; then he was made Attorney-General, and in less than a year thereafter was raised to the bench, at the age of thirty-two. And during the six years between this important step and being elected President, I am assured, on the best authority, that "not one of his judgments was set aside" (reversed).

No judiciary in the world, I venture to think, commands more completely the confidence of those over whom it is placed than that of this state. This matter I spoke of with many lawyers of both parties, and heard but this one conclusion most emphatically pronounced. In my days of legal practice before the judges of the New York Supreme Court it used to be the common talk among members at the Bar Association how this judge or that might be influenced; whether it were possible to impeach a third. In short, it required some experience at the bar to say that such or such a judge

was wholly capable, honest, or free from strong political bias. While I was in the Transvaal one of the principal judges was there convicted, not of having merely accepted bribes, but of having solicited them.

The days that Mr. Steyn spent in riding circuit over the prairies of his native country were the days in which he formed the friendships which resulted in making him President. Six years of circuit-riding in such a country as that makes a man either very much liked or very much disliked. The people of that country are all free farmers, and the judge must throw himself upon the hospitality of the people exactly as would the poorest teamster. There are no roads in that country, and a bridge excites wonder. Judge Steyn travelled in a two-wheeled gig drawn by four mustangs, forded the rivers as best he might, picked his way amid the gullies and wallows that abound over the fields as they do in our Western country, made his fires at meal-time from cattle dung, broiled his beef or mutton-chops like any ranchman, and let his ponies browse about under no more restraint than hobbling.

At night he knocked at the door of a ranchman; the host would shake him by the hand, bid him welcome, present him to the wife, and give him what cheer the hut or house afforded. Perhaps he spent the night in a bed, perhaps on the floor—at any rate, it was the best which the farmer could afford. Steyn never left such a house without having made of its inmates friends for life. His calm, strong, dignified, and yet sympathetic manner appealed strongly to people whose lives are secluded, reflective, and free from shams.

His opponent for the Presidency was his wife's uncle, Mr. J. G. Fraser, who was chairman of the Volksraad, and as such enjoyed an almost prescriptive right to the

TRAVELLING IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE

suffrages of the people. Steyn, however, beat him six to one. There was a whisper that even here the "Jameson business" had an influence; that Steyn, as an Afrikander of Dutch Boer ancestry, and a member of the Dutch Reformed Church besides, was a safer man in such a crisis than even so loyal a citizen as Mr. Fraser; for Fraser is not a Boer name, and Fraser represents the blood of the Jameson tribe rather than that of the great "Trekkers"—the Dutch "Pilgrim Fathers." However, I prefer to think that had the election been held in 1895, rather than on February 19 of 1896, Steyn would still have been elected by a gratifying majority.

President Steyn is essentially a domestic man, most happy in his home, with his wife, his boy, and his three little girls. He married in 1887 a lady distinguished for her accomplishments as well as for her beauty, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Colin Fraser, the Dutch Reformed minister of Philippolis, a town in the Orange Free State. The father and mother of Mrs. Steyn are both Scotch, and therefore if race hatred played an important part in the Presidential campaign of Mr. Steyn, it must have played as much for one side as the other.

The careers of kings, great ministers, successful money-makers, and such seekers after power are for the most part so filled with acts of selfishness and injustice that much reading about them is apt to make one think that moral virtue holds no place in public men. The more important for us is it, therefore, to gather together what is authentic in the life of a President who has come to this honor with a record calculated to stimulate rather than discourage our trust in human goodness.

For instance, when Steyn had been but three years a judge there appeared serious danger of losing the Chief

Justice because of a disagreement between him and certain members of the legislature (Volksraad). If this Chief Justice had resigned, Steyn would have been his successor, as being the next in rank. Here was a great temptation for a young man, then only about thirty-five years old. Not merely was the great honor in prospect, but a substantial increase in his salary, and Steyn was not a rich man. The great Lord Chancellor Bacon grovelled in the dust and did unutterable acts of meanness to compass ends less important than this promotion.

Judge Steyn in this crisis took into consideration first the good of his country. He reflected that both of his associate judges were his seniors, and that if he became Chief Justice he would be enjoying a triumph hardly justified by his years. He therefore unhesitatingly waived his well-recognized claim to the higher post, and begged the President to appoint for that place an older man. Meantime he worked with real interest to remove the cause of friction between the Volksraad and the Chief Justice. So well and unselfishly did he work that the breach was closed, and the Chief Justice withdrew his resignation. "And I venture to say," wrote my informant, "that nobody in the state was better pleased than the first puisne judge, Steyn."

In 1887, before Steyn had been made judge, the late President, Sir John Brand, had also a disagreement with the Volksraad, or House of Representatives, but it was in secret session, and no one outside knew what the cause of quarrel was. It resulted, however, in the resignation of President Brand. It is worth noting that to this day the people of Bloemfontein do not know the exact subject of this quarrel.

When "Advocate" Steyn heard of President Brand's resignation, he at once waited upon the Mayor of Bloem-

fontein and begged him to call a public meeting. The Mayor did so, and on this occasion young Steyn, then thirty years old, made his first public appearance, other than at the bar. He here offered a resolution begging the President to withdraw his resignation. Among other things he said: "Though we do not know what the cause of disagreement is, we have such confidence in the father of our state that we have no hesitation in asking him to withdraw his resignation, and we consider that it would be nothing short of a calamity to the state should he refuse to do so."

The occasion was a triumph for Steyn as well as for Sir John Brand, for the motion was carried unanimously. Steyn's popularity in that year was so great in Bloemfontein that he was strongly pressed to become Mayor, but that honor he declined, though at the time he was a member of the town council.

Mr. Steyn, in the midst of his new Presidential honors, and housed in the official mansion, often speaks of his circuit-riding days as the pleasantest of his life. On his return from England his health was somewhat impaired by too close confinement to study, and on joining the bar he followed the circuit largely on account of the benefit to his health, and with complete success, as we have seen, in more ways than one. A friend of the President's, who shared the circuit-riding with him, told me this to illustrate the variety in the life of an "Afrikander" judge:

In one small town Mr. Steyn was treated badly by the keeper of the only inn. He was a selfish man, and thought that he could maintain a monopoly. He put five of Mr. Steyn's party in one room, which was a very small one, with a mud floor and no window. In the

language of my informant, "the food and tea and coffee were such that we could not eat or drink them; and his insolence such as we found equally difficult to swallow."

Steyn remonstrated with the man, and told him that if he did not give them better things for their money he and his party would not come to his inn when, six months hence, they should hold court in that town. But the rude host became still more offensive. His answer was, "You can't help yourselves; this is the only hotel in town."

In due time the same circuit-riders once more came around to the same place, and all bore in mind the discomforts they had endured at the hands of the rude host. So they made a camp outside of the village, and stayed there happily for four days and four nights. This made the innkeeper very angry, and he sought to compel the party to once more come to his wretched hotel. He happened to be the only butcher in the village as well as the only innkeeper, and he refused to sell them any meat so long as they remained in camp. He was so powerful in town that he even succeeded in persuading the baker to boycott the encampment.

But this boycott was a lamentable failure. There were six in the camping party, all supplied with sporting pieces. But they had been surfeited elsewhere with partridge and antelope, and wanted mutton. So they bought a sheep from a neighboring farmer, and drove it to camp, where it was neatly slaughtered by expert hands. It was Mr. Advocate Steyn and another member of the circuit who drove this sheep through the main street of the village and past the door of the surly innkeeper. The burghers in general were very much amused, but not so the would-be boycotter. Of course when the people in town learned the circumstances of

THE BOER'S FIRST HOMESTEAD

A BOER FARM-HOUSE IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE

the case, the camping party were overwhelmed with offers of every article of food which skilful cooks could prepare, and they did very well without the baker—thanks to a certain lady. As to this surly innkeeper, his behavior was advertised so effectually throughout the country that when Mr. Steyn again visited this village the man had already been forced to go away, so completely had his house been shunned by travellers. Mr. Steyn and his friends little dreamed how completely that innkeeper could be punished for his behavior—and without appeal to a court of law.

Steyn's mother was a noble specimen of womanhood, and his maternal grandmother equally so. The President to-day speaks with great feeling of the much that he owes to their teaching, and still more to their example. His mother was a daughter of the famous Boer leader Wessels—a name spoken in the two republics of South Africa as we of New England mention the pioneers of the *Mayflower*. Wessels was a "vortrekker"—one of the emigrants who went forth into the wilderness in 1836, and spent most of his time in shooting Kaffirs and lions. The mother of our hero led this savage life during her infancy, and came into the Orange Free State before Bloemfontein or Wynburg or any other settlement had been founded. She is described to me, by one who knew her, as a "God-fearing, pious, patriotic, gentle, and loving woman, who lived and died devoted to her children." She was splendidly hospitable, and to those near her she was the embodiment of nobility and goodness. No one who conversed with her failed to be impressed by her strong character. She filled her son's mind with pictures of early Boer suffering in the cause of liberty; taught him the history of

his ancestors—talked to him as an American mother might whose memory had embraced the battle of Bunker Hill and the long seven years of fighting between that and the surrender at Yorktown. But there was no bitterness in the narrative of Mrs. Steyn, no disposition to be unfair. The "Great Trek" of 1836, and the subsequent hardships, she accepted as dispensations of an all-wise Providence. That she should hate the English because they were instruments of this Providence never occurred to her. She taught her son to love liberty, to love his country, to cherish the memory of the men who had built up the struggling state, and to give his last drop of blood in the maintenance of that state's independence. Some might see in this the preaching of defiance to the mother colony. It was nothing of the kind. It went hand in hand with the Boer's view of his Church, his relations to his own government, and to his neighbor. The right of "private judgment," for which Martin Luther joined issue with the Roman Pope, carries with it, in the Boer mind, the right to govern himself to a degree never before attempted by God-fearing and law-abiding people. Had the English law-makers in London half understood the Boer character, there never would have been the "Great Trek" of 1836; had they understood the Americans of 1776, there would have been no "Boston Tea Party."

But that is something else.

The father of the President, Marthinas Steyn, was a man of decided parts. I need only to recall that he was for many years the intimate friend and adviser of the late President, a friendship which closed only with the death of Sir John Brand. He was a strict father to young Theunis. His sons rose with the dawn of day, and early became inured to hard work and plenty of it.

If the future President asked permission to go to a dance at the house of a neighbor, however far away, it was always upon condition that he returned home immediately after the affair, and was up and at work at the usual hour next morning. No doubt young Theunis smarted under many a restraint that would have driven many high-spirited lads to open mutiny but for the genuine admiration and respect he entertained for both his parents. For his father showed that he always had his boy's good at heart, whatever form it might take. The elder Steyn was a conscientious and industrious man; he was, moreover, an excellent farmer. In his dress he was so particularly neat that he was nicknamed "Blank Stevel"—"Shiny Shoes," as we might put it. These individually trifling items I have taken pains to preserve here, not because historically it is of critical moment whether a certain Steyn did or did not have his boots blacked, but because I hold it to be of great interest to recall that the parents of President Steyn were both of them distinguished for qualities that made them conspicuous examples for good among their own people; and, indeed, would have made them important members of any society where moral standards were high. Paul Kruger speaks with gratitude of his parents, as does President Steyn. But the elder Steyns would no doubt have been classed by the elder Krugers as fools for wasting so much money upon their youngsters' education.

It was between the ages of sixteen and nineteen that young Steyn served his farmer appenticeship, taking complete charge of the estate at times, and managing so well as to earn the praise even of his exacting father.

The earlier years, between his twelfth and fifteenth, he spent with his maternal grandmother in Bloemfon-

tein. She took charge of the lad, and made a home for him and his two elder brothers while Theunis attended Grey College. President Steyn speaks to-day with great affection of this dear old grandmother, wife of the famous pioneer Wessels. She appears to have had all those good qualities which distinguished the President's mother, and of course her age and experience enabled her to draw from the history of her people almost a complete record of three generations. Young Steyn was never weary of listening to the tales of his grandmother; they were to him more interesting than any book of romance. Many a time had Steyn's grandmother, when a young married woman, been forced to fly in the night because of an attack by the natives. One babe she carried at her breast; another struggled by her side. Their home was an ox-wagon; their destination God alone knew. Such a life does not make people graceful, but it makes them strong.

One story the President tells with much pleasure about his grandmother. During a war with the neighboring natives (the Boers and Basutos were formerly in a chronic state of fighting) the British government—for reasons we shall not discuss here—refused to allow gunpowder to be imported into the Free State. Well, during those days she and her husband had to go down into the Cape Colony, to Colesberg, only about ten miles beyond the southern boundary of the republic, in order to sell some of their produce. Of course they travelled in the usual manner, on a huge, tented wagon—"prairie-schooner"—drawn by sixteen bullocks. With the proceeds of the sale, the patriotic Wessels purchased some gunpowder and started for home. But the frontier police of the Cape suspected the well-known Boer, and watched for his "outfit." While the Wessels party

BOERS IN CAMP

were "outspanned"—that is to say, had turned their cattle out to graze for the noonday meal—they noticed a party of horsemen approaching. With admirable presence of mind the wife took down from the wagon all the bags of gunpowder and piled them as close to the camp-fire as was possible without producing an explosion. Then the lady calmly seated herself on top of the gunpowder and spread her skirts. From what I have seen of skirts in the Transvaal I can readily believe that good Mrs. Wessels was able to conceal from view on this occasion gunpowder enough to blow up the castle of Heidelberg.

Then she stirred the fire up and welcomed the mounted police to the chops she was assiduously turning on her gridiron. The police, however, were evidently under urgent orders, for they searched the big wagon thoroughly, satisfied themselves that this time at least no powder was being smuggled, thanked the Wessels for their proffered hospitality, apologized for having had to perform a disagreeable duty, and rode away over the prairie, to the great satisfaction of the encampment.

One of the expressions which she addressed most often to her sons, was: "You are free men. See to it that you remain free."

It is hard to say whether the mother or grandmother made the more impression upon the boy; both had a great share in the making of his character; together they did more for him than all other influences — certainly up to his sixteenth year, when he left his grandmother's home in Bloemfontein and started farming for his father.

It would be hard in England to find the type of these people who moulded Steyn. In New England we know

him well. It is the Puritan of 1630, who left Suffolk with scant baggage, but a Bible, and who added a blunderbuss to his outfit when he reached Massachusetts Bay. The basis is the Old-World Huguenot or Calvinist. To-day, in South Africa, he is the same man plus the inevitable modification produced by the many years in which he has had to face savages—man and beast.

I am sorry that I cannot enliven this little account of President Steyn by telling some marvellous adventures such as befell President Kruger. The development of Mr. Steyn has been almost as uneventful as that of an average English statesman, who goes first to a great "public" school, next to the university, then travels abroad, and finally enters Parliament. Young Steyn was born just after both of the Boer republics had adopted Constitutions and settled down to the peaceful enjoyment of their territories. Every one was wearied with fighting and living in tent-wagons. The Boers felt in their way as did Europe in general when Napoleon I. was safely lodged on far-away St. Helena, and the long war had come to an end, and people might once more transact honest business. Young Steyn, however, had a healthy, rough-and-tumble bringing up. He is proud to remember that he was but eleven years old when he knocked over his first buck (spring-boc). As a youngster he was, I am assured, as good a shot as most of his grown-up neighbors. At school he was a famous football-player; and stories are current in Bloemfontein that he was very handy with his fists, and several times knocked out boys older and bigger than himself. But I am assured that the quarrel was never of Steyn's making.

My first sight of President Steyn was in the State Capitol. He was seated officially in a large arm-chair at the right hand of the Speaker during a session of the Volksraad. It was an eminently dignified gathering, though the sight of the head of the state in the midst of them seemed, of course, strange to an American. The Boers still consider their President as a member of the Volksraad, or Council of the People. His office is not cleanly marked out as in our Constitution, and consequently bears a confused character. The people in general regard their President as the chief officer of the state, and the one to whom they look for direction in times of danger. At the same time they treat him much as we treat our army. We make a great pet of it when there is danger—when the Indians are loose in Arizona or the anarchists in Chicago. Then the people talk of strengthening the arm of the government. But so soon as the danger is past, a set of wiseacres in Congress, who conspicuously pose as patriotic Americans, at once seek means of cutting down the already niggardly amount allowed for military (really police) purposes.

In the two South African republics human nature is not much different. President Kruger appears to be a dictator because his country has passed through a succession of crises calling for military preparation and a strong executive. In the Orange Free State, on the other hand, there is and has been no such popular excitement; and while the burghers in general nominally treat the President as a powerful leader, the Volksraad, little by little, has come to regard him as merely the means of enforcing the laws which it may choose to pass. It gives him not even a veto, and leaves him, therefore, with no choice but to either concur with the Volksraad or resign.

Mr. Steyn discussed this point with me at some length and with great frankness; for he was familiar with the United States Constitution, and curious to know how the veto worked. He did not disguise his annoyance at the manner in which his own Volksraad was able to override him, and assured me that he was preparing an appeal to the people which he believed would end this anomalous state of things. The present system, thought the President, worked well enough so long as only such laws were passed as had been contemplated when the members knew the minds of their constituents. But suppose a wholly new question arose, springing from an unexpected change in all conditions about them, and one on which they had not given their constituents the means of forming an opinion—let us imagine something like news of a European war—the Volksraad, under the spur of sensational news, might hastily pass a measure calculated to do much harm. If the President cannot veto, what can he do? Steyn proposes that such a measure be referred to the whole people, as we here do a constitutional amendment. This would force the Volksraad to pause; it would give notice that the President disapproved of it; it would bring the President face to face with the whole of his people, and relieve him of a painful choice between resigning or obeying a Volksraad which possibly did not at the time represent faithfully the popular wishes.

This conversation took place in the official mansion one rather warm afternoon. Mrs. Steyn had "a tea and tennis" party on the lawn, and I could not but be struck by hearing only the English tongue on all sides of me, though the larger portion of the guests were men in public life, and most of them, if not all, spoke Dutch habitually in their business hours. For all that

THE NEWLY COMPLETED CAPITOL AT BLOEMFONTEIN

OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE

I could note, the garden-party might have been in England.

Mr. Steyn lives very simply, compared with the Queen's representatives in Natal or Cape Town. When I first rang the bell at the President's door it was opened by a maid (white), and at a large dinner there the service was performed entirely by maid-servants. Imagine, if you please, an English Governor without his retinue of men-servants, all brought out from England! The thing is impossible for us to conceive.

Mr. and Mrs. Steyn live in their new grandeur with excellent taste; it was to me a contrast with Pretoria, where President Kruger required a military guard as portentous as that of the dictator of a South American republic. There were no soldiers to be seen about the Steyn Presidency—not even a policeman did I ever see about his door.

But if any of womankind has had patience to follow me so far, let me tell her a bit of romance. Mrs. Steyn has not the slightest knowledge of this, and probably never will have.

When the nineteen-year-old Steyn steamed away to Europe from South Africa, there was on the same ship a bright-eyed, fair-haired girl of twelve. The journey from South Africa is a long one. Mine, from Delagoa Bay, around Cape of Good Hope, to Southampton, lasted thirty days, though I was not on a particularly slow boat. In those thirty days we have to see very much of our fellow-passengers, and learn to judge them fairly well—whether they can be selfish or generous, entertaining or dull. Young Steyn had never seen this fair-haired little girl before, and did not see her again

during his six years of law study. But on his return to Bloemfontein as a barrister, the first social event in his legal career was the being presented to a handsome, fair-haired young lady of eighteen, in whom he recognized the little travelling companion of six years before. She had been thoroughly educated, not merely abroad, but also in a most excellent high-school for girls established at Bloemfontein. The young advocate very properly fell deeply in love with this most attractive of women, and in due course offered himself, was accepted, and discovered, like many another in like happy state, that the contemplation of matrimony means war with material obstacles — sometimes parents, sometimes the means of livelihood, frequently both. Steyn had for his fortune little more than his education and license to accept briefs. The young lady's father was a clergyman. The parents on both sides were in comfortable circumstances, from the point of view taken in their neighborhood, but the young people were forced to remain merely engaged until the young lawyer had secured the means of supporting his wife independently—a decision honorable to all concerned. But this long engagement was nearly fatal to the social career of one who was Mr. Steyn's intimate friend — I shall call him William Temple. For convenience, or a silly reason such as people in love can give, Steyn, who was much abroad on circuit, deemed it well to send the letters intended for Miss Fraser to the office of his friend Temple, there to be enclosed in another envelope, and re-addressed in the handwriting of his friend. Steyn perhaps wished to avoid being teased by his friends, for in the small community in which he moved a young man could not write often to the same young lady before all the tea-tables would be discussing it.

INTERIOR OF THE LEGISLATIVE HALL IN THE NEW CAPITOL

This arrangement of the young advocate worked well for a time. The secret of the engagement was well preserved, and the young lady conducted her part of the correspondence by also giving all her letters to William Temple, to be forwarded under cover of his hand. William Temple was the only one besides the parents who knew of the engagement, and he would have died at the stake rather than betray his trust. And now, my lady reader, if you are seeking the elements of a brand-new plot, here it is, fresh from Africa.

The tea-tables of Bloemfontein did finally commence to discuss the affairs of this postally connected trio. One busybody noticed that Miss Fraser was neglecting the advocate. Another noticed that while the advocate was away on circuit the young lady appeared altogether too much with Mr. William Temple. Another noticed that she corresponded with Mr. Temple. Another had stopped a postman and learned from him that many letters came to Miss Fraser in Mr. Temple's handwriting.

Another and another had evidence more or less circumstantial to submit, until finally the little tea-table society of Bloemfontein felt convinced that William Temple was basely utilizing the absence of his friend Steyn in order treasonably to secure the affection of Miss Fraser. And so, while the two separated lovers were cheerily interchanging their messages through the useful clearing-house of William Temple, there was gathering about that honest man's head such a storm of social indignation as in our more happy country could have ended only in summary lynching. He received cold looks where formerly he had known only smiles; old friends appeared constrained when forced to be near him; the good people were heard repeating:

"Poor Steyn! what a shame that he should be treated in this way! He ought to come back at once!" Men at the club mooted how they could warn Steyn; but in these matters men are notorious cowards. The real heroes in such a crisis are the women.

And, indeed, a meddlesome, conscientious, God-fearing Puritan dame was found who sought William Temple one day, taxed him with his perfidy, pointed out the disgrace he was bringing on himself, the wrong he was doing to an estimable young lady, and, above all, the cold villany of his attitude towards Steyn. William Temple changed color with indignant anger—a change which the good lady naturally attributed to shame.

Think for a moment—what would you or I, my fellow-man, have done? Temple at least did not divulge his secret, and, until Steyn returned from circuit, remained in Bloemfontein the only man there capable of saying, "I have not a single friend in my own home!" At last the advocate returned to find himself greeted by commiserating friends, whose languishing pressure of the hand and sad undertone gave him the foretaste of impending calamity. Before he reached the home of his true-love or could communicate with Temple, his heart was beating wildly in foreboding. The neighbors evidently dared not tell him the worst!

How heartily did Steyn roar with laughter when Temple explained the situation! How people stared when they saw the advocate and his "base deceiver" laughing together arm in arm! How the tea-tables hastened to invent other plausible tales! How the good, conscientious old lady commenced to feel foolish! How Temple became overwhelmed with invitations from every one who had formerly treated him coldly! All this and much more is the hint for great novelists.

CROSSING A STREAM IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE

Next year there may be a dozen stories published on this theme, each encouraged by a prize from some enterprising journal.

When Advocate Steyn and Miss Fraser became man and wife they settled down to house-keeping and hard work. Mrs. Steyn, from the very outset, became her husband's help in his career; and I was assured by an official of the Free State judiciary that hundreds of legal documents filed in the archives of the Supreme Court are in the clear, bold hand of Mrs. Advocate Steyn.

Mrs. Steyn's contempt for social shams was illustrated most strongly to me one day while I was travelling with this same William Temple over the prairie country called the "Conquered Territory." We stopped one night at the house of a Boer ranchman who knew the President well, and he told me this story. It is the more precious to me because Temple, who is Steyn's friend, had never before heard it, and was much impressed by it.

Steyn was not long since in a gathering of his friends, and some one of the party expressed surprise that a certain one should have married another whose grandfather had been a bricklayer.

At this Steyn spoke up: "I see nothing strange in that. My own father was a wagon-maker, and I am proud to think that he was a good one and an honest one."

This was not the "labor candidate's" trick to secure votes. It was the expression of one too frank to stand by and tacitly endorse the false social distinction made in his hearing. But for this most of his fellow-citizens would have remained in ignorance that the elder Steyn had ever been anything else than the statesman and gentleman farmer.

V

THE LAST OF A GREAT BLACK NATION

At last we reached the banks of the Caledon River, which is the boundary-line between the Orange Free State and the country commonly known as Basutoland. The history of the South African republics, from their very beginning down to within the last few years, is a record of their more or less successful contests with the Basuto* people. The cause of these wars has been, of course, a conflict of ideas as to who had the best right to the soil. The blacks held that it was theirs because from time out of mind blacks had peopled all this neighborhood; but the Boers argued, on the other side, that the blacks were, after all, merely heathen, and did not make good use of their property. The white man argued in South Africa much as he did in New England when he landed on Plymouth Rock, and cheerfully expelled the heathen who set up prescriptive claims to Massachusetts. Such arguments as these were of great assistance to the pioneers who crossed the Mississippi, scaled the Rocky Mountains, and astonished the Spanish Americans who then claimed California, New Mexico, and a great deal more. In fact, it is in human nature that even God-fearing and law-abiding men accept

* This word I use according to common practice in South Africa, and not according to the few learned in "native" orthography.—P. B.

readily the doctrine that the earth belongs to those who make best use of it. Indeed, the philosophy which cheered the Boers who weeded out the blacks fifty years ago differs not much from the philosophy of the Anglo-Saxons now occupying the gold-fields of the Transvaal.

The Caledon River was for years, as we have said, the disputed boundary, and even to-day it is safe to say that if Great Britain withdrew her protection from the Basutos, there would be a Jameson raid into that land within twenty-four hours—a raid that would exceed in fury anything accomplished during the great Oklahoma "boom" when the United States government opened that portion of the Indian Territory to white settlers. War upon war have the Boers made upon their naked neighbors, without ever making conquest of their country. At last, in 1872, England made an end of these disturbances upon the borders of her possessions by acting as mediator, fixing the boundaries, and practically going bail for the future good behavior of the negroes.

The word negro is not heard in South Africa excepting as a term of opprobrium. Often and often again have Afrikander Englishmen stopped me, when speaking of Zulus, Basutos, Matabele, and so on, as negroes. "You in America only know the blacks who came over as slaves—that is to say, the West African negro; but" —and this they say with some pride—"our blacks are of a very superior character, and not at all to be confused with the material found on the Guinea coast."

Though this is a popular notion among Afrikanders and Englishmen generally, it is not, I think, founded either upon historical research or upon observation of the negro in different places. It is true that the most common slave-trade in times past was between the African west coast and the eastern shores of America, but

it is equally true that the Portuguese carried on a steady and very profitable traffic of the same nature from their East African possessions, notably Mozambique. This alone can account for a large portion of Zulu and Basuto blood among the American slaves, but aside from this there is every reason for believing that even on the west coast a considerable portion of the slaves shipped to America were prisoners of war captured far in the interior, from tribes that had been recruited from the east coast. The life of an African negro nation is practically the life of one remarkable man who may possess a gift for war much above the average of his blood. Thus we hear of Lobengula creating the Matabele, of Cetewayo and the Zulus, and, greater than all, of Moshesh, the great organizer of the Basutos. These black leaders have made so-called nations, because they readily attracted to themselves the warriors from surrounding tribes or families, who were glad to follow any leader that promised them plunder in war and security for what they might take in the way of booty.

Whoever glances at successive maps of Africa must be struck by the rapidity with which names of territories have been changed within the last three hundred years. It is, however, what one might reasonably expect from negroes incapable of self-control, living only for the gratification of momentary needs, and leaving behind them absolutely no record of any achievement calculated to advance the cause of civilization.

I am reminded here of a most interesting conversation I had with Dr. Theal upon this subject.

"It is a disastrous mistake," said he to me, "for people in England to act as though black and white people can ever mix. The two races cannot intermarry without harm to one or both. The half-breeds who marry

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION IN BASUTOLAND

half-breeds cease to be prolific, and they become prolific only in the event of their marrying blacks or whites. There is no doubt that the negro has multiplied with great rapidity where he has been protected by whites. He cannot quarrel as he was wont to; he is not allowed to wage war; he is not allowed to kill witches; and when famines arise the government feeds him at the expense of the white taxpayers. Even disease is not allowed to sweep him away as it once did; at least the government does all in its power to check small-pox and other infectious ills."

As we are now about to cross the Caledon River into the land of the last negro nation surviving in South Africa, and as the interest of this nation to us lies principally in the information we may gather regarding the future relations of the black man to the white, not only here, but in all Africa as well, I feel fortunate in being able to quote Dr. Theal further on this point.

"If this country is to amount to anything," said he, "it must be as a white man's country; now a white man will not work beside a black man, no matter how many laws are passed declaring the two to be equal. The British government protects the blacks, gives them free land, and looks after them in a philanthropic manner. But there is no law compelling a black man to work. The white man receives no indulgence from *his* government, and has to sink to the black man's level if he hopes to succeed by his daily labor.

"As to the Matabele," said he, "all that country was formerly inhabited by black tribes called Mashonas. The Matabele came in as robbers, and being a soldier organization, under warlike chiefs, drove the Mashonas out of their villages. As soon as they had captured a kraal, they killed every one excepting young boys and

girls. The boys they made slaves to the soldiers. When these Mashona boys grew up, they begged to become Matabele soldiers, in order to escape their hard lot as slaves. The Matabele chiefs promised them that honor, on condition of their doing some daring act of robbery upon neighboring tribes—usually lifting cattle. In this manner they became stronger with successive years, though more mixed in blood."

Dr. Theal was firmly of opinion that no peace should be made with them, but they should be thoroughly thrashed and driven beyond the Zambesi. He regarded them as a set of insolent freebooters, whose men scorned to feed on anything but meat, and even at that only on such as had been captured from the enemy.

When we hear by our firesides of negro wars, we are apt to receive statements very much exaggerated, and certainly calculated to make us feel that the negro can be a most daring and dangerous enemy. No doubt he is such for a short time and under extraordinary circumstances, but taken as a race there is no more gentle servant and companion than a properly treated negro. It has been by fortune to see something of him in the West Indies, in South America, and in every State of the United States. Comparing that type of negro with the black man of South Africa as he appears between the Zambesi River and the Cape of Good Hope, I confess that I see very little difference. There are highly bred negroes in America, as well as low-bred ones, and as slaves we know that their price varied enormously on this account alone; but I am confident that if a given number of negroes were picked up hap-hazard from the different portions of Africa, and then brought to Virginia or Louisiana dressed after the manner of American negroes, they would attract no more attention on

CROSSING THE CALEDON

the streets of New Orleans or Richmond than they do now along the Zambesi or the Caledon.

And that reminds me that the Caledon came near making an end of us, for it was much swollen by rains, and as we reached the middle of it the water covered the bottom of our Cape cart and threatened to sweep us away bottom side up. Our leaders nearly went out of sight in one of the many holes of this treacherous stream, and for a few minutes we splashed and struggled so furiously that I found myself calculating the chances of my being able to swim to either bank. Very fortunately for us, we had remarkably good horses, and my friend Temple, who was driving, is notoriously the best whip in South Africa. The leaders, by-the-way, two spirited little bays, had been loaned to me by the President of the Orange Free State, and the cart was the one in which Chief Justice De Villiers rode his circuit, so that my mental calculations included the idea of how much this little fording of the Caledon would cost in horse-flesh, harness, cart, and baggage. But adventures are pleasant when they are survived, and we found ourselves the more warmly received in Basutoland for having successfully passed the Caledon at a time when the people thereabouts regarded it as impassable.

It is a stream ordinarily as wide as the Pruth, which separates Roumania from southern Russia, and it has a frontier police with equally primitive comforts. But in crossing the Pruth the stranger is received by the Russian custom-house as though he were a dangerous character, while at the Caledon a negro policeman welcomed us as though pleased that strangers should visit his country. Of course he inquired particularly whether we had any fire-arms or spirits, but was quite satisfied by a superficial glance at the general nature of our bag-

gage. Then I said to him that I would like to take his photograph; upon which he laughed in the ecstasy of gratified vanity, and ran into his hut, shouting that he must go and put on his uniform. Nothing that we said could alter his purpose, and we were rather annoyed than otherwise, because I did not wish him in uniform, but rather in the native nakedness with which he had received us. As this first policeman ran into his hut, however, another appeared at the door in the uniform of the Basuto mounted police, and him I promptly snapped with my camera, to his great satisfaction. But no sooner was this done and we once more starting with our four-in-hand, than out rushed the first policeman, gesticulating excitedly that we should wait and photograph him; but we explained that we had taken the other policeman and were in a great hurry; and besides, by this time I had learned to be more economical with my films. I shall never forget the loud and happy laughter of the policeman who had been photographed, and the very disconsolate look of the first policeman, who had missed this honor; and I recall it here because it arises in my mind every time that I think of the typical negro and the enormous difference between his nature and that of an average white man, particularly a policeman acting as a responsible custom-house official.

We had driven the whole distance from the capital of the Orange Free State to the Caledon, and in a few minutes we entered the Basuto Residency, called Maseru. During this long journey we had spent our nights at any Boer ranch where we happened to pass towards twilight, and during the day we cooked our meals on the open prairie, letting our four mustangs browse where they could with the limitations of a knee-halter. We were very dirty-looking tramps by the time we

reached the capital of this black nation, and with heart-felt gratitude did I accept the invitation of its British administrator to become his guest at the palace. Such words as nation, palace, king, chief, have a strange sound when applied to things South-African, whether black or Boer. Even the word road has a different meaning in that country. To be sure we travelled in a Cape cart, which is a vehicle resembling the English two-wheeled cart; but we travelled over a country much like the desert of Colorado, where the rains cut gullies into the soft soil, and where the traveller steers his broncos without reference to the wagon-trail of his predecessor. In the night he goes by the stars; in the day he gets his direction from the sun. When he reaches a stream, he has no warning as to whether it is safe to ford or not, and it must be a careful and experienced driver indeed who does not break his axle in crossing some of the gullies in his path. The Boers do not like to be taxed, and the Basutos do not care for roads anyhow, so that between them the traveller in that part of the world may consider himself fortunate if he gets alive to his destination.

Maseru, the capital of Basutoland, is made up of one or two huts occupied by white traders who hold a special license to barter with the blacks; a few native huts spread out without order over the sides of a hill; a low bungalow where the administration of the government is conducted; one or two discouraging little houses which pretend to make travellers comfortable; a blacksmith and wagon-maker's shop; and then the Residency, where lives the wise ruler of Basutoland, Mr. Lagden. The population of Maseru I did not inquire, but it looks as though it might be anywhere from 100 to 1000, of whom perhaps a couple of dozen might be white.

The Residency itself in a civilized country might have seemed a modest hunting-box for a private gentleman, but in Basutoland it loomed up before my eyes with all the grandeur of a Potsdam palace. Here at last, in the midst of most complete savagery, was an English home presided over by an accomplished and amiable English lady whose husband held imperial rule over a quarter of a million naked negroes, not one of whom, probably, could explain by what means Mr. Lagden exercised his extraordinary authority. There was not a single red-coat to shield them against insurrection; there was not a single white policeman to guard their door. The Lagden family in Basutoland is separated from all the world almost as completely as though on a rock in the ocean. If a single chief refused to obey the order of this British resident, there is no visible force at his command by which he could bring that chief to his knees.

But fortunately there are invisible forces which even the negro can understand. Every chief in the Basuto country, and through him every black warrior—I might almost say every black man from the Zambesi to the Cape—is brought up in the faith that there is far away a white Queen, who, like a goddess of the ancients, can be invoked for the protection of the black. English rule in South Africa has been rough and ready in many cases, but, so far as the black man is concerned, has been vastly more humane than that of the black man towards his fellow-blacks. Even to-day the black man prefers English rule to that of Portugal, France, or Germany, and this not merely because the English government has more jealously guarded the rights of black natives, but because England is credited with greater powers of enforcing her wishes than any other government that has so far attempted to colonize the Dark Continent.

Mr. Lagden governs Basutoland with half a dozen English magistrates, who settle such disputes among the natives as are beyond the competency of their chiefs. The nature of this service is very much like that of a respected grandmother who is sometimes called in to determine a family disagreement, but who has no physical power at her command by which she can make her judgment valid. The resident commissioner has, besides, a small body of mounted police, who are recruited entirely as volunteers from among the blacks of the neighborhood. These men are great swells in their way, and from the Basuto point of view they represent the first families of the country. They are officered by white men, and, according to the testimony of Mr. Lagden and one or two Englishmen with whom I spoke on the subject, they are most excellent material. There was active drilling at Maseru during my visit, not merely the regular drills of the local force, but more particularly of sixty Basuto warriors who had been recruited for service against the Matabele, my visit to Maseru having been made towards the end of May, 1896. The Basuto black, as a rule, dislikes to leave his country, because he has there security for life and property far beyond what is enjoyed by blacks in other parts of Africa; but there was no difficulty in recruiting this small force to serve under British officers for imperial purposes, and I am convinced that, in the event of serious war in South Africa, England would find from among the Basutos an army of black volunteers ready to march against any enemy so long as they were led by white officers who understood their business. And what I say of the Basutos is equally true of the Zulus, and will, under proper conditions, soon be equally true throughout South and Central Africa. The drill of the

Basuto mounted police was an exceedingly simple one as compared with the drill which a European soldier would consider necessary; but for South Africa it was quite sufficient. Indeed, the Basuto, before he enters the ranks, is a better fighting-man than the average European soldier after three years of drilling; for, as a recruit, he is already an accomplished horseman, an excellent marksman, and familiar with the duties of a scout. His military education, therefore, is limited to the simplest tactical requirements, such as wheeling right and left, forming a hollow square, and performing the manual exercises with his carbine.

Such blacks as I saw drilling appeared to be proud of the work they were doing, and when the commanding officer kindly placed them in the position in which I wished to photograph one or two types, the men appeared as happy as though I had brought with me a decoration for distribution. Such is the dignity attaching to membership in the Basutoland mounted police that descendants of great chiefs are proud to serve as privates so long as they are serving under white officers.

The uniform of the Basuto is eminently a practical one, as Mr. Woodville's picture facing page 130 will show; it is, in fact, the sort of dress any sportsman would select for riding in a rough country — that is to say, riding breeches and boots, with a light sack-coat, the whole of a color matching the soil, and with no waste of weight in the shape of cumbrous braiding or buttons.

One evening as Mr. Lagden and I were galloping over the prairie we came to a plane where a game of polo was going on between different members of the white colony, mostly officers or officials; but there were not enough to make up the full number, so two of the black police force were called in to help the sport. It

POLO AT MASERU

was a good exhibition of horsemanship, nor could I see that the black men rode with any less skill than their white masters. The Basuto warriors are horsemen from the cradle, and when they join the mounted police the greatest treat they can expect is to be called upon for extra duty in a polo-match. I had before seen officers and men playing side by side in football-matches, but they were all whites. I little thought that in Africa itself I should ever find white officers in a polo scrimmage locking mallets with negro privates. In Germany such an occurrence would be regarded as highly detrimental to discipline.

As I rode about with Mr. Lagden, and heard him recite some of his experiences in this country, the feeling irresistibly took possession of me that I had at last reached the one land where governing was easy and the people contented, where a white woman could walk from one end of it to the other with no care for her personal safety, and where the whole black population lived in harmony with their chiefs, their neighbors, and the paramount power represented by the flag of England. In all Basutoland is not a single mile of railway; not a single road; not a single mining-shaft; not a single drinking-shop; not a single newspaper; not a single demagogue, anarchist, mechanical piano, or any of the other plagues which to-day make progress difficult, if not dangerous. The negroes whom I met in the fields all seemed in a laughing mood, in spite of the fact that their crops had been very bad because of the locust plague; the people along the way all appeared cheerful in their salutations; the country had no tramps, no drunkards, no paupers, no politicians, and the little jail which I inspected at Maseru appeared to be there quite as a matter of form; in fact, I rather suspect that the dozen or so inmates

of that jail belonged either to the Cape Colony or the Transvaal.

In the few happy days which I spent under the roof of Mr. Lagden I naturally sought his opinion on many things, for he has had valuable experience in the management of native affairs. In reproducing here some of his interesting observations I trust he will forgive me if I sacrifice his natural feeling of modesty to my equally strong desire to put the truth on record.

"The system obtaining in Basutoland," according to Mr. Lagden, "is to use the power and influence of the chiefs as a means of governing and guiding a nation. The police are in complete sympathy with the people among whom their duties lie." This is notoriously reversing the principle which guides the military governments of Europe, for soldiers recruited from one part of the country are generally sent to do duty in another, so that in case of civil disturbance there may be no sympathy between military and civilian forces. "The great object of government is to educate the people to a sense of the necessity of maintaining order. A nation should be conspicuous for absence of notoriety either by internal disturbances, foreign complications, abuse of power accorded to the chiefs, or the following of barbarous customs.

"It would be idle to suppose that a tribe of untutored natives possessed the attributes of morality; or were not obstinate even towards those persuading them for their good; or were not corrupt if opportunity offered; or not irritating to those patiently guiding them; or were not disposed to be insolent in times of plenty; or given to crime common to all mankind, and which must be expected more frequently from people on the threshold of barbarism.

"But take the Basutos all round, and they have shown, perhaps as no other Kaffir tribe has shown, a respect for law, an intelligent pride in their own development, and a certain respect for public opinion, internal and external."

Mr. Lagden was appealed to some time ago to provide, at the expense of government, a large industrial institution for native children, a fact which speaks well for the native desire to improve. To this appeal he answered that they should first help themselves, and in that way they would show the white man how he might come in and be of assistance to them; the result was a general collection throughout the country, which, though opposed by certain disappointed chiefs, realized a sum of £3000 sterling. This is a first instalment towards an endowment fund, and very creditable to the intelligence and capacity of the natives.

Here is another characteristic incident, which I have on the best authority:

Nearly two years ago there was an upheaval, which had as its object the unseating of the present chief of the Basutos. The principal actors were, first, a favorite son of the previous paramount chief. He had winning ways, and during his father's dotage all the sugar-plums in the shape of tidbits of land and the means of getting the most attractive wives.

Next in this dispute was a brother of the late paramount chief, who was pugnacious and independent by nature. These two combined against the appointed heir, and resolved to oust him if possible. In parentheses we may remark that if they had succeeded, neither would have recognized the other.

The whole nation was concerned in this matter, and a painful civil war threatened.

The resident commissioner saw the serious drift of things, and made it his policy, while carefully watching events, not to put his hand in until the last possible moment, because he had behind him no force beyond persuasion and the influence which a strong personality can exercise when two disputing parties are nearly equal. On this occasion the conflicting native forces were about equal in number. An envoy of the paramount chief had been molested while on a mission to the younger brother, who was the leader of the opposition. Native passions became much inflamed because the mission on which this envoy had been sent was a legitimate one, and the injuries which he sustained at the hands of the pretenders soon afterwards caused his death. Both sides flew to arms; the would-be usurper fortified his approaches by stone walls, and prepared for a hand-to-hand contest; the two forces came to within shooting distance one of the other, and the younger warriors were anxious for a fight. But the old men counselled a truce until the British Resident could be consulted; so they stopped for the moment, and sent a supplication to Mr. Lagden begging him to come to them and prevent the threatened bloodshed.

With only two white men as escort, Mr. Lagden arrived in the midst of the passionate warriors, who were on the verge of attacking one another; the older men had found it impossible to keep them in check. The Resident at once sent messengers to order that all arms should be laid down, and that the chiefs should come before him in a great open court at a place neutral to both armies, and at an elevation which commanded so complete a view of the country round about that there could be no fear of treachery. The insurgent parties refused obedience to the summons, in defiance of the

court's messenger; this was the critical moment. Mr. Lagden did not hesitate, though he stood there almost the only white man among thousands of infuriated blacks; he at once sent a message to the effect that he would hold the court on the grounds of the insurgents in a summary fashion, and that he would hold them responsible for the consequences in case they refused obedience.

This summary behavior impressed the insurgents and brought them to their senses; they came to Mr. Lagden, escorted by a white officer who had been sent with this diplomatic message.

Soon Mr. Lagden was encircled by some thousands of Basutos in their war-paint. Each of the contesting parties had detailed a strong contingent of warriors to guard the horses and the arms at a place convenient, in case hostilities should be resumed. Mr. Lagden opened the meeting by announcing that he was there for the purpose of hearing what they had to say. This let loose a flood of native rhetoric from successive black orators, who poured forth a succession of false statements and injurious epithets more calculated to produce than to allay warlike feelings; but Mr. Lagden knew with whom he had to deal, and for three days he listened patiently, until every man with anything to say had said it. They were anxious days, for at night the hills for miles around were lighted by the camp-fires of the two armies.

When all had spoken, the council of elders was formed and technical details discussed by men who were acknowledged experts; it was evening when this council concluded its deliberations, and there was breathless silence over the large assembly when the British Resident stepped forward from its midst to announce his

decision before the gathering of the whole people. The African native is trained to show no emotion in his face, but he shows it in other ways. On this occasion the suspense was more marked because in the previous year the paramount chief had behaved falsely, had been publicly censured, and there was some uncertainty as to what further punishment he might be called upon to endure.

While Mr. Lagden was solemnly pronouncing judgment, a leader of the insurgents, as if by instinct, surmised its purport, and bolted from the assembly, escaping on horseback. There was a momentary burst of excitement, but as the English Resident treated the matter casually, the audience once more calmed down, and the proceedings went on. The title to some land in dispute was adjudged; the man who had killed the envoy was ordered to be brought to trial, and the form of his trial was prescribed. The parties guilty of instigating this insurrection were ordered to pay a fine within twelve hours; that same night the great council was dispersed, but the people refused to disband. Many lying messages were sent for the purpose of gaining time; the party of insurrection were seeking in this manner to discover whether the government intended to back up the judgment pronounced, and they soon saw by Mr. Lagden's uncompromising answers that he was in earnest. However, as an act of grace he extended the time of payment a further twelve hours, and waited on the spot to learn the result. At the end of the twenty-four hours a few cattle were seen straggling over the hill-tops, the insurgent chiefs hoping that these would be accepted as sufficient. But nothing short of full payment could be tolerated if English authority was to be further maintained, so Mr. Lagden at once

called another council of chiefs together. The insurgents evidently had signals prearranged between the council court and the valleys where their cattle were, for no sooner had this second council been called together than all the cattle representing the fine were seen coming down the mountain-side from the place where they had been concealed. So ended a national crisis which, but for an experienced Governor, would undoubtedly have led to another of the many negro wars which constitute the monotonous and melancholy record of African life.

This episode is a typical one, as it illustrates the childlike behavior of negroes when playing at self-government with dangerous weapons in their hands. Like school-children, they squabble, grow excited, and in a moment of anger hurl at one another any objects within reach of their inexperienced hands. They are for the moment like madmen, and when the excitement has passed they sing and laugh together, and wonder how they could ever have so far forgotten themselves as to wish to harm each other.

It is hard for us, trained in a school where men and women realize from moment to moment the far-reaching effect of every act, to understand that black men and women of equal age and stature, and presumably of similar knowledge of the human heart—that such big people are, after all, merely children in mental development, and make progress only while under the guidance of white people who treat them according to their nature.

The individual negro most nearly entitled to be called great—in so far as history leaves any record—is Moshesh. He died in 1870, at the age of seventy-seven,

and was buried by French-Swiss missionaries on the top of his great sacred mountain, called Taba-Basio. Moshesh is now a divinity in the minds of Basutos, and Taba-Basio an object of pilgrimage to thousands of his race, who proudly think of him as their champion who successfully waged war against the white man, and at times threatened him with extinction. From the very beginning of Boer life outside of the Cape Colony—that is to say, from 1836 down to the day when Moshesh died and Basutoland became a protectorate of England—the great political problem of the Boers was how to protect themselves against the Basutos. Every advance in civilization was checked by the dread of raids from over the border, all inspired, if not personally directed, by this chief.

The negro, at least in Africa, regards deception of any and every kind as not merely legitimate, but distinctly praiseworthy, if thereby he can accomplish some good to himself or his chief; to find fault, therefore, with Moshesh for being all his life a persistent liar is not fair in us, who are brought up with different notions regarding right and wrong. The lying of Moshesh served purposes apparently very important to his country, and, from his point of view, was amply justified by results. He first of all drew the missionaries to him by pretending that he believed in Christianity, when as a matter of fact he never seriously entertained such an idea, but very well knew the importance of having about him white men who could exercise influence on public opinion in Europe. He was careful to follow all the recommendations made to him by his missionary allies, or at least he made these missionaries believe in his good intentions. As early as 1854 he forbade the liquor traffic in Basutoland—a measure immensely gratifying to gen-

uine philanthropists the world over, and which, at the same time, was accepted as a sure indication that Moshesh was starting upon a path marked out by missionary foresight. Moshesh cheerfully gave all credit for his enactment to the missionaries, but his political sense alone sufficed to make him see that intoxicating liquors such as Europeans use would quickly destroy the discipline which he sought to maintain over his tribe. Strong drink was a new thing at that day among the Basutos, and there was no vested liquor interest rich enough to create an opposition on the subject. At the very beginning, therefore, of this chief's conflict with the Orange Free State he posed—before the English world particularly—as a humane and wise man, calculated, under proper missionary guidance, to effect the wholesale evangelization of the African race.

The Orange Free State was forced three times into war with Moshesh, although the years intervening were so much occupied with cattle-stealing and other outrages from across the Caledon that this portion of South Africa may be said to have had in our century something akin to a sixteen years' war (1854–70). So successfully, however, did Moshesh manipulate the missionaries about him that he made the English authorities, and through them the English people, believe that the Boers were always in the wrong, and that he was deserving assistance. After each of the most violent wars the British High Commissioner at the Cape would be invoked to settle the terms of a truce, when the Orange Free State would demand simply that Moshesh should keep to his side of the boundary and punish those of his tribe who raided upon the Boer farmers. Moshesh in turn promised everything which the colonial Governor demanded, and, what was more to the point, always carefully brought into

relief his warm devotion to the British crown and his love of peace; but so soon as the British High Commissioner had turned his back the raiding would go on as before, so that the kindly meant interference of the English government did practically more harm than good. One day Moshesh would give his signature to a recognition of certain boundary marks, and the next day he would say that he knew of no boundary; the treaties which he made were kept or not, as he pleased; he was false in nearly every one of his dealings with the Orange Free State, and yet the British government lent him its countenance and protection during years when his conduct was no better than that of the pirate.

The word great, which I have ventured to apply to Moshesh, is partly justified by the very fact that for so many years he was able to skilfully profit by the prejudices which prevailed in the English cabinet against the South African Boers. Since the great Trek of 1836 England had acknowledged the two Boer republics as independent, but had not forgiven them their acts of rebellion, and the English public was ready to listen to any tales against these people. They were commonly represented as slave-holders and hostile to missionaries. Both of these charges were false, but circulated among willing listeners, who did not trouble themselves about hearing two sides in the matter. The Boers, on their side, even had they been so disposed, had no machinery at their disposal by which they could exert influence in Europe. They were isolated in almost every sense from the outer world, had no agents abroad, and were engrossed in the mere struggle for existence. The missionaries, on their side, had command of a sympathetic English press, which from day to day perpetuated a suspicious attitude tow-

ards the Boers, while it ostentatiously advocated the cause of the negro.

There is no man more inclined to speak the truth and act fairly than the Briton; and in South Africa it would be wrong to say that the English government had exercised its power with conscious cruelty, or even unfriendliness, towards any race or nation. But in government ignorance produces mischief akin to tyranny, and it is a melancholy fact that the race hatred now prevailing in South Africa, and which has prevailed to a greater or less degree throughout this century, can be traced to a long series of petty interferences by men who were, no doubt, well meaning, but incapable of forming correct opinions.

In one of the Basuto wars, for instance, the Boers had made such a successful campaign that Moshesh began to fear for his country, and so he prayed to the English authorities that they might interfere. Now as the Boers had been struggling against odds of ten to one in numbers, and as they were by treaty a quasi-independent republic, they had at least a right to expect that England would observe neutrality and allow them to fight this war out to the end; but England threw herself on the side of the Basutos by forbidding the Free State to purchase ammunition from the English surrounding colonies, thus preventing the Boers from making a satisfactory end of their long-standing quarrel with the blacks. In this, as in other unjust acts, the British assumption was that the blacks were a helpless people, and should therefore be protected, although this view was by no means warranted by facts.

Moshesh lived on the top of Taba-Basio, where he successfully repelled every attack made upon him by the white man, English or Boer. At the foot of this

...a fault common among African mission
ly, that of thinking that because a black n
self a Christian, he therefore ceases to b
Indeed, the African is most indifferent
matters, and will agree to almost any arti
provided he can see some material intere
The Basuto nation realized that they gained
by contact with England, and in consequer
sionaries had many so-called converts.

As I said before, old Moshesh never allo
to become a professing Christian, althoug
Missionary Society claimed him as such; t
honestly believed that he was a convert. I
of this missionary society, called the *Journa*
gelical Missions, published in Paris (in the
November, 1869), it is stated that one of th
aries at Taba-Basio went frequently to se
"to read the Word of God to him and pray
(*lui lire la parole de Dieu et prier avec lui*).
adds that "our brother is always received a
to with pleasure."

Moshesh, in his declining years, was unde
ence of witch-doctors and other local "med
but the missionaries with

I have already quoted; they are a monument to the credulity of men old enough to know better; as historical material they are next to worthless. In these missionary reports the testimony of blacks is invariably preferred to that of thoroughly respectable Boers; and, indeed, one who knows nothing of the country rises from the reading of such stuff with a feeling that the black man is morally and physically the superior of the white—from the missionary point of view.

Of course my good friend Temple and I were bound to climb this sacred mountain Taba-Basio, and stand by the grave of Moshesh. The more so as Commissioner Lagden had given us an escort in the shape of one of Moshesh's descendants, now serving in the mounted police: him I made stand up, with one hand resting on the grave of his illustrious forebear, while I took a photograph of the scene. It was indeed a strange scene, that of a Christian tombstone marking the remains of a heathen black chief, who was buried here by a large gathering of Protestant missionaries with all the honors they could render him; and this in spite of the fact that Moshesh lived and died a heathen, and that the mountain in which he is buried is sacred to all the abominations of Bantu, or negro devil-worship. But no doubt old Moshesh sleeps in his grave quite as peacefully as any of the missionaries who labored for his conversion. Moshesh did his duty according to the highest moral philosophy of his environment, and while he cheated right and left, was false to Boers, false to English, and false in turn to all with whom he dealt, still, through all his falsity we can trace certain statesmanlike views regarding the preservation of his power and the good of his country. With trifling modifications of

color and education, he would have been welcomed in the diplomatic circle as an advanced opportunist of the Bismarckian school. Let us add also to his credit that while individual acts of atrocity were common among his followers, caused by great excitement, yet he himself was distinguished among negroes of his time for absence of cruelty; he exhausted every resource of trickiness before going to war, and though he preserved the reputation of being the greatest black soldier of his time, he was singularly moderate and humane in dealing with his enemies. As far back as 1835 Moshesh figures in African history as an important military chief, raiding on the borders of the Cape Colony whenever plunder offered strong enough inducements. Two years later the Boers, who had trecked away from under British rule, sought his friendship, and almost at the same time he shrewdly adopted the principle which guided him throughout his life—namely, playing off the interests of the Boer against those of the English. His success at this game was so great—thanks to the assistance of missionaries—that he pushed his territories and pretensions beyond what even the London cabinet could endure. In 1852 he had his first and only conflict with British troops. The cause of this conflict was the same familiar one—namely, that the people of Moshesh had committed depredations, and had subsequently refused to pay an indemnity; so General Cathcart, who at that time commanded her Majesty's forces at the Cape, marched into the country with the idea of taking Taba-Basio and compelling the Basutos to obedience. General Cathcart had under him a splendidly equipped force, with nearly 2000 infantry and 500 cavalry and two field-guns. Famous regiments were represented in these corps, such as the 74th Highlanders and the 12th Lancers; but in their

THE GRAVE OF MOSHESH, WITH BASUTO MOUNTED POLICE

principal attack they were ignominiously routed. They of course successfully defended themselves when attacked in return, even against odds of twenty to one, and they succeeded in capturing several thousand head of cattle. The English soldiers were burning to avenge the death of their comrades, and had General Cathcart waited for reinforcements, he would shortly, no doubt, have succeeded in his enterprise. Moshesh knew this also, and sent therefore to the British camp a document which in political history has few equals, when we reflect that it came from a negro chief elated by a great victory over professional English white soldiers. The letter is too good to be mutilated:

"TABA-BASIO, MIDNIGHT, *20th December*, 1852.

"YOUR EXCELLENCY,—This day you have fought against my people and taken much cattle. As the object for which you have come is to have a compensation for Boers, I beg you will be satisfied with what you have taken. I entreat peace from you; you have shown your power; you have chastised; let it be enough, I pray you, and let me be no longer considered an enemy of the Queen. I will try all I can to keep my people in order in the future.

"Your humble servant,

"MOSHESH."

This is the letter which only a negro or a slave would have written under such circumstances, and it succeeded perfectly, so far as the objects of Moshesh were concerned. General Cathcart was justified by these lines in regarding himself as a conqueror, and wrote home glowing despatches about it. To General Cathcart, Moshesh was a "humble servant," but no sooner had the British troops turned their backs than Mohesh sent messengers in every direction, announcing a glorious black victory over the troops of her Majesty the Queen. From this time on the career of Moshesh in South Af-

rica was, in its way, almost as brilliant as that of Napoleon after the battle of Austerlitz. The affair was a bad bargain, injurious to white interests in South Africa, and favorable only to the blacks, for Cathcart had come across the Caledon River to chastise a chief who had publicly refused obedience to English commands. He returned from this expedition without having either enforced obedience or even inflicted serious damage upon the offender. From this time on the lives of the settlers in the territory now occupied by the two Dutch republics became unsafe, and as a result commenced the series of Basuto wars already referred to. Had General Cathcart remained on the spot and done his work effectively, he would have spared the next generation an enormous amount of bloodshed and treasure.

The ablest of the sons of Moshesh is Masupa, who is about seventy years old at present. His whole life has been devoted to the same forms of activity as distinguished his father, and he figured conspicuously in the principal depredations committed during the last fifty years in South Africa. He is the chief who to-day, by universal consent, commands the highest respect among this black nation; and this fact is perhaps best emphasized by his having occupied the Taba-Basio Mountain on the death of his illustrious father. Of late years he has preferred to make his dwelling in a sheltered nook on the slope of this fortress rather than expose his delicate body to the boisterous winds that blow up above. We found the old chief in front of his hut conversing with another chief, named Mama, his nephew. Mama was dressed in a rough riding-suit quite of the latest fashion. He spoke English fairly well, and affected to

be entirely English in his life and thought. His tongue was loosed by over-indulgence in stimulating drink, and he babbled a great deal of nonsense which it would be ungenerous to repeat, for it was of a political nature, calculated to do more harm than good. Old Masupa wore a shabby yachting-cap, into the front of which had been stuck a monstrous bunch of feathers, which recalled to my mind the decoration of coster-mongers on the way to the Derby. He had a thin, stooping figure, and features finely chiselled so far as nose and forehead were concerned, but his lips were painfully prominent, and his eyes apparently incapable of concentration. As the aristocracy of Basuto affect European dress, so Masupa wore a flannel shirt and a pair of very loose workman's corduroy trousers. The shirt, however, was not tucked inside the trousers, but worn after the fashion of the patriotic Russian.

Temple did the honors of the occasion for me so far as introduction was concerned. It was rather late in the afternoon, and as we had a long drive from there to our night's shelter, we were both impatient to make the interview as short as possible. Both Mama and Masupa were talkative and not particularly coherent, though evidently bent upon making a good impression, for they affirmed and reaffirmed to us their devotion to the English cause, not knowing that Temple and I were each of another nationality.

At last Temple asked old Masupa if I might take a photograph of him, to which he acceded with avidity. His face lighted up like that of a child, and Mama commenced to pull his jacket down and put his hat on more carefully; so I raised my camera and was about to touch him off, when he turned and bolted into his hut, shouting something which I did not understand. Now

I had been warned that throughout the Basuto country it was a dangerous thing to carry about any instrument that suggested surveying, for the people of that country stood in daily dread of prospectors. That alone explains why to-day we have no correct map of Basutoland, and do not even know exactly the position of Taba-Basio. To me it seemed about eight hundred feet high, but, of course, that is mere guess-work. So when Masupa rushed away from me into his hut, I feared that he might at the moment have been seized with a panic lest I had with me some surveying machinery; but Temple reassured me. The old man, in his negro vanity, could not bear to be photographed excepting in his finest apparel, and I was invited into his hut to see the extent of this finery. His bed was made in a dark room, the walls of which were decorated with lithographic prints and cuts out of the illustrated newspapers, no doubt left there by occasional visitors from Maseru. The principal piece of furniture was a large sailor's chest, full of clothing, such as might once have belonged to a troop of strolling players. The old chief was much excited regarding what he should wear on this occasion, and it was evident that a long time had passed since such a question as this had risen for settlement. About him stood minor chiefs, as many as the room would hold, and they advised and suggested like patient nurses to a spoiled child; they showed him one tawdry garment and then another; spread out before him a dozen different hats, some straw, some felt, some cloth, but nearly all decorated with fantastic plumage. He had coats of soldiers and sailors and officials; in fact, the principal reason for wearing garments of the kind here collected appeared to be the desire to exhibit an unnecessary amount of

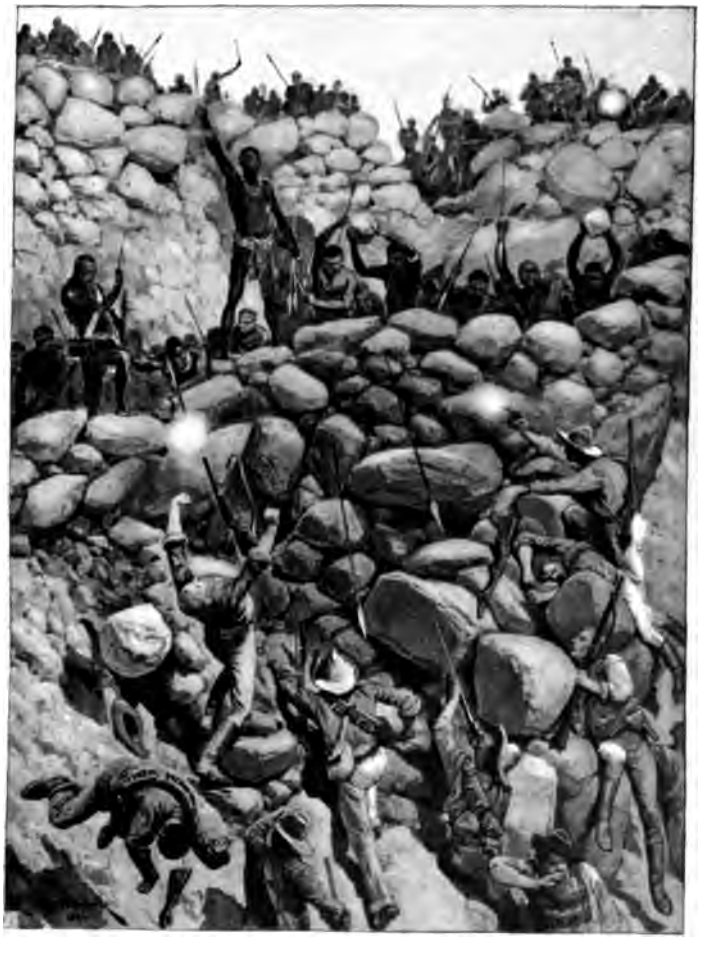
MEETING MASUPA

gilded buttons or bright colors. This matter of selecting a suitable dress was so very important in the eyes of Masupa and his subordinate chiefs, and the day was now so near its close, that I feared lest my film would be unequal to the task of receiving an impression of the old man, even should he succeed in getting dressed to his taste. Fortunately Masupa appealed to me, and I at once seized upon the first garment to hand, which happened to be a cast-off uniform of some foreign consul. Masupa appeared pleased, and talked very much for several minutes, while two of his assistants attempted to button at front and back simultaneously the collar he insisted upon having annexed to his flannel shirt. But the shirt was not made for that collar, and the little studs proved to be evasive, so that it was a perpetual twisting and squeezing at the old man's throat, interrupted now and then by a scuffle on the floor when the stud or studs would go off at a tangent among the black legs of his admiring subjects. To me the scene was very interesting — in fact, vastly more so than the portrait which I hoped ultimately to take. Negro vanity was here most royally spread out, and royalty itself was outdone so far as matters of dress can be magnified into matters of state. When, to-day, an emperor travels about Europe in his private car, does he not carry with him a "slop-chest" full of uniforms suited to different emergencies? Does he not appear in a different uniform several times perhaps in the same day, for the purpose of magnifying his own importance or of paying a compliment to another crowned head? With poor old Masupa the case is analogous, and for that matter, in South Africa, the cast-off uniform of a ship's steward is perhaps quite as effective in the eyes of black nations as the cuirass of a lifeguardsman among

the palaces of the Continent, for you see it is after all largely a question of perspective.

Masupa was at last dressed, after a full half-hour. It was a long time to take, considering that he had half a dozen men assisting in putting on three articles of clothing—namely, a coat, a collar, and a pair of trousers. He crowned his efforts by placing on his head a silk opera-hat, the mechanism of which gave him obvious satisfaction, for he snapped it up and down a few times to convince me that it was a real opera-hat, and not a make-believe one; then he took in his hand a stick, about four feet long, at the end of which was a heavy knob about as big as a billiard ball. This he held like a sceptre, and strode out to the position where I could get the most favorable light possible. Chief Mama stood beside him, with his horse in the background, while the whole population of the village and near neighborhood stood about in admiration, and indeed it was an interesting scene when looked at in the light of the past, and of our knowledge of the relative forces to-day working in South Africa. How long will England permit this country to remain in this happy state? How long will Englishmen and Boers recognize the right of these blacks to control the great treasures that now lie dormant below the surface of this favored country? Moshesh is dead, and Masupa cannot live long; we cannot see where the wisdom is to come from that will in the coming generation control the blacks as they have been controlled by Moshesh.

As though to bring the picture of the past more strikingly to me, no sooner had I taken the portrait of Masupa than out sprang, with wild leaps and brandishment of native weapons, a tall and muscular warrior, naked from head to foot so far as clothing was con-



THE STORMING OF TABA-BASIO BY BOERS AND BRITISH, 1865

cerned. He carried assegais and a shield, had a panther's skin over one shoulder, and a species of metal plate to protect his neck. Above his head towered a mass of plumage as long as a walking-stick, which no doubt in these latitudes impressed the enemy much as the tall brass helmets of Frederick the Great did the white soldiers of Europe. As I had used my last film upon Masupa, I could not photograph this eccentric chief, but in order that his feelings might not be hurt, he having dressed exclusively for this one performance, I made a rough sketch of him, and with that we took our leave of the Sacred Mountain. Masupa was particularly sympathetic in his manner, and closed a most affectionate farewell address by asking me if I had not in my luggage some coat of a bright color which I would present to him. It was somewhat embarrassing that he should have taken a fancy to the particular jacket which I was wearing, which happened to be an American shooting-jacket, made of some canvas material, with an elaborate system of pockets inside and out for game or any other baggage. This garment I could not readily spare, and evaded the old man's importunity with some excuses.

The sun was now behind the hills, and we had to make our long drive partly in the night by the light of a splendid moon. We galloped our four mustangs over the prairie in a manner which I should have termed reckless had any other but Temple held the ribbons. We were bumped up and against each other; the big mounted police escort was hurled bodily from his front seat into my lap, and had no sooner regained his original position than another bump would send him either back upon me or on to Temple; but the moon was bright, and it was necessary that we should make the most of

it for obvious reasons. We passed once more the narrow and steep defile through which the Boers had sought to fight their way on to the top of Taba-Basio in 1865. We saw the walls in succession one behind the other where thousands of Basutos had lain ready to roll down stones upon the plucky band of white men struggling up from below. A Basuto chief, who had fought in that fight as the principal assistant to Moshesh, that same morning had taken Temple and myself from rock to rock, pointing out to us where each individual Boer had been stabbed by an assegai, and where particular acts of heroism had been performed. His story was a long one, and Temple repeated some of it to me afterwards; it was no doubt full of exaggeration, but had in it this of typical, namely, that this Basuto gave all the credit for bravery to the party of invasion—namely, the Boers and English—while he narrated nothing for his own side which suggested any higher courage than that possessed by Chinamen or cats. Moshesh no doubt attributed his success against the whites to a particularly happy combination of witchcraft and overwhelming numbers. That a black man should stand out and fight a white man single-handed has probably never been considered seriously possible by any African native.

The great lone mountain fortress of Taba-Basio grew smaller and smaller, and it finally disappeared behind the many elevations of a similar character which are typical of all this high part of Africa. We threaded our way more carefully as the moon forsook us, and particularly in fording streams we had to exercise considerably ingenuity. Finally a light in the hut of a Maseru trading-store told us that the end of our journey was reached—at least for that day.

VI

AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

It was worth nine thousand miles of steamship travel to be present in Cape Town at the opening of Parliament, which took place the day after my arrival, about the first of May, 1896. This solemn function of declaring a session open for legislative debate is one which has for me a peculiar fascination. The ceremonial in different countries reflects roughly the prevailing sentiment regarding legislation in general and parliamentary dignity in particular. We waste little upon outward form in Washington, where door-keepers, Senators, and spectators all wear the same dress, and the same appearance of being there strictly for the transaction of business. Congress opens with us about as mechanically as a meeting of railway directors, plus one prayer, to which very few listen, even if they happen to be within range of the chaplain's voice.

In Berlin the Kaiser opens a session of the Reichstag standing amid emblems of war, dressed in the mediæval armor of a cuirassier, resting one hand upon the massive hilt of a long, significant sword. The members of the law-making body assemble not in their own house of parliament, but are commanded to appear in the castle of their war-lord, there to receive notice of what is expected of them. As the man of science can sometimes reconstruct the frame of a prehistoric animal

by the discovery of a few bones, so may we sometimes construct a picture of society from being present at one such function—and certainly no one public exercise is more indicative of English society to-day than the manner in which the Houses of Parliament at Westminster are opened in the name of Queen Victoria. There every stone speaks of traditions dear to an Englishman, and almost equally precious to us. The Speaker's wig and gown, silk stockings and knee-breeches; the sergeant-at-arms; the mace, symbolic of the people's majesty; the Peers in their historic robes; the display of black high hats; the associations clustering about that small piece of furniture denominated the Bar of the House—these and a dozen other adjuncts of the grand old English Parliament enjoy popular esteem among the most democratic, because they are familiar to us who have read the history of our race, and recall that nearly every throb in the English-speaking world has been directly or indirectly connected with language uttered at Westminster.

The liberty which Washington and Franklin strove to secure in America was the same liberty which Fox and Burke struggled for on the floor of the House of Commons, and the American Constitution of 1789 proved to be enduring because it was made by men in whose blood were the respect for law and hatred of injustice characteristic of Englishmen. The lesson of 1776 was learned by England, if possible, only too well; for to-day, so far from being the harsh mother of crown-governed colonies, she herself takes the lead in urging parliamentary government in her far-away provinces.

The Cape Colony is in every essential a republic. Every man above the social level of a pauper or a crim-

inal or a tramp can vote for a representative in his Parliament, and there is consequently as complete popular representation as in England or the United States. The members of the government are, for the most part, men of business who have achieved political distinction. The Prime Minister is the virtual president of this republic; but he does not, as with us, hold office for a term of four years, but is called upon to retire the moment he ceases to represent a majority of the people. If anything, the legislative machinery of the Cape Colony is more democratic than that of the United States; for, in case the majority of our Senate and House of Representatives are opposed to the President they cannot turn him or his cabinet out of office in any other manner than by impeachment, whereas the Cape Colony may enjoy half a dozen different presidents and cabinets during one term of our republic's Chief Magistrate.

The Cape House of Parliament would be an ornament to any capital, for it is a substantial and very well proportioned building, excellently situated for architectural effect. Punctually at the hour named in my card of invitation the doors were opened, and I was ushered to a seat in the gallery. A portion of the Leicestershire regiment did the honors on the roadway leading from the Governor's residence, and of course the military band enlivened the waiting moments. It was naturally striking to me that this self-governing colony should require troops sent out from England while they had among their own citizens not only plenty of men, but such as would probably be better adapted for war purposes in this particular country and climate. Since I was in a republican government, I wondered why the guard of honor was not composed of

local volunteers—for citizen soldiers would appear to be more in place than "Tommy Atkins" of six thousand miles away. However, the scarlet tunics and white helmets looked very bright and warlike, and all the colonists present no doubt felt grateful to their Queen for sending to them so much of strength and beauty at so trifling a cost to the colonial taxpayer.

There were many beautiful women on the floor of the House, for on this occasion the rights of members are subordinated to the convenience of their wives and daughters. The bonnets and dresses of the ladies suggested to me considerable wealth among the legislators of the Cape, or else considerable extravagance on the part of their women. This is a matter upon which I trespass with some trepidation, for I had not the support of my wife's opinion; but to my unaided faculties it seemed as though every garment displayed had been made in the master workshops of Paris or London.

There was a throne at one end of the room ready for the Queen of England, should she come; and, indeed, for a moment it seemed as though a dream had come true, for there entered a lady whose proportions suggested to me somewhat those of her Gracious Majesty. Every lady on that vast floor at once rose to her feet in token of loyal respect, and remained standing for a period of time that seemed considerable; and this made known that we were paying royal honors to the wife of Sir Hercules Robinson, her Majesty's Governor at the Cape of Good Hope. Sir Hercules has been raised to the peerage since the time of my visit, but I adhere to his earlier title as the one by which he is most widely known.

When Lady Robinson had taken her seat in the front row nearest the throne, the ladies and gentlemen of her

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN

suite took seats on each side of her. In the second row behind the Governor's wife were the wives of cabinet ministers, and behind these sat the wives of members and officials of lesser degree. On seats to the right of the throne I noticed several rather showy uniforms representing the consuls of foreign powers. Floor and gallery were packed to a very uncomfortable degree—another indication of the great social importance of this function.

Exactly on the stroke of twelve there entered from behind the throne the sergeant-at-arms, a most dignified replica of him who enforces order in the House of Commons at Westminster. He strode majestically into the crowded house, bearing a mace nearly as large as himself.

Then upon that great audience there fell the startling hush which opera-goers recognize as the prelude to an aria by a favorite prima donna. All eyes were strained in the direction of the throne, for it was now time to greet the personal representative of her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England. In walked Sir Hercules Robinson, dressed in a court uniform much ornamented by gold embroidery. His cocked hat he wore upon his head, and this badge of sovereignty remained there as he mounted the steps of the throne, bowed three times, first to the right, then to the left, and then to the centre of the house. Of course all rose to their feet as he entered, and paid him the same honors they would have paid their Sovereign Lady had she been there. After making his three solemn bows, he took his seat in the royal arm-chair provided for him on the throne, keeping his head covered. In a chair on his right sat the highest military officer in the colony, General Goodenough; and on his left the highest representative of the navy.

When the audience had once more resumed its seat, there entered, also from behind the throne, a young man in knee-breeches and black dress of the period of Queen Anne, who carried in his hand what proved to be the Queen's speech. This was the Governor's private secretary. He also made three bows, all of them to the Queen's representative—the first, before he reached the throne; the second, on the first step of the throne; and the third, on the very edge of the royal platform. With admirable precision he measured his distance, and placed the manuscript in the viceroy's hand with an accuracy which nearly forced me into applause, even at such a time and in such a place.

The Governor slowly unfolded his manuscript, and read in clear, measured tones the great document known as the Queen's Speech. He spoke of the Jameson raid into the Transvaal in language which left nothing to be desired on the part of Afrikanders. There was much also to be said about the means of combating various other plagues, more harmful even than Jameson. There were rinderpest poisoning thousands of cattle, a disease called scab infecting the sheep, while the crops were being everywhere ruined by swarms of locusts.

The whole ceremony occupied just half an hour, and the Governor retired as solemnly as he had entered.

The British government treats its Governor so well that it is able to secure excellent men to fill this position. Sir Hercules Robinson receives a salary as large as that of our President, and has besides an official residence, not perhaps so large, but infinitely more comfortable.

The royal ceremony incident to the opening of the republican legislature at the Cape had its counterpart in a small dinner at Government House, where the

PRESENTING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH

whole number of guests was perhaps twelve. The livery of the servants I do not remember, except in so far as it was a dazzling combination of scarlet and gold and knee-breeches and white silk stockings and hair full of powder. There was of course a sentinel at the door, furnished presumably by the Leicestershire regiment. The gentlemen at table who were connected with the household of the Governor wore a court uniform especially prescribed by viceregal authority. One or two officers of the army were present in full-dress uniform, and had I not been an American I should have felt that the proper dress for me might also have been something with a courtly cut to it. Besides myself, the only unofficial persons present were Mr. Bryant Lindley, of New York, and his wife. Mr. Lindley's father was almost the first American missionary in South Africa, and was the only clergyman who regularly visited the farms of the Boers north of the Orange River some fifty years ago. The elder Lindley was looked upon by all Boers as their spiritual father, and it is no exaggeration to say that he christened and married more Boers in his time than any ten other clergymen. He was a famous athlete, horseman, and hunter.

The son has taken after the father, for I found that in the Cape Colony he was esteemed not only as a most respectable man of business, but even more as a good shot, a good polo-player, and, indeed, a capital all-round sportsman. It was Lindley's father, as I have already remarked, who baptized President Kruger; and when an American citizen was sentenced to death for taking part in a movement to improve the government of the Transvaal, Bryant Lindley made the long journey to Pretoria at his own expense and used his influence with "Oom Paul" to good effect.

Cape Town is not only a healthy place to live in, but is surrounded by most charming suburbs, combining land and sea. There is an excellent railway service in and out of the capital, and pretty much the whole Cape society lives out of town, somewhere about the base of the mysterious Table Mountain. The roads in all directions are of a character to make a cyclist delirious with joy; and though I rode and drove about a great deal over them, I cannot recall a single stretch which was unlovely. There are huge trees; massive stone bridges arching over pretty streamlets; farm-houses of a Dutch pattern, with thatched roofs and whitewashed walls, looking exceedingly comfortable among garden shrubbery.

Everything that we see at the Cape of Good Hope speaks of an earlier civilization built up by people who loved rest in security amid pleasant surroundings. The Dutch settled this part of the world about the same time that they founded colonies along the Hudson River, say the middle of the seventeenth century. When they built a house they meant that it should last not merely their lifetime, but that of generations unborn. They planted trees in long, straight avenues which are still the pride of the colony, and they built their bridges and highways with the obvious intention of making this neighborhood another Holland. Mr. Cecil Rhodes has shown his appreciation for Dutch taste by purchasing for his home one of the finest ancestral estates in the colony, where he lives, when he sojourns at the Cape, very much as might have done a governor of the old Dutch East India Company. Before the Jameson raid Mr. Rhodes enjoyed great popularity among the Dutch Afrikanders, for he was always careful to treat their national characteristics with respect, and he was credited with an honest intention of making in South Africa a

great Anglo-Dutch United States, where each nation might forget the jealousies born of allegiance to different flags, and all unite under the banner of Africa for the Afrikander.

The neighborhood of Cape Town is like one beautiful park, studded with the country-seats of those whose interests lie in the capital, and I only wonder that it is not overcrowded with people from Europe and America seeking for rest.

Of course I could not leave Cape Town without having ascended the Table Mountain, which is about three thousand feet high. My pilot on this occasion was a prominent member of the Cape legislature, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. The two ladies made the three hours' climb seem very short to me, and when I expressed my surprise at the excellence of their walking powers, they assured me that all young ladies in South Africa were fond of out-door exercise. At the time I could think of but few American women of my acquaintance who would have enjoyed tramping up Table Mountain under the broiling sun. The view from the mountain is one of the grandest in the world. The harbor of Cape Town appears so close to the base of the great mountain that one is tempted to see if a stone will not reach the water. The air is so clear that we can easily follow every street of the city and pick out all the public buildings. The whole top of this mountain is a vast sponge, saturated by the flow of an infinite number of springlets bubbling up mysteriously under our feet. The government was constructing a huge reservoir to collect all this water for the benefit of Cape Town. The huge dam was almost completed, and I was assured that this reservoir would give Cape Town the best water-supply of any city in the world.

There is another peak overhanging Cape Town, called "Lion's Head," not quite so high as Table Mountain, but considerably more difficult, if not dangerous, to ascend.

Sir James Sievewright, who is a member of the Cape ministry, afforded me a rare treat one day by taking me to his old Dutch plantation, a few miles out of Cape Town. Sir James talks broad Scotch, no matter whether he is talking English or Dutch. He is a man who cannot stretch his neck out of a railway window without being at once greeted by half the people on the platform. He knows every man of any political consequence between Cape Agulhas and the Zambesi River, and knows how to show a sympathetic interest in the domestic joys and sorrows of each one of his constituents. During the pleasant hours which I spent in the company of this Afrikander statesman there never passed us either Dutch or English colonist that Sir James Sievewright did not cheerily ask after this one's wife or that one's sick child, or another's accident, or, in short, some matter of particular domestic interest. For every one he had a cheering smile and a word of sympathy. He is the very pattern for a father of his people.

Sir James Sievewright lives in a beautiful Dutch farmhouse, surrounded by grounds raising an extraordinary variety of fruit. I saw growing on this one spot oranges and bananas, figs, peaches, apricots, plums, nectarines, mulberries, quinces, pomegranates, Cape gooseberries, cherries, strawberries, pears, apples, guava, and a delicious fruit called loquat. The torrid and the temperate zones have here united, and produced vegetation characteristic of both. There were the aloe-cactus, the camphor-tree, weeping-willow, plane, oak, gums, *Sequoia gigantea* from Australia, various kinds of pines, chestnut,

CLIMBING THE LION'S HEAD, CAPE TOWN

maple, ash, elm, Lombardy poplar, syringa, date-palm, Cape olive, India-rubber tree, and silver-trees. There were many more, but these are a few that remain in my memory. Of flowers, I noticed particularly hydrangeas, roses, verbena, moonflowers, chrysanthemums, violets, honeysuckles, rhododendrons, asters, pansies, carnations, zinnias, oleanders, myrtle.

An excellent young Scotch gardener had charge of this place, and to give an illustration of the rate of wages here, let me add that he received £10 a month, together with food and lodging. In addition to this he received ten per cent. on everything sold off the place, principally wine and fruit. This seemed to me an exceedingly high rate of payment, and should certainly induce a large number of Scotch gardeners to try their luck in South Africa. Sir James Sievewright, like nearly every other South African whom I met, complained bitterly of negro labor, because of its uncertainty, and I was glad to hear that he traced this uncertainty largely to drink. He expressed a very strong hope that the Cape legislature would soon pass a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to natives; but he fully recognized the difficulties of such legislation, owing to the fact that many members of the Cape Parliament represent constituencies deeply interested in the manufacture and sale of brandy.

It seems strange to me that in Dundee people should import oranges from Malaga, and sugar from the West Indies, to make marmalade which they ship to South Africa and sell at a profit after paying a protective duty of twelve per cent., while here oranges grow in abundance, and so does sugar in Natal, and negroes can be counted by the millions needing for their improvement nothing so much as a little hard work six days in the week; and not only at the Cape of Good Hope, but all

the way up through the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, I found something of the same anomalous condition—people feeding on tinned provisions sent from California, Chicago, Denmark, or Dundee, while at their very doors was everything fitted for their sustenance. This state of things is so extraordinary, considering the enormous distance of the Cape from the places whence these canned provisions are brought, that we cannot believe that it can long survive. Railways connecting the farming country with the main lines to such centres of population as Johannesburg will do very much towards reducing the cost of living. The labor question was the one which, in and out of the legislative halls, absorbed most of the public interest; and it is a question perhaps more difficult to deal with at the Cape of Good Hope than anywhere else in South Africa. In the matter of drink, for instance, the other colonies have passed laws forbidding the sale of brandy to natives. In the Transvaal, Basutoland, Rhodesia, Natal, and other African territories the term native is readily understood to mean the black man of the place. But the Cape Colony was settled in 1650, and since that time there has been an immigration from Java and from India of coolies, who regard themselves as very much higher than negroes, the Indians from Bombay claiming all the rights and privileges of British subjects. Beyond these two races of colored people is a large population of half-breeds, so confusing to the ethnologist that it would be an extremely delicate task for a Cape policeman to know whether he was arresting a man containing more of white than of black blood. The secretary of the South African Temperance League indicated this as the most serious difficulty in the way of legislation for natives alone, and this difficulty I found to be present in the

minds of nearly all the Cape Colonists with whom I spoke on the subject.

And it is a subject on which general legislation is very important, for to the black man it is demoralizing that in one colony the government should treat him as the equal of white men and give him strong drinks, while on the other side of the boundary he is treated as a child, forbidden to get drunk, and compelled to be in his hut, if not in his bed, by nine o'clock.

Slavery is a word covering all that is bad in the relation of the black man to the white. No Afrikander white man would be to-day bold enough to recommend slavery in the Cape Colony, least of all an Afrikander Boer; indeed, the African Dutchman has never defended slavery any more than the African Englishman, in spite of missionary reports to the contrary. But the most humanitarian of practical white farmers in South Africa are united, I believe, in thinking that reasonable means should be found for putting an end to the present unsatisfactory state of the relations between master and servant. The white man does not object to paying the negro the full market value of his labor; nor can he object to laws protecting the negro against unreasonable punishment. But if the white man pays for services and treats his servants well, the law should at least compel the service to continue for such a period of time as the nature of the employment may demand. White sailors find it no injustice that they should be compelled to serve for the whole of a voyage that may last perhaps one or more years, and yet the relation of a skipper to his crew is that which a white farmer should be able to have in regard to his black farm-hands.

While visiting the public library at Cape Town I was struck by the absence of colored people from the read-

ing-room, and asked the librarian whether negroes were admitted. He said that they were admitted, and given every facility for using the library, but that in his experience they showed not the slightest capacity for benefiting by it.

In rare instances negro school-teachers had come to visit the library, but with apparently no ideas as to what they wished to read or ought to read. In fact, to him the idea that negroes should ever use a library seemed rather funny than otherwise—something for which he had no formulated answer, because it had never occurred to him that any one should be struck by the absence of negroes from an African library. And yet the Cape Colony pays large sums for negro education, and gives the franchise to every negro who in material status rises to the level of an ordinary white day-laborer.

Cape Town appeared to me an exceedingly well-managed place, so far as municipal government was concerned. The streets seemed very clean, although citizens of the place pronounced them outrageous—a fact which shows how fastidious they have been made by the excellent roads throughout the neighborhood. It is a most cosmopolitan city, not merely because of the Malays in their turbans and flowing silk robes, the blacks, Hindoos, and half-breeds jostling one another on the streets, but because of the many different kinds of white people passing through here on their way to the gold-fields of the Transvaal or the diamond-mines of Kimberley. Being a great seaport, one sees plenty of seafaring faces of many nations rolling up and down the main street; and being at the same time an important naval and military station for Great Britain, another picturesque element is made up of the gay uniforms of

STREET SCENE IN CAPE TOWN

soldiers and sailors. The white police force have plenty of drunken and turbulent people to keep in order, and their task is not a light one, for obvious reasons. It struck me as though they did their work exceedingly well, and reflected great credit upon the chief of police; and I much fear that the guardians of the peace whom we so much admire in New York would have suffered by comparison with these policemen.

There are plenty of excellent cabs here, all painted white, and driven by men of every color, the brown being predominant. The most picturesque cabbies were perhaps those from the Dutch East Indies, especially when they wore huge turbans, or straw hats like the roof of a Chinese pagoda. The Cape cabby appears to think more of his trap than his colleague in London or New York, for I noticed here that the cabs were known by names printed on their sides in golden letters—names commemorating popular governors, steamships, and public men. For instance, one cab in which I drove was styled Sir James, in honor of Sir James Sievewright. Among others that I noticed were New York, Telegraph, Electric, Gold-finder, Victory, Happy Home, and the inevitable Snowdrop, whose driver, it is needless to say, was a jet-black negro.

New-Yorkers wonder, perhaps, what has become of the gaudy omnibuses which once plied up and down Fifth Avenue. Many of them are now in service at the Cape, taking people to and from the docks. It was odd to see painted on the sides of these 'buses the old familiar pictures representing Indians chasing buffaloes, or a scene on the Hudson River. And besides the American 'buses, I noticed here, as in other parts of South Africa, a large number of light American wagons, from the trotting-buggy to the comforta-

ble family carriage whose roof partly shelters the driver.

The shops of Cape Town are as good as in any city of the world short of the three great capitals, and, for reasons which I could not fathom, the prices are lower than in London; yet the colony taxes imports, and the goods have a journey of six thousand miles before reaching the consumer. No doubt good protectionists will assure me that it is because of the customs duties that the goods are so cheap, but I am more inclined to think that manufacturers accept smaller profits when shipping abroad, and make most by selling to people at their very doors. Those of us who travel about the country have often been struck by the fact that farm produce is cheaper in New York than on the farm where it is raised, perhaps fifty miles out of town. In London, eggs which have come all the way from Hungary are sold for less than eggs laid within fifty miles.

I looked in vain for anything American connected with the railway service. Sir James Sievewright was himself of the opinion that American locomotives and trucks were eminently suited to the class of work required between Cape Town and Pretoria, a thousand miles away, but that there was one insurmountable objection—namely, that represented by the prejudices of English railway employés. At one time two Baldwin locomotives had been brought out from Philadelphia, and also a dozen freight-cars. So long as the American manager remained with them they worked very well, but when he returned to America the authorities discovered that everything began to go wrong; the workmen who had been accustomed to English machinery disliked any innovation, and took particular satisfaction in creating difficulties for the new engines. The author-

ities finally gave up the attempt to conquer this local prejudice, with the result that to-day the whole system of colonial railways in British South Africa is a duplicate of what is common in England. The run from Cape Town to Johannesburg or Pretoria occupies nearly three days, though the distance is only a thousand miles. This is the longest single run in South Africa, and once a week, at least, is made with all possible comfort, for then there is a dining-car attached to the mail-train. But on other days the traveller has to depend upon a series of eating-places, which may or may not be reached at the appointed hours; and old travellers know the discomfort occasioned by a train that is three hours late, and which brings them to a cold and very bad supper at an hour when they would like to be in bed and asleep. While I was at the Cape every train up country—that is to say, towards Johannesburg or Kimberley—was crowded with passengers every day, and since my visit they have commenced to run two trains daily the whole distance. The railways of South Africa are narrow-gauge, and were built apparently on the assumption that the travel never would be heavy, and that it was of small consequence how steep the grades were, so long as expenses were kept down. But aside from this matter of grade and gauge, the railways of the Cape Colony would be considered models of construction in any of our Western States, particularly with respect to the durable character of culverts and bridges. At all principal stations the platform is raised to the level of the carriage floor, and passengers step out as comfortably as they would at Charing Cross—a comfort highly appreciated by elderly people and ladies. The trains, of course, must travel slowly, say between fifteen and twenty miles an hour—a pace that would seem ir-

ritating were we not in South Africa, where, up to within the last few years, the only means of travel was represented by bullock-wagons, which went no farther in one day than the present railway trains in one hour. We must bear in mind, when speaking of Boers, that it is only within a year or so that they have had railway communication between their capitals and the sea, either at the Cape, Durban, or Delagoa Bay. The question, therefore, of railway speed is one that fades into utter insignificance compared with the vital one of having any railway at all. The Cape Colony, as the oldest and richest and best educated, naturally takes the lead in South Africa in all commercial enterprise, and has not merely provided her own people with a railway system, but also built the line through the Orange Free State. She would also cheerfully have extended her system over the Transvaal to Delagoa Bay, but for the Boer dislike of railways in general, and of English financiers in particular.

Should the mother-country at any moment withdraw her troops from the Cape, as she has done from other self-governing colonies, it would be by no means an unmixed evil. The Cape Mounted Rifles, and the Cape Highlanders, and the less famous but even more useful Cape mounted police, are all warlike bodies, excellently equipped, forming to-day the skeleton of a Cape army which should prove, in case of native insurrection or foreign invasion, more satisfactory than even the regulars of her Majesty.

For English regulars cannot be said to have gained new laurels by their deeds in South Africa, when we bear in mind such recent operations as the rout at Majuba Hill and the deeper disgrace of Krugersdorp. This does not mean that the Englishman is lacking in normal

A CAPE HIGHLANDER, VOLUNTEER BATTALION

bravery, but the Dutchman is also a brave man, and knows better how to fight under African conditions. British regulars in South Africa suffer under the same disadvantages which attached to the operation of British troops in America between 1776 and 1783. They all fought well, but their efforts were handicapped by ignorance.

The Jameson raid, while it has, commercially speaking, done nothing but evil, has, from another point of view, done South Africa this service, that, for the first time in its history, the whole of that country, representing a dozen different territories or governments, has at last awakened to a sense of interdependency. The quarrel of the Transvaal has been taken up and seriously discussed in Natal and the Orange Free State as well as in the Cape Colony or at Delagoa Bay. There are Boers everywhere south of the Zambesi, and where there are not Dutchmen there are Afrikanders of English if not Boer origin, who resent English interference. The Jameson raid drew so sharply the line between Dutch and English that the large class of Afrikanders was for the moment lost sight of; but I am convinced that in the event of Germany or any other nation attempting to meddle with South-African affairs, all white Afrikanders—Boer, English, American, French, and even German—would unite in the defence of what is destined to be the United States of South Africa.

It was my good fortune to meet representative Afrikanders not only of the Cape Colony, but also of the other states, and I was impressed by the strength and unity of their sentiments on this one vital point. Among themselves they have quarrels in plenty, touching differential railway rates, discriminating custom-house duties, and most irritating divergencies regarding the treat-

ment of natives. If a stranger visited the Cape Colony alone, he might easily be persuaded that the bad feeling among these different states was so great as to preclude any practical effort towards federation. And hitherto, it must be confessed, the conditions have been very unfavorable, because of the geographical isolation in which stood the two Boer republics, which were shut off from the sea and separated from the coast ports by hundreds of miles, involving a fatiguing, costly, and dangerous journey in bullock-carts. It required several weeks for a journey which is now accomplished in a couple of days. Two years ago the man who had travelled to Pretoria and back was regarded as something of an African explorer, and the Transvaal Boer was regarded in Europe with as much curiosity as a native of New Guinea. To-day the citizens of the Transvaal read from day to day in their newspapers everything of importance which happened the day before in every town of South Africa, and every steamer to Europe carries probably one or more Boers eager to learn something of the outer world. Afrikanders at home can be unfriendly enough one towards another if they are citizens of different states, but the moment they meet abroad, or on a steamer's deck, they are fast friends, for no other reason than that they have had common interests in their childhood.

Englishmen have perhaps greater difficulty in taking a hopeful view of South Africa than Americans. We have but to recall, that which now seems so strange, that the United States, which commenced its colonial career of constitutional self-government as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, did not form one federation until the reign of George III. The Englishmen who founded the New England of 1620, so far from seeking

OLD DUTCH HOUSES AT CONSTANTIA—A STRANGE FLEET IN SIGHT

strength in federation with their brother Englishmen of Virginia, persistently rejected all overtures to this end, and courted local independence as obstinately as the Boers of the Transvaal. Even the New England States among themselves formed no close union, and Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut — these as well as the rest sought to live for themselves alone, after a fashion quite as un-Christian and short-sighted as do to-day the governments of Natal and the Cape Colony. The thirteen American colonies of 1776 were for the most part peopled by white Protestant Englishmen, scattered thinly through a country peopled by natives infinitely more dangerous than those of Africa. It is no flattery to say that the white people of America, a hundred years ago, were in general better educated than the Transvaal Boers, for our ancestors established schools almost as soon as they did the inevitable church and jail.

Yet every school-boy knows that the American Constitution was not adopted till 1789, and then only after lengthy and bitter debates on the part of delegates from the different States, which illustrated most clearly the suspicious attitude of each towards the rest. It took us, therefore, about fifteen years after the outbreak of war with England to feel the pressure necessary to federation. Throughout that war of seven years the student to-day can clearly see that the colonies owed their success less to the provisional government under which they lived than to the patriotism of a few men like Washington and Franklin. But above all were the colonists indebted for their victories to the monumental incapacity of the British military authorities, to say nothing of George III.

The military virtues displayed at Majuba Hill in 1881, and at Krugersdorp in January of 1896, appear

to be on a level with those displayed during the campaigns of Saratoga and Yorktown in 1777 and 1781 respectively. As to the political management of matters South-African by the Queen's government in London, no parallel can be drawn between 1776 and 1896; but if the opinion of loyal and intelligent Afrikanders who know their country well is worth anything, then I have no hesitation in saying that the direct interference of the Colonial Office after the Jameson raid was a mistake almost equal to that of the raid itself. No doubt the intentions of the Colonial Minister were honorable, and dictated perhaps with sole reference to the happiness of the colonists themselves, but the result of his well-meant endeavors was to make worse a situation already bad enough. The Jameson raid was so domestic to South Africa that every Afrikander regarded it as peculiarly one for his people alone to settle. There appeared from his stand-point no reason why people in London should meddle in this affair, and certainly there was no general demand for help. The four principal white parliamentary states were amply able to cope with a dozen Jameson raids, and each felt it as an insult that a matter of this kind should have to be dealt with by an official six thousand miles away, who knew next to nothing of the country and its people. I might add that a London official at that time would have known worse than nothing, in the sense that so many influential people were pecuniarily interested on one side. Many influential English newspapers became exceedingly unjust for want of an opportunity to hear both sides.

Sir Hercules Robinson was then Governor at the Cape, as I have said, and in his capacity of High Commissioner had power to manage this delicate job. He had on the spot a council of eminent colonial states-

CONVICTS AT WORK

men, and besides that a legislature elected by the people, and one whose sympathy was with the Boer and Afrikander, rather than with the recently landed immigrant. Had a special tribunal been selected for the arbitration of a South-African difficulty of this nature, it would have been difficult to collect men better qualified for the task, in the sense that on this occasion it was important to have judges not only free from local London prejudice, but familiar with the Afrikanders of all races.

The Boers all over South Africa, and particularly Mr. Kruger, would have felt that they were in safe hands had this Jameson-raid matter been left to the verdict of their fellow-Afrikanders, even in the Cape Colony. The London government need not have abdicated any of its rights of revision in case the final decision displeased it, and the High Commissioner at the Cape might have been secretly coached as to what was expected of him by his chief at the Colonial Office. But nearly every step taken by the English government since the Jameson raid has given not merely offence in the Transvaal, but has given no satisfaction among Afrikanders generally.

Before the Jameson raid, Boers and English jogged along well enough side by side; intermarriage was frequent, and their jealousies were never so great but that they cheerfully united in opposition to a common enemy, whether that enemy was a Kaffir or a threat of foreign invasion. The railways were doing for the country a vast missionary work—teaching the Boers to respect, if not to like, the civilization of their neighbors. Had South Africa developed normally it is not too much for us to venture the statement that within ten years there would not have been a Boer in the Transvaal who did not speak English. To-day the im-

ported Hollander manages all the difficult questions in the Transvaal; and he does so not because he is liked, but because the legislature of the Transvaal feels the need of a solicitor versed in the technicality of the law. We must now wait until the Boer has been made to feel that his interests are safe in the hands of his fellow-Afrikanders, be they English or Dutch. This is merely a matter of patience, tact, and time.

VII

THE WHITE MAN'S BLACK MAN

One of the chief obstacles in the way of employing the native African as a laborer lies in the difficulty most white men find in understanding his character. The following stories illustrate, better than anything else I know, the extraordinary jumble of incongruities entering into his apparently simple composition.

The stories were taken, word for word, from the lips of a native on the African east coast between Durban and the mouth of the Zambesi River. For their correctness I am indebted to a distinguished student of African language and folk-lore, the Reverend Henri Junot, of the Swiss Protestant Missionary Society, who has for many years lived a life of self-denial in Portuguese East Africa. The native laborer is beautifully typified by the story of "Mr. Rabbit."

THE ROMANCE OF MR. RABBIT

One fine day Mr. Antelope went to visit Mr. Rabbit in his own house. Said Mr. Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Let us amuse ourselves."

Said Mr. Antelope to Mr. Rabbit: "How shall we amuse ourselves?"

Said Mr. Rabbit: "I will show you." So Mr. Rabbit took a big iron pot; filled it with water; put it on the fire, so as to make the water boil. Said Mr.

Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Now you get inside of the pot."

Said Mr. Antelope: "Oh, indeed! But suppose you get in first!"

So Mr. Rabbit got into the pot while the water was still cool. Mr. Antelope put the lid on the pot while the water still was cold. Mr. Rabbit sat himself down comfortably inside the pot. After a while he said: "Now, Mr. Antelope, take off the lid." Mr. Antelope took off the lid, and Mr. Rabbit stepped out.

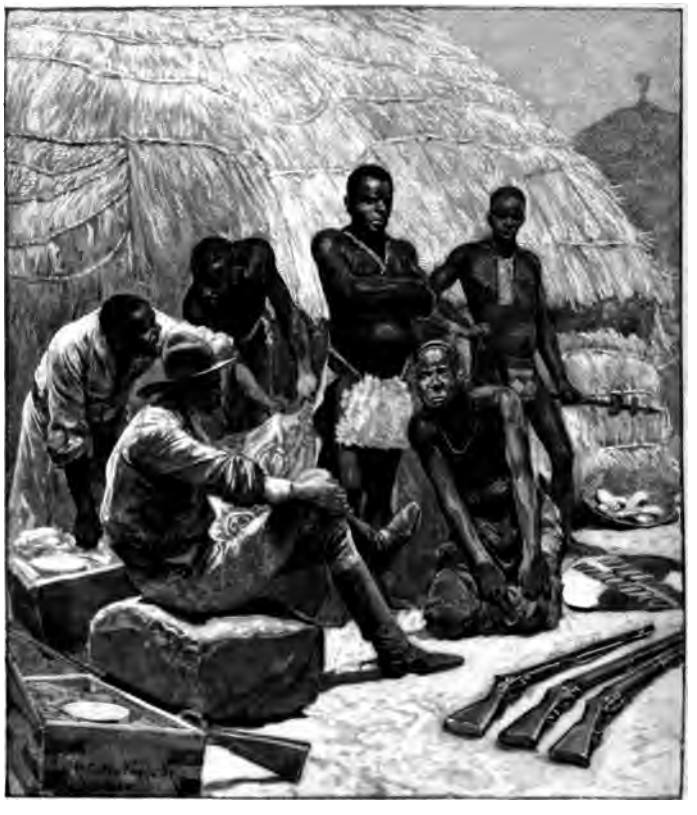
Said Mr. Rabbit to Mr. Antelope: "Now it is your turn. Jump in!"

Mr. Antelope sprang into the pot. Then Mr. Rabbit put the lid on again and lighted the fire (for Mr. Antelope had let the fire go out). The water now commenced to boil. Mr. Antelope made a great noise—he screamed very loudly.

Said Mr. Rabbit: "The fact is, Mr. Antelope, I want your wee little horns!"

Mr. Antelope died. Mr. Rabbit took his little horns; commenced to wash them, to polish them, to rub them with grease, to spread them out in the sun. When that was done he commenced to make a meal off the flesh of Mr. Antelope. He ate the whole of it, so that not a bit remained. Then he took a mat and spread it on the ground, and placed near by his supply of grease. He then polished the little horns with grease, and he polished them again and again; and then he commenced to blow upon them like a trumpeter, making noises sounding like "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

Then all the beasts of the neighborhood started on a run towards him, and when they came to him they asked, "Where does this trumpet sound come from?"



TRADING FOR ZULU LABOR

Said Mr. Rabbit: "From the master of trumpets over yonder, in the village of the chief."

Away then they all ran in great haste, and arrived at the village of the chief.

Mr. Rabbit then began once more to blow upon his little horns: "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

Then once more all the beasts of the neighborhood returned and said: "Whereabouts is this noise?"

Said Mr. Rabbit: "Over there, at the village of the chief; there is where the noise started!"

They then ran away; but they said to the hippopotamus: "You, old fellow, you hide yourself here, and you can then find out what is the matter." And so the hippopotamus hid himself.

Mr. Rabbit then commenced: "Pfongopfongo, pfongopfongo!"

The hippopotamus then said to him: "Aha! Aha! You are the one who is deceiving the children of the chief! I shall go and tell on you! . . ."

Said Mr. Rabbit: "No, no! Do not tell on me. Please don't tell on me. I will teach you to play upon the trumpets." Then he handed the little horns to the hippopotamus.

The hippopotamus tried the horns, but the only sound he could make sounded like, "Pff, pff!"

Said Mr. Rabbit to him: "Come here, and I will cut away your lower lip. It is too long; it keeps you from blowing properly." So he cut off the lower lip of the hippopotamus, and then the hippopotamus began again to blow into the little horns. But he made no other sounds than "Pff, pff!"

Said Mr. Rabbit to him: "Your upper lip is too long." And he cut that one off, too.

Then the hippopotamus became angry, and said to

Mr. Rabbit: "And so that is the way you are killing me while you pretend to give me lessons! I shall swallow your trumpets!" And the hippopotamus swallowed them.

Said Mr. Rabbit: "I shall find you again, later on, for I have cut off your lips, and your teeth stick out as though you were saying 'Boa.' I shall know you again without any trouble."

Then Mr. Hippopotamus went away to his own home.

Then Mr. Rabbit made himself a bow and some arrows, and he watched and watched and watched, trying to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

The turtle-dove saw him, and she went and told Mr. Hippopotamus: "Goo! Goo! Here comes Mr. Rabbit, who wants to kill you!"

Then Mr. Hippopotamus ran away and went into the water.

But Mr. Rabbit followed, and watched and watched and watched.

Then Mr. Rabbit killed the turtle-dove, whose feathers he scattered over the ground. He picked up the bird, burned it at the fire, cooked it, ground up its flesh, and mixed it with sand. Then he went back and watched and watched and watched, hoping to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

But the feathers all cried out: "Goo! Goo! Mr. Rabbit wants to kill you!" And then Mr. Hippopotamus hurried back to the river and went into the water.

Then Mr. Rabbit picked up the feathers of the turtle-dove, and when he arrived at his house he burned them, ground them up, and mixed them with sand. Then he went back, and watched and watched and watched, to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus.

THE STAFF-BEARER OF THE KING OF TONGOLAND

Only one feather remained, and that cried out: "Goo! Goo! Mr. Rabbit wants to kill you!"

Mr. Rabbit hunted long for that one feather. He found it at last, went home, burned it, ground it up, and scattered the ashes over the ground. Then again he went out, and watched and watched and watched, to get a shot at Mr. Hippopotamus. He shot Mr. Hippopotamus; then shot him again, and Mr. Hippopotamus died. Mr. Rabbit then skinned him, cut open his body, and took out his little horns, which he washed and rubbed and polished with grease, and then exposed in the sunshine. Then he brought the flesh into his kitchen, and started again for the river, in order to once more wash his trumpets. When he came back he found that part of the meat was cooked. He ate it, and placed some more on the fire. He then hopped away to the river with his trumpets, his knife, and his hatchet.

While he was away there came in the badly smelling civet-cat, who at once ate up the meat, and then went away.

Mr. Rabbit came back. When he was still far away he stopped his nose, because the smell of the civet-cat was in his house. He did not even take the trouble to go to the fire, for he saw that the meat had been stolen. And, because of the bad smell left behind, he knew that it was the civet-cat that had played him this trick. Off then he went and visited the hollow trunks of trees such as civet-cats like. Mr. Rabbit was the chief of the civet-cats, for he had conquered them in war. There were a great many hollow trunks. "How do you do? Good-morning to you, civet-cats!"

To which they answered: "Good-morning to you, Mr. Rabbit!"

He arrived at the tree of the civet-cat that had stolen

his meat, and said to her: "How do you do, Mrs. Civet-cat? You have eaten up my meat! I shall be on the lookout for you to-day!"

The civet-cat became frightened and hid herself at the bottom of her hollow tree.

Mr. Rabbit took up his hatchet and began to cut the tree. When it fell to the ground he took some grass and stuffed it into the openings at both ends. Then he commenced to chop the trunk of the tree just at the middle, and made a hole into the hollow trunk. He then lighted the grass at both ends, and the tree commenced to burn.

Then the civet-cat cried out, "I am dying!"

Mr. Rabbit waited for her at the hole which he had made in the middle of the trunk. He held his hatchet in his hands, and when the civet-cat tried to run out he killed her.

Then said Mr. Rabbit to the other civet-cats: "Take off the skin."

They did as they were ordered, stretched it out, and gave it to him. Then they ate of the flesh of their sister.

After this Mr. Rabbit took the skin and the trumpet, the knife and the hatchet. He walked a long time, and at last came to a place where there were a great many men. He said to them: "Buy my civet-cat skin!"

They said to him: "All right!" and they gave him two little goats.

He agreed to the bargain. Then he went off and began to drink beer. He drank much—very much—so much that he became drunk. Then he killed one of the little goats and ate it up. The second little goat he ate also. Then a long time passed away. After that he commenced to steal. He took his little horn trumpets

A NIGHT SEARCH FOR STOLEN DIAMONDS IN A ZULU HUT

and climbed to the top of a hill, and he called out: "Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-ing! Run away! Run away!"

All the women who were in the fields gathering ground-nuts and pease ran away for fear of the enemy. They ran away to hide in the swamps.

But Mr. Rabbit stayed where he was, and stole the ground-nuts and the pease. He even went so far as to steal more than he could eat, and he went and stored this up in a hiding-place; and there he, little by little, ate it until he had eaten up every bit of it. After he had finished it all, Mr. Rabbit commenced again to cry out: "Ntee! Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-ing! Run away! Run away!"

The women in the fields once more ran away.

He then stole everything he wished, took them to his hiding-place, and ate them all up to the very last scrap.

Pretty soon people began to say to one another: "Mr. Rabbit is deceiving us. Let us get some black-tree gum." They collected a great lot of it; a very big lot indeed. Then they went out into the fields and made out of the black-tree gum a figure of a woman. They made hands and feet, and nose and ears, and eyes and hair—a full figure of a woman.

Then Mr. Rabbit commenced again to call out: "Ntee! Ntee! Ntee! The army is com-i-i-i-ing! Run away!"

The women all ran away. Mr. Rabbit ran after them. But the black-tree gum woman stayed where she was. When Mr. Rabbit came up to her he called out to her: "Go away, wòman!" But the black-tree gum woman said nothing, and did not go away.

Mr. Rabbit said to her: "Go away or I will beat you!" He came up close to her and gave her a blow with his fist. That hand went deep into the tree gum

and stuck fast there. Then Mr. Rabbit screamed out: "Let go of me or I'll kill you!" Then he struck her with his other fist, and that too stuck fast. He then kicked her with one foot; it stuck fast to the black-tree gum. The other stuck fast also. He then screamed out: "I shall bite you with my teeth!" There too he was caught tight, and hung helpless, swaying his body from side to side.

At that moment there arrived the people who had made the black-tree gum woman, and found Mr. Rabbit all stuck tight to the black-tree gum. They cried out: "Ha! ha! So it's you, Mr. Rabbit—you are the one who has been cheating us!"

He answered them: "Let me free!"

They did set him free from the black-tree gum figure, and said to him: "We are going to kill you!"

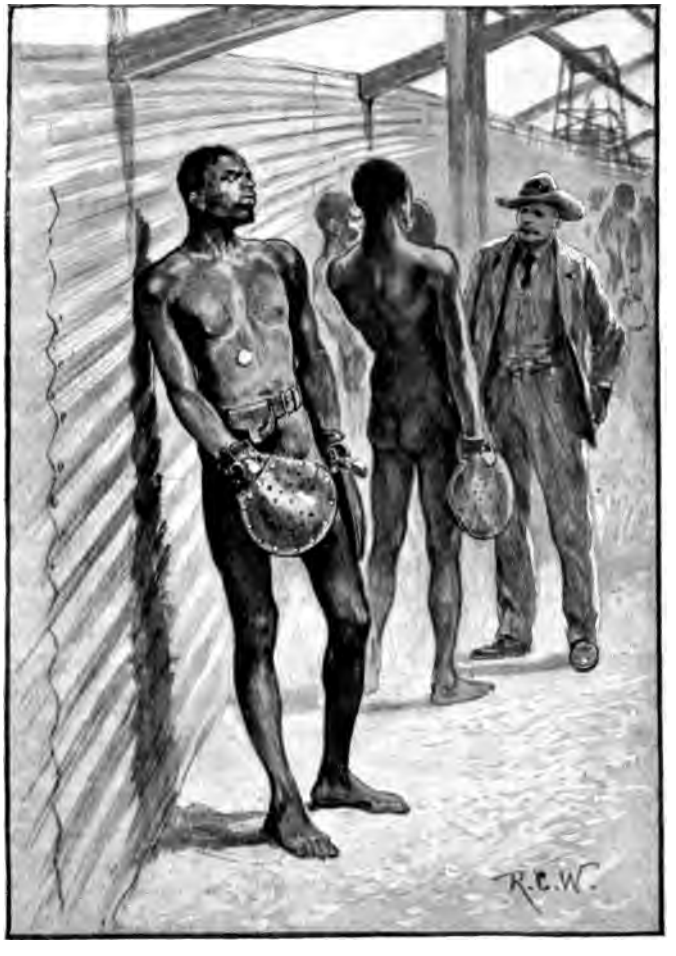
Said Mr. Rabbit to them: "Do not kill me on the ground. Kill me on the back of the chief!"

So they went into the village, and spread a mat on the ground. The chief laid himself down upon the mat, and Mr. Rabbit placed himself on the chief's back.

A very strong warrior took a spear and tried to pierce it through Mr. Rabbit. But Mr. Rabbit sprung up into the air with all his might; he made a very big spring, and ran away as fast as he could.

But the very strong warrior had killed the chief—so the people of the village killed the man who had killed their chief! That is all!

Now let me tell another African tale, fresh from the lips of a black savage. It is almost the only native story I could find having any moral point to it—speaking of morality from our point of view.



NATIVES IN COMPOUND, WITH MITTENS TO PREVENT DIAMOND-STEALING

THE SKY COUNTRY

There was once upon a time a young and pretty girl who was sent by her mother to fetch water. But on the way she broke her water-jug; and when she saw it all smashed to pieces, she was afraid of getting a scolding. So she started off, and climbed up her (magic) thread in order to get to the Sky Country.

She came to a place where lived an old, a very old woman who lived in a house that had fallen to ruins.

This old woman called the young girl and said to her: "Come here, child, and let me give you some good advice about the journey you are making."

The young girl came to the old woman, for this young girl was gentle and obedient.

The old woman said to her: "When you shall have gone away from here, you will soon come to the place where there lives a black ant. If she climbs into your ear, do not take her out, for she is the one who will guide you and teach you the customs of the people who live in the Sky Country; and also what you must answer the chiefs of the country when they question you."

The young girl went away, and sure enough the black ant climbed up into her ear, and the young girl made no objection. She came at last to the village which is in the Sky Country.

Said the black ant to the young girl: "Sit down there outside the door of the village."

She sat down. The masters of the houses noticed her and asked her: "Where do you come from?"

She answered: "I have come from home."

They then asked her: "What do you want?"

She answered: "I have come to seek a child."

They said to her: "Come into the house."

She went in. Then they gave her several tasks to do; gave her a basket and sent her into the fields. "Go and gather some green corn," they said.

Said the black ant in her ear: "Gather the whole stalk of green corn."

She did as she was bid.

Then the black ant said: "Put the ears in the basket."

She placed them in, head downward, and filled up the basket to the very top. Then she returned to the house. Those who had sent her saw that she had gathered well.

Then the black ant told her to grind the corn, but to set apart some that was not ground. She poured into the pot the ground corn, and added a little of the corn that was not ground. She set the pot on the fire, and the water was soon boiling. Then, when the corn meal had arrived at the right condition, she mixed in with it some of the uncooked corn, to make it better. The masters of the huts saw that she had done her work well, and they thanked her.

Next day they said to her: "We are going to show you a beautiful house where there are a great many children."

And sure enough, when she entered, there she saw two rows: one all red and the other all white.

They said to her: "You may choose a child."

The young girl wanted to pick out a child from the row that was all red. But the black ant that lived in her ear advised her to choose from the side that was all white. She chose a child, and it happened to be a very beautiful one.

Then she went back to her own home. The black ant

WASHING AT THE HOSPITAL

left her at the place where they had first met; and when they parted he said to her, "Good-bye, sister!"

She carried away with her lots of beautiful things: pieces of clothing and precious jewels belonging to the child.

When she reached her own village, her mother was away in the fields. So she went into the house and hid herself. When the people returned from the fields, her mother said to the younger daughter: "Go to the house and fetch the pots." When she had gone in and started up the fire, she saw the beautiful bright things. Then she was afraid, and ran to tell her parents. These then went into the house, and there they found their daughter.

"Ha! ha!" said they. "This is our child!" They were very happy, and looked at all she had brought with her. But the younger daughter was not pleased. Said she: "I am going away!"

The elder one cried out to her: "Stop, sister! wait a while until I can give you some advice for this journey . . . I know that your heart is not clean . . . you will die . . . there is an old woman whom you will meet . . ."

But the younger sister would not listen to anything. She said to the elder sister: "No one said anything to you when you went away. Now it is my turn, and I shall go without listening to a single word."

She went away, and arrived at the ruined house of the old woman. She called to her and said: "Come here, my child."

But the young girl answered: "No—who are you? You are of no account, anyhow!"

The old woman then said to her: "Oh, ho! Go your own way, then! You will come back over this road—dead!"

But the young girl answered: "Who is going to kill me, I should like to know?"

Off she went, and on the way met the black ant, who tried to climb up into her ear. But the young girl would have none of it. She scratched herself violently and cried out "Ow! ow!"

The ant said to her: "Be quiet, sister. I will be a safe guide to you!"

But she refused, and kept on screaming: "Ow! ow! ow!"

Then the black ant said to her: "Go your own way. You will have something very bad happen to you!"

She reached the village and took a seat outside of the gates. The people of the neighborhood said to her: "What are you seeking?"

She answered them: "What business is this of yours, pray? I have come for a child, of course!"

She spoke angrily. The people said to one another: "What a girl, to be sure!"

They sent her to the fields. She took a basket for this purpose. But she tore up a large number of plants; and when she returned to the village, those who had sent her noticed that she had torn up their fields. They found fault with her, and said: "She is a good-for-nothing!"

Then she ground the Indian-corn in a manner different from theirs, without preserving some kernels unground. She cooked in a manner different from theirs.

When daylight came, they showed her the house where the children were, so that she might choose one.

When they opened the door, they said to her: "There they are on one side, and there they are on the other. . . . Do you want to take one? Then make your choice!"

A MATABELE NATIVE

She looked towards the side where all were red, and stretched out her hand for a child.

But the heavens opened and killed her.

Then the heavens carried away her bones and brought them to the place where lived the black ant, who said to her: "Did I not tell you plainly that you would come back here dead? You would have lived had you taken my advice."

After this she arrived at the door of the old woman, who said to her: "My child, are you not dead because of your wicked heart?"

At last the bones of this younger daughter fell to the ground before the house of her mother. They fell from heaven. Then said her elder sister: "She had a bad heart; that is why the heavens became angry at her. For my part, I consented to follow the advice offered me.

"My sister is dead!"

In the story of Mr. Rabbit, American readers will at once recall Uncle Remus and the Tar Baby. Mr. Junot told me that this and similar traditional stories were not confined to the east coast, but were found among negro tribes all over South Africa, and constituted the highest expression of their literary capacity.

At best, the tales are so incongruously put together as to offend the constructive sense of a six-year-old white child; yet they give infinite delight to grown-up negroes. We can recall very few tales of pure negro origin having the slightest moral point to them, although some missionaries have sought to engraft a higher purpose in one or two cases. In general, these negro tales glorify the weak animal who triumphs by deception over a stronger one, just as Brer Rabbit makes a fool of the hippopotamus. This triumph is accompa-

nied usually by cruel circumstances, and it does not seem to spoil the story that the rabbit should be wholly wanton in his provocations, and his victim a good-natured, innocent member of the community. The African reader or listener rejoices in the triumph of duplicity, much as we of a later civilization rejoice in blood spilled upon the battle-field, quite irrespective of the merits involved.

At a distance of six thousand miles, where we hear of him only as a Zulu warrior rejoicing in murder, we must perforce think of him as a man with faculties in harmony with his powers as a soldier; but when we study his military operations closely, we find that he fights unwillingly until he has wrought himself into such a frenzy as would in the nursery be called "tantrums." Only very rarely has the negro been organized into a fighting body under negro leadership, and such organization has never been of long duration.

The negro is, in fact, a child's spirit scattered about in a big black body. The white people who go out to Africa to administer farms or mines have, as a rule, had no previous experience of negroes, and are apt, therefore, to lose their patience when they find full-grown men treating solemn labor contracts with the caprice of children at a tea-party.

Even so respectable an authority on South Africa as Mr. Selous, in a recently published book about the Matabele war, makes this strange confession:

"The events of the last three months have taught me at least this; that it is impossible for a European to understand the workings of a native's mind; and, speaking personally, after having spent over twenty years of my life among the Kaffirs, I am quite incompetent to express an opinion as to the line of conduct they would be likely to adopt under any given circumstances."

A ZULU WOMAN, NATAL—FULL DRESS

Had Mr. Selous been reared in Virginia or Louisiana, I doubt if he would have been forced to so frank a confession of ignorance; and in this connection I am reminded of a visit I once paid to one of the few prosperous sugar-planters in the West Indies, a Scotch gentleman living in the centre of the island of Santa Cruz. In almost every other colony of that region the planters whom I had the pleasure of knowing complained bitterly of their losses, and predicted that sugar would soon go out of cultivation, owing to the competition of beet-root, assisted by bounties on export. I asked my Scotch friend how he managed to make a good living while so many of his neighbors appeared to be on the verge of bankruptcy. His answer was short: "I get more work out of my negroes."

I discovered what he meant more fully when, one morning, we mounted our ponies for a tour of inspection. He knew his negroes by name, and addressed such as he met like a father—not an indulgent father, but an intelligent one. He heard complaints, gave this one a scolding, that one a joke, and showed at every step that he was in perfect touch with all their little childish limitations.

We stopped at the houses in which were a few very old and very young people, and with these he had only words of sympathy, and here and there a trifling present—perhaps a bit of cloth or an extra allowance of flour. There were black mothers with nursing babies, and for these he showed the most tender solicitude, completely winning their devotion by little favors which are priceless when bestowed in times of such necessity.

Let me commend the example of this intelligent Scotch sugar-planter of the West Indies to the many South-African white men who are inclined to despair

because they find the negro careless, lazy, and given to duplicity.

The negro cares little for the prospect of a large sum of money at the end of a month or a year; he will run away and sacrifice the earnings of many weeks upon what seems to us frivolous provocation; but under the leadership of a cheery white man who knows how to rouse vanity, if not their ambition, I have seen negroes perform a day's work under circumstances which would have killed any people of another race.

Johannesburg is the market where the price of negro labor is regulated for all South Africa, and nowhere can one see so many natives differing as to tribe and language as in the gold-mines of the Transvaal. Here we find the Zulus of Natal, the stalwart Basuto, Hottentots from the Cape Colony, natives of Zanzibar. But by far the largest number come from Portuguese East Africa.

We may readily imagine that the average native comes unwillingly to Johannesburg, even though the wages are high and the life at the mines not a hard one. When I was at Johannesburg, raw Kaffirs were being paid about four shillings a day, whereas in their own country, or upon farms, they would have considered themselves well off at four shillings a week. It argues something wrong in the state when negroes at the centre of black population must be coaxed to work by wages that would be tempting to educated white men in any part of Europe, if not America. But the reason for the prevailing rate of wages lies not wholly in native dislike of hard work. At the two principal jails of the Transvaal I was told that the white men there in prison had been guilty of waylaying negroes returning to their far-away homes, and robbing them of their earnings.

This is a peculiarly mean form of crime, for the natives

A WITCH-DOCTOR OF DELAGOA BAY

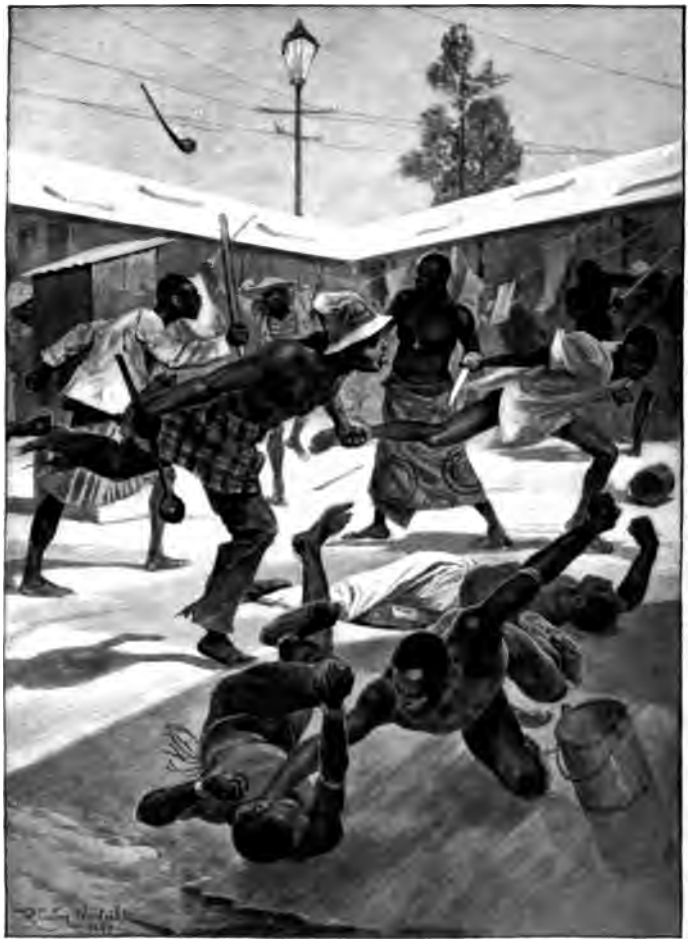
are not allowed to carry fire-arms, while Boers may do so. And considering that the returning native bears upon his person the whole of his worldly capital, and that his social position in his tribe is at stake, it is not surprising that many murders occur for the sake of the few pounds involved.

The report of such treatment spreads very rapidly among negroes, and discourages all excepting such as are prepared to travel at the risk of their lives. It is a significant fact also that, under these circumstances, the supply of negroes for Johannesburg comes not from the well-governed English colony of Natal, but from the adjacent abominably administered dependency of Portugal, where the negro feels so little security for his person that he can be persuaded to exchange into the Transvaal. The negro, while having no understanding for patriotism, or love of his nation in our sense of the term, suffers very keenly from homesickness when away from his family or tribe, especially when he abandons conditions under which he was a man of consequence and becomes a member of a community where he is not merely condemned to daily drudgery, but where the public law forbids him to walk upon the same sidewalk as a white man, or to appear upon the public street after nine o'clock at night. How far this feeling of the negro springs from affection for his family, and how far it is the result of injured vanity, I cannot say, for in general the negro has a species of local loyalty reminding one of cats—a loyalty to certain comfortable surroundings rather than to the individual. In the four jails of South Africa where I made inquiries, the testimony of those in charge appeared to agree that the negro in confinement was apt to suffer much more keenly than the white criminal; that the native

fretted feverishly in his isolation, and frequently contracted nervous disease culminating occasionally in insanity.

It is unfortunate that religious scruples have so far prevented the Boers from taking a census of their country, although a beginning has been made at Johannesburg, for reasons more akin to military than political expediency. Perhaps if I take a typical mine of the so-called "Rand," of which Johannesburg is a part, I can give a clearer idea than if I dealt exclusively with statistics. Mr. Edward J. Way is general manager of one of the one hundred and seventeen mines registered there. His is fifth on the list as far as milling capacity goes, and about fifteenth on the list of producers, so that his experience I regard as typical enough for my purposes. He told me that the natives of the Cape Colony were generally better educated than those of any other, but were, in consequence, "greater blackguards and schemers." To quote this gentleman: "These furnish the sea-lawyer and agitator class, and are generally idle and good-for-nothing. A great many of these profess Christianity, but they lack all sense of right, and gratitude is unknown among them."

At his mine (the Goch) from 250 to 300 natives are paid weekly, and when Mr. Way gave me information on the subject it was with bitterness, for he assured me that for two days out of every week about half the number of his men spent their time in visiting the drink-shops. And it is greatly to the credit of these natives that, in spite of the fact that liquor of a very bad quality was to be had at every corner, there were very few fights. Since my visit, the Transvaal government has followed the good example set by the Orange Free State, and suppressed the sale of fire-water among



A FIGHT IN THE COMPOUND AMONG RIVAL TRIBES

the natives—a measure which will undoubtedly prove of enormous economic advantage.

One Christmas Day the natives of Mr. Way's mine challenged the natives of a neighboring mine, and for five hours a battle raged between infuriated blacks, who numbered about seven hundred on each side. Fifteen were killed on one side and thirty on the other, while the number of disabled was four times as great. Thus did a little rum create a military episode more bloody than Jameson's famous battle of Krugersdorp. But, after all, the marvel is not that the natives do have occasional fights, but that these fights occur so seldom, considering the fact that many different tribes are often mixed up in the same mine.

Of the total number in this mine of Mr. Way (1310) there are twice as many from the Delagoa Bay country alone as from any other part of South Africa. These 1310 are divided up again as follows:

	Employés	Wages	Days' Work
Drilling in mine	700	65*s.* to 70*s.*	28
Shovelling in mine	100	60*s.*	28
Trucking in mine	150	60*s.* to 65*s.*	28
Drill-carrying in mine	50	40*s.*	28
Batteries (two)	80	65*s.* to 80*s.*	28
Cyaniding (two works)	80	60*s.* to 70*s.*	28
General surface work	150	60*s.*	28
Total	1310		

These figures will give an idea of the distribution of laborers and the kind of work they have to do. The number named will efficiently handle from 13,000 to 15,000 tons of ore per calendar month through the different processes in use.

Since my visit to Johannesburg, Mr. Adolf Goertz has united all the mine-managers and reduced the wages

of the sixty thousand blacks, so that the average monthly rate is about forty-five shillings, which, although twenty-five per cent. less than prevailed in the summer of 1896, yet represents very high wages to an African. This reduction was effected without serious opposition from the blacks, nor were they consulted on the subject. They have accepted the situation, and, so far as I can gather, the labor question is no less satisfactory in Johannesburg to-day than it was when higher wages prevailed. The old high wages were more than justified when there was no railway from the gold-fields to the different centres of native labor, and when, therefore, Kaffirs had to trudge two or three hundred miles through unfriendly country; but now that the railway runs to Delagoa Bay and to Natal, and through the Cape Colony, the black man can reach his home in comparative security and at small cost. The blacks do not bring their wives with them to the gold-mines, and the Transvaal government rather discourages the settlement of natives in the country. Consequently no native will work at Johannesburg longer than is absolutely necessary for accumulating the amount of money required for the purchase of a good social position at home—that is to say, a few wives. Thus the black population at the gold-fields is perpetually changing, and mine-managers have to reckon that as soon as a native has acquired some skill, after a few months, he pockets his earnings, returns to his kraal, sheds the garb of civilization, and once more resumes the more congenial habit of his tribe. Economically speaking, the white population of the Transvaal suffers enormously by reason of having to bring workmen from far-away countries, instead of offering inducements to all natives to settle with their families.

"CIVILIZED" NEGROES SEEKING WORK IN THE GOLD-FIELDS

It is strange that the Cape Colony, which is the oldest and strongest of the South-African communities, should be the one which still permits the free sale of liquor among the natives. The reason is that many Cape Colonists make brandy, and this industry in the eyes of many legislators deserves encouragement. In Portuguese East Africa the government draws much revenue from the pestiferous traffic, and frankly encourages it. Basutoland and Natal, together with Zuzuland, have protected their natives from drink, with excellent results, while the Boers of the Transvaal only late in 1896 roused themselves in this matter, not so much from interest in the welfare of the blacks in general as from a desire to have more efficient labor at the mines.

The Orange Free State is almost equally divided between Boers and English, and the political fight over the question of selling liquor to natives was severe. Their experience is the most valuable in South Africa, and their success has encouraged the Transvaal to attempt the new liquor law.

Let us look for a moment at the principal provisions of the Orange Free State liquor law, for by so doing we may get some idea of what such legislation may be worth in the Cape Colony should her Parliament ever have the courage to act without reference to the wine-growing interest. For all such information as I may be able to give under this head I must express great indebtedness to Mr. William H. Poultney, of Bloemfontein. Many and long were the conversations I had with this Afrikander while travelling about the Orange Free State.

In the first place, *no license* for the sale of liquor is granted except in towns where a magistrate is stationed; and nobody is allowed to sell without a license.

Secondly, *nobody* is allowed to sell to colored men, or to any one under twenty-one years of age.

Thirdly, no grocer or general store-keeper is allowed to combine the sale of liquor with the sale of other commodities, nor is any strong drink permitted on his premises even as a gift from him to a customer.

This is an important clause, for in many stores it is found very profitable to present customers with a drink or so of liquor before commencing to bargain.

In the fourth place, no unlicensed person is allowed to buy or import into the state more than two gallons of liquor without a special permit from the magistrate.

Fifthly, the state sees to it that such liquor as is brought in shall be at least good liquor, and not the horrible stuff which has been blazing in the brains of the Johannesburg blacks.

Finally, the law forbids all sale of liquor on Sunday, excepting to *bona-fide* travellers, under penalty of fine or imprisonment and forfeit of license. For the contravention of any of the first five articles the punishment is from £5 to £50 ($25 to $250) fine, or imprisonment up to six months, for the first and second offence, and imprisonment without the option of a fine for any subsequent offence.

These are the salient features of the best liquor law in Africa, and, what is more to the point, a law which is enforced not merely by the machinery of the state, but by the much more efficient force of an intelligent public opinion—a public opinion which, however, required considerable education before it could be made to appreciate the enormous economic benefits that come from merely not getting drunk.

The best-informed man in South Africa gave me the following account of how the Orange Free State man-

aged to secure the passage of this Law of 1883, as it is known. Before that time way-side hotels were allowed on any main road, provided they were never less than twelve miles apart. This of itself would seem a pretty hard rule at Highland Falls, on the Hudson, where the average distance between the different liquor saloons is about ten yards; but it was discovered in Africa that drunkenness and crime increased in an even ratio, and that jails could not be built fast enough to accommodate those whose crimes were traced to the abuse of strong drink. The ministers of the Gospel joined hands with the advocates of temperance, and commenced a crusade of education so vigorous and intelligent that on the 31st of December, 1883, the pestiferous way-side liquor traffic was wholly abolished, and the new era commenced.

At the time the law was passed it was very strongly opposed by some of the best men on the ground that it could never be carried out, and would therefore do more harm than good. Among these honest doubters were President Steyn, then a judge, and his predecessor in the executive chair, Mr. Reitz; but both of these gentlemen have since completely changed their opinion, and become earnest advocates of this measure on purely economic grounds.

A member of the Supreme Court, who has for many years travelled on circuit and knows well the state of his country, tells me that crime has been reduced by nearly if not quite three-fourths. "Whereas in former years several of the border prisons were full to overflowing, and prisoners had to be drafted to inland jails, it is now a thing of by no means infrequent occurrence that several of the border prisons are quite empty. Within the last year, when I visited Ficksburg, a place that in

former years was a regular pandemonium, I found the jail quite empty, and the jailer told me he would have to turn his attention to gardening, or his occupation would be gone. In other towns, where we used to have from sixteen to eighteen cases per circuit for several years, the average has been less than one and one-half case per circuit. On one circuit, a few years back, there were criminal cases in three out of eight border towns, and on this circuit, February, 1896, there are only criminal cases in four out of nine towns, and out of these the heaviest roll is four cases; whereas in 1883, before the liquor law came into force, there were about sixty prisoners for trial at the one sitting in that particular town."

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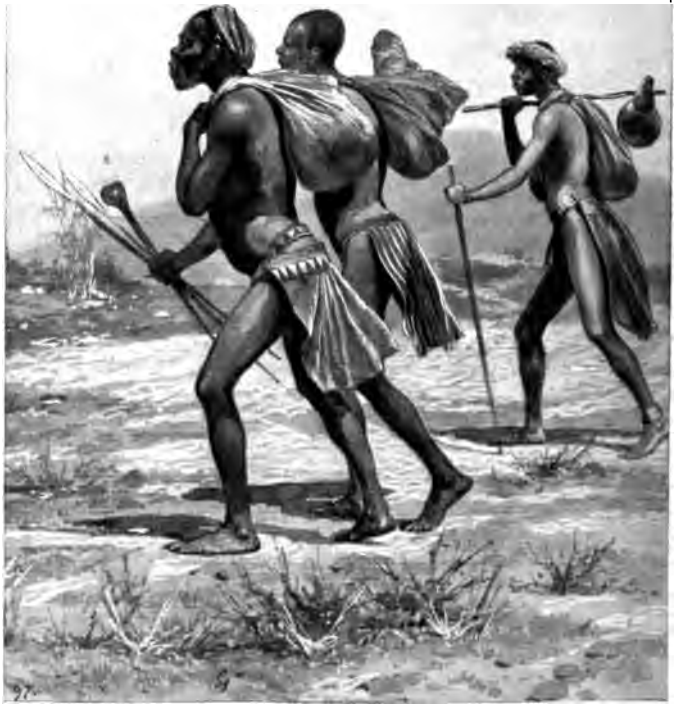

LABORERS TRAMPING TO THE MINES IN NATIVE COSTUME

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Mr. Theal's inquiries establish the fact, which will be no doubt strange to many of us, that the South-African negro is longer-lived than the white man, although I should be inclined to doubt the general applicability of this conclusion to white men outside of South Africa.

So far all black statistics are based upon the savage conditions still existing, and there is much room for speculation as to the effect upon the African negro of the civilization which is to-day spreading so rapidly, thanks to railway enterprise. On this subject the bulk of authority is to the effect that civilization at present harms the negro by exposing him to diseases he never knew before. In his savage state the black man goes

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It is a story typical of the Boer, and serves to illustrate many apparent contradictions in his nature. He does not hate Englishmen in general; he hates only those who seem to threaten his peculiar quality of independence.

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whose house is the *salon* for all that pretends to social distinction in the Colony. She is a woman of the world, has resided in the capitals of Europe, and is a personal friend of Cecil Rhodes. But when she told me the story of Slaagter's Neck her eyes filled with tears and her voice vibrated, for her ancestors were among the earliest Dutchmen at the Cape.

In October of 1815 the first step was taken which culminated in a rebellion and a set of executions now referred to as Slaagter's Neck. The official almanac of the Transvaal government includes the anniversary of this sad event as one of the memorable days in the Boer calendar; and as it is the first of the many rebellions in which South-African Boers have been engaged, let us try to understand it. In this recital I shall be guided not merely by information from the mouth of Boers now living, but by the deposition of the highly respected Henry Cloete, who was officially connected with nearly every detail of this story, and who is an ancestor of Mr. Graham Cloete, secretary of the City Club of Cape Town.

At the opening of the court session (1815) information was given by the prosecutor that a Dutch farmer named Frederick Bezuidenhout had refused to appear before the court on the charge of having ill-treated a native. He had, moreover, threatened to shoot any one daring to trespass upon his premises, and those who knew him considered him capable of carrying out any threat he might make. So the court sent a military force to bring him in. This duty fell upon Lieutenant Rousseau, in charge of twenty men. They found Bezuidenhout fully prepared to meet them from behind the stone-walls of a cattle-pen, through which he and a powerful half-breed had made loop-holes for their rifles. Bezui-

denhout called upon them to leave, or he would fire upon them; but the soldier party, instead of retiring, spread themselves out in skirmish-line, with a view to surrounding the place. Realizing his danger, Bezuidenhout, after a hasty shot which hurt no one, ran back to his house, and thence through the back door into a thick bush and jungle close to the house. For upwards of an hour the twenty pursuers searched in vain for him and his companion. They followed his tracks over and over again, leading to a ledge of rocks, where they at once became lost. But finally they espied the shining muzzles of two rifles protruding from a hole in this ledge. Lieutenant Rousseau, with no thought for his own life, sprang up from rock to rock, and when close to the two men challenged Bezuidenhout to come out and surrender himself, assuring him of personal safety if he would merely engage to accompany the court messenger on the summons he was ordered to serve upon him. The Boer said he would see him first in hell; so the lieutenant disposed his men in two columns. These crept up Indian file in opposite directions from under the rock, and when the first man got within a few inches under the entrance, one column rushed forward and threw up the two projecting barrels, which were fired off without effect; and immediately afterwards the first man of the second column sprang forward and fired his rifle straight into the cave. A loud cry for mercy came out of the darkness, and when the firing ceased the half-breed crawled forth to surrender himself, saying that his master had been badly wounded. But even now, without opposition, it was no easy job to get into this cave, which proved to be a large one, with huge stalactites hanging from the ceiling. Several guns were found here, and abundant ammunition, showing plainly

that this place had been prepared for a safe retreat in case of some such emergency. At the entrance lay the expiring body of the obstinate Boer, whose crouching position had enabled the first shot to go clean through head and breast. Lieutenant Rousseau withdrew his men as quickly as possible after the performance of his duty, for he anticipated trouble with the surrounding natives, who were known to have been carrying on illicit trade with Bezuidenhout. They took the half-breed with them, but he was subsequently discharged.

The incident appeared to be closed, and the trials were proceeding in rotation, when an officer stationed at a neighboring post rode in with the announcement that the farmers about him were preparing for war. At once Colonel Cuyler, who was commandant of the frontier, as well as local magistrate, rode off, and within forty-eight hours stood in the midst of a congress of rebel farmers. On demanding to know what they meant, he learned that after Lieutenant Rousseau and his twenty men had retired, the relatives and neighbors had gathered at the farm of Frederick Bezuidenhout with a view to burying his remains. On that occasion a brother of the deceased became greatly excited, and called upon his friends to resent the act of the law-officers. They promised assistance, and determined to attack the nearest military post and expel the British forces from the frontier. But with the true Dutch love of regularity, if not law, they resolved to issue circular-letters to the neighbors for the purpose of holding a congress at which the state of the country should be discussed. A brother-in-law of the dead rebel meanwhile started to visit a black chief in order to gain his alliance by the promise of plunder. Several meetings were held, two leaders were elected, and these sent abroad

THE DEATH OF BEZUIDENHOUT

appeals to the remoter parts of the frontier, commanding all good burghers to meet on a particular day and at a given place, for the purpose of expelling "the tyrants" from the country.

At this point let us note that we are dealing with Boers who have never recognized any law excepting what they have made for themselves at a general meeting of their fellows. They broke the English law because they recognized no right of England to govern them at all; but they would have been equally rebellious had the Dutch East India Company claimed jurisdiction over them. They were as good specimens of God-fearing law-breakers as we can well imagine; it would be hard to find their counterpart even in the Rocky Mountains or in the Sierra Nevadas. The plans of the rebels were disclosed to a Dutch magistrate by a well-affected Dutch farmer; and one of the leaders was arrested while leaving his farm to join the first assembly of men in arms. He was no sooner brought as a prisoner to the nearest military post than some three or four hundred rebels assembled and demanded the prisoner from the commander. But in the meantime the rebel who had gone to stir up the blacks came back with an unsatisfactory answer, and this produced some vacillation in the insurgent camp. The government party did their utmost to persuade the farmers to disband, but such were the anger and eloquence of the immediate relatives of Frederick Bezuidenhout that they took a mighty oath to remain loyal to one another until they had expelled "the tyrants" from the frontier. Colonel Cuyler after this despaired of bringing about their submission by peaceful means, so with a force composed of loyal burghers and regulars he attacked an advance-post of the rebels, whereupon thirty of them threw down

their arms; but the remainder retired with their wagons and cattle into the mountains, where they set themselves to work preparing for a possible attack. From the little I have already said we see that even at that time the Boers were divided among themselves on the subject of loyalty to the British government, just as they are to-day in the largest part of South Africa. But the government troops pursued these rebels into their fastnesses, succeeded in surrounding them, and after a severe skirmish, in which Bezuidenhout's brother was shot, the chiefs of the rebellious movement were made prisoners. They were put upon their trial on the same charge that was brought against Dr. Jameson's fellow-conspirators at Johannesburg in the spring of 1896—namely, high treason. After a long and painful trial six of the leaders were condemned to death, while the rest were sentenced to witness the execution of their leaders, and to suffer afterwards various degrees of punishment. The Governor commuted the sentence of one of the leaders into transportation for life, but for the other five it was ordered that they should be hanged at Slaagter's Neck—the very place where they had together exacted from all their followers the oath to stand by one another until they had expelled "the tyrants." This sentence was passed upon men who had been seized while engaged in active warfare upon a well-organized government. The Reformers who in 1896 were condemned to death by a Transvaal judge had committed no breach of the peace, had not pledged themselves to overturn or injure the government under which they lived. They were in every case enlightened men, at the head of great industrial enterprises, endeavoring to secure for the Transvaal reforms which had been for many years urgently demanded by every intelligent Boer in every part of

South Africa. This by way of interjection, for "Slaagter's Neck" is now often used to illustrate the clemency of the Transvaal tribunal as compared with the justice afforded by English courts just eighty years ago.

On the 6th of March, 1816, Colonel Cuyler performed the saddest duty that can fall to the lot of a soldier. A scaffold was erected, and the five guilty men mounted simultaneously and prepared themselves for death. A large number of friends and relatives had gathered to take leave of them, and many entertained some hope that their lives would ultimately be spared. The horror of the situation was intensified by a ghastly accident, resulting from the hasty and imperfect manner in which the scaffold had been constructed. The whole fabric suddenly gave way when the weight of the five powerful men was thrown upon it, and these, slowly recovering from their asphyxiated condition, crawled piteously to the officer whose painful duty it was to carry out this sentence, and cried aloud to him for mercy. The friends and relatives saw in this accident an act of providential mercy, and added their heartrending screams for mercy to those of the condemned. It was with difficulty that the impassioned crowd could be restrained by the troops. But though Colonel Cuyler was a kind-hearted man, the stern nature of his duty left him no alternative but to see the execution carried out to the letter. The five men were again secured, and the preparations were hastily made so that the execution might take place within the time specified in the sentence. So the last rays of the setting sun shone savagely upon five dangling corpses — rebels in the eyes of the law, but martyrs in the hearts of their fellow-Boers. They were buried by the executioner at the foot of the gallows, according to the terms of the sentence, and amid the cries

and sobs of their friends, who were not allowed the custody of their precious bodies. So ends the story of Slaagter's Neck.

THE BOERS AND SLAVERY

No sooner had the Napoleonic wars closed with the battle of Waterloo than the public mind in England commenced to agitate vigorously for the total abolition of slavery. The Boers had no great sympathy with slavery as an institution, but they naturally felt that after they had purchased a slave for two or three thousand dollars, that slave should not be set at liberty unless the purchase-price was first paid. A greater evil, however, in their mind was having the whole country overrun with black vagrants who could not be compelled to work at any price, and who were so numerous that they could steal with impunity. In the year 1826 the philanthropists of England secured the passage of a local ordinance which allowed the Boers to retain all the responsibilities of slave-ownership, but not much else.

The government in this year appointed a new office of Slave-Protector. Henceforward many rules of a stringent nature were introduced, intended to protect the slave against injustice from his owner. Many of these rules were dictated by genuine respect for Christian teaching, but the effect in South Africa was not satisfactory.

Henceforward the negro did not receive from his white master and mistress little gifts and indulgences, but demanded as his right the observance of an ordinance. The old happy relation was destroyed—a relation which the negro perfectly understood — namely, that of a chief to his subjects, or a father to his chil-

SLAAGTER'S NECK—THE BREAKING OF THE SCAFFOLD

dren. What would become of family relations if a policeman could, on every festive occasion, determine the amount of every gift which a child was entitled to expect from its parents? An inquisitorial office was thus created.

This ordinance of 1826 was made even less tolerable by another in 1830, which made the masters liable to heavy fines, and made the punishment of a negro depend upon so many prerequisites that a slave-holder of 1830 had less control of his men than a mine-manager has to-day in Kimberley, albeit in the old days we called them black slaves, and to-day they are British subjects. For instance, by the law of 1830 every proprietor of slaves had to keep a record-book containing a detailed account of each punishment inflicted upon a black, with the names of the witnesses, and many other particulars; and if thereafter at any time a complaint should be made against him regarding a punishment inflicted, and if this record-book did not tally in every respect with the case made out against him, the master was to be tried for wilful and corrupt perjury, independent of the complaint itself. Thus a Boer farmer who could neither read nor write, and who was just able to pay his way by farming, would have to hire a secretary to walk about the fields with him and write down the particulars of what happened from day to day when this negro was caught asleep, or the other one found drunk. Great was the consternation at Cape Town when this London-made law became known. On all sides arose the cry of indignant protest at the government which required each farmer to record and swear to his own misdeeds. A huge public meeting was held, and all vowed not to take out these "punishment-record books."

There was a wise Governor at the Cape on that occa-

sion, Sir Lowry Cole, and when he saw the enormous excitement produced by this unpopular law, he made strong representations to the Secretary of State, with the result that the obnoxious edict became a dead-letter.

From the manner in which the government was thus interfering with the slave question, it became clear that total abolition would soon arrive, and that therefore it would be well for them to work with the government, and thus render the transition easy. Many liberal-minded slave-proprietors established a "Philanthropic Society," whose object was to buy up all young females just reaching the age of puberty, to set them free, but not to throw them loose upon the world until they should have served an apprenticeship of three or four years, and thus secured training and a small amount of money. This was a splendid movement, and within a few years two or three hundred black girls had been set free; and there were so many applications of masters or mistresses to confer this boon upon all their slave girls that the activity of the society was limited only by want of funds.

As no slaves were imported during these years, and as the number of slave mothers decreased steadily, the Boers were able to look forward to the day when slavery among them would be eradicated through voluntary effort.

This plan was so thoroughly simple, humane, and politic that it seems to us incredible that the English government of that time treated it with contempt. How joyful would the government at Washington have been had the slave-owners of 1860 shown towards the public sentiment of the Northern States the same conciliatory disposition manifested by the Cape Boers towards the fanatical philanthropists of London! The Cape-Colo-

nists begged the imperial Parliament for a grant of seven or eight thousand pounds a year (about $35,000) in order that their "Philanthropic Society" might enlarge its scope in setting girl slaves free and to assist able-bodied men in the purchase of their liberty. It was calculated that thus gradually and imperceptibly slavery would have been entirely extinguished in about ten years, at the small cost of $35,000 a year. But the only answer they got from London was that the British public was impatient, and that nothing would satisfy it except instant emancipation.

The English philanthropists were just as honest as the "abolitionists" of New York and Boston who applauded John Brown of Ossawatomie, but their zeal was directed less by knowledge than by a general belief that men who owned slaves were necessarily cruel. Personally I am opposed to slavery, in spite of the many good slave-owners I have known; but grievous as may have been the sins of Boer farmers and Southern planters before the emancipation of slaves, I think that impartial students of African and American history will admit that the punishment has been more than adequate. In America the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863 has made of our Southern States a social community most discouraging to any white man, and by no means ideal to the negro. In Africa emancipation resulted in a whole body of excellent white people breaking up their homes and wandering away into the wilderness, as our Puritan ancestors did in 1620. With the Boers, as with the American slave-owners, it was not the emancipation alone which produced the mischief, but the fact that the liberated negro was at once elevated to a position equal, if not superior, to that of his former master. In many of our Southern States we have had the monstrous spec-

tacle of black majorities voting away money raised by taxing the property of white men; and in South Africa the Boer farmers saw themselves at the mercy of a black population infinitely nearer barbarism than our blacks, and relatively ten times as numerous.

In August of 1833 the British Parliament abolished slavery, and sent out to the Cape a new Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, with express orders to carry the new law into execution. Like many English Governors, he was a broad-minded, capable gentleman, whose duty compelled him to enforce measures unpopular with the great majority of those whom he was called upon to govern. He is more happily recalled in Natal, whose chief seaport bears his name.

On the 1st of December, 1834, the new act was to come into force; the late slaves were to serve an apprenticeship of four years, and on the 1st of December, 1838, were to be finally free from all control. During these four years compensation was to be distributed among the farmers. Appraisers were appointed by the government, who examined slaves personally and fixed an average price. When the slaves were liberated, therefore, the individual farmer had no knowledge of what would be paid for each slave, or even how much would be apportioned for the total number of slaves in his particular colony. The appraisement was conducted with a fairness that was generally admitted, and the return showed that upon the total number of slaves found within the colony — nearly thirty-six thousand — a sum of about £3,000,000 would be required, thus yielding an average of about £85 per head.

The slave-proprietors submitted to the right of government in this matter in the exercise of its "dominium eminens"—the right to take from private individuals

whatever is necessary to the good of the whole state. The average valuation was one which necessarily had to do material injustice to owners of valuable slaves—for instance, of such as were worth five or six hundred pounds. But in spite of this there was general acquiescence, because the situation was so bad that slave-owners preferred abolition at some pecuniary sacrifice rather than a continuance of the agitation that had been vexing them since 1815. They were, however, to receive a rude shock. The British government had voted £20,000,000 for the emancipation of all slaves in all her colonies, and the share of the Boers was, on this basis, to have been £3,000,000; but when the money finally arrived, it turned out to be only £1,200,000, which reduced the average value of each slave from £85 to £33 12*s*. Mr. Cloete himself tells how for one of his slaves, worth £600, the highest sum allowed by government was given him—namely, £60—which sum was ultimately turned into cash as barely £48. If this was the loss sustained by a public character, distinguished as a lawyer, what must have been the fate of isolated, ignorant farmers, who had probably never seen a promissory note or a check in their lives? Sudden ruin fell upon many families, for a large number of slaves were mortgaged, and when those who had lent their money on this security saw how their value had been forcibly diminished, they at once took legal proceedings to collect their debts, and in many cases respectable families were sold out by the sheriff—families which but a few months previous were called rich.

When, in the autumn of 1896, Americans contemplated the mere possibility of the adoption of a policy likely to injuriously affect our national credit, every citizen with a dollar in the savings-bank became a victim

by the mere shadow of this impending calamity. But the Boers of South Africa suffered in their property not merely to the extent of fifty cents on the dollar, but in many cases had ninety per cent. of all they owned swept away by one vote of legislators six thousand miles away, aliens to them in speech, and knowing of the slavery question about as much as an average farm-hand knows of finance.

The troubles of the Boers were not to end here; they were not to receive payment in cash, but in notes that could only be cashed at the Bank of England after passing through several offices in London. No doubt these precautions were well meant, but Boer farmers scarcely knew where London was. The consequence was that these ignorant people, fearful lest they should lose everything, sold their government certificates for anywhere from eighteen to thirty per cent. discount. So that the value of the slave, as appraised by the government officials themselves, was reduced first to one-third, and finally to one-fifth. Can we wonder that the Cape Colony farmers burst out into indignant protest against a measure which robbed them of property which had been acquired by means no less honorable than those employed by the average Londoner in the purchase of a house or the good-will of a business?

The American planters of South Carolina and Louisiana were less loyal to the government of their choice than the Boers to the rule of Queen Victoria, for they met the anti-slavery propositions of the Northern States by organized rebellion, and fought until nearly every man in the Southern States was either killed or reduced to beggary. At the Cape many Dutch farmers were too proud to accept the wretched pittance offered them as compensation. It was officially recorded that in 1856

the Cape government had on its hands about £5000, which it had repeatedly tendered to farmers whose slaves had been taken from them, but these farmers had persistently refused compensation which to them suggested insult on top of injury.

When the 1st of December, 1838, arrived, the fate of the farmers was sealed. Families who had forty, fifty, perhaps eighty slaves, and a large farm establishment, woke up on the 2d of December to find that no money or coaxing could induce their negroes to work any more. In the United States, where the negro was surrounded by conditions which compelled him to work or to starve, the harm done to the whites was great enough, but by no means so disastrous as in the black man's place of origin, where he can escape from farm drudgery to the more congenial savagery of his tribe without having to cross the Atlantic Ocean.

THE CAUSES OF THE GREAT TRECK

The discontent roused by British measures against slavery was one of the chief causes of the migration known as the Great Treck. It was strongly helped, however, by the manner in which the English treated their Boer allies in their common wars against the natives. The outskirts of the Cape Colony were being constantly plundered by black tribes, and whenever the Boers attempted to retaliate, the missionaries and the government united in denouncing them as oppressors of the blacks, while they listened to the fluent fabrications of the negroes, who successfully posed as the weak and innocent party. The year 1835 was, however, ushered in by the news that not only the Boer farmers of the frontier, but the whole Colony was threatened by a force of fifteen thousand natives, who had commenced on Christ-

mas Day of the year before burning every farm-house, murdering all the whites, and carrying off the cattle. The Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, called to his aid everything white that could fight, and in about fifteen months, by aid of these straight-shooting Dutch farmers, the Colony was cleared of the enemy.

An official inquiry was made with great care, and the losses sustained by the frontier farmers were as follows: 456 farm-houses burned and completely destroyed; 350 others partially destroyed; 60 big farm-wagons captured and destroyed; 5715 horses; 112,000 head of horned cattle; 162,000 sheep.

All these animals were irreparably lost. The value of that which the natives destroyed or captured in this raid was officially fixed at £300,000, or $1,500,000; and this is without including the losses by the many public-spirited individuals who helped in fitting out the army of whites in the field.

The Boer farmers, who had borne the brunt of the campaign and all the incidental fighting, were not allowed even to take back to themselves animals and farm-wagons which they recognized as having been stolen from them. They were told that all the trophies of war would be sold by government and the proceeds applied to defraying general expenses. But here again, as when their slaves were taken from them, the government offered them the prospect of future compensation. This was maddening enough to men who had succeeded in expelling the common enemy, and returned to find their houses in ashes, their women and children butchered—left with nothing but their rifles and their hungry horses. Yet so high was their esteem for D'Urban, their Governor, that they submitted to a compensation which they knew would be inadequate.

The reward of their loyalty was a surprise even to the English at the Cape. It was penned just one year after this murderous raid, by a British Colonial Secretary whose name should be linked with Lord North's for that quality of judgment which unmakes in a day what it has required generations to build up. Lord North drove the American colonies into rebellion, and Lord Glenelg, sixty years later, drove from the Cape Colony a body of Dutchmen unequalled for courage, obstinacy, and devotion to the teachings of Martin Luther. Let me quote one passage alone from Lord Glenelg's despatch of December 26, 1835:

"Through a long series of years the Kaffirs [not Boers, you notice] had an ample justification of war; they had to resent, and endeavored justly though impotently to *avenge*, a series of encroachments; they had a perfect right to hazard the experiment, however hopelessly, of extorting by force that redress which they could not otherwise obtain; and the original justice is on the side of the conquered [the blacks], and not of the victorious party."

This was the final cruel insult, hard enough upon a Governor so upright and intelligent as D'Urban, but can we imagine the feelings of a whole population denounced when their crime consisted in having offered their lives and their property in defence of their country? There could have been no greater surprise had the men who marched with Sherman "from Atlanta to the sea" been informed, on their return to Washington, that they were brigands, and therefore not deserving of their country's gratitude.

THE GREAT TRECK

The Boers now at last realized not only that they had been treated with injustice through many years; that they had been plundered by the legislation of alleged

philanthropists; that they had been most cruelly insulted by a Colonial Secretary; they were made to feel that in future, as in the past, their petitions and protests would be met in London with the same cynical rebuff that met Benjamin Franklin when he appeared as agent for the American colonies at the bar of the House of Commons before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. People like the Dutch do not leave their homes and expose the lives of themselves and their families to wild beasts and blacks for the mere love of change; and it is only mischievous that writers of to-day persist in tracing Boer antipathy to English rule simply to their love of trecking. It was England alone that forced them to become first treckers and finally rebels —as we shall see later on.

The future was foreshadowed in the spring of 1836 by the sudden offering for sale of an unusually large number of farms.

Of course these farms were sacrificed to speculators at a ridiculously low figure, and the most enlightened government in Europe looked on at the strange spectacle—the most respectable families of a large and eminently God-fearing community tramping forth into the wilderness in order to escape the tyranny of laws passed by men who prided themselves upon their philanthropic liberality.

This is a critical point in the history of English colonization, only second in importance to the order which sent a handful of regulars from Boston to Lexington in the spring of 1775, and let loose the war which ended in an English republic composed of three million Americans. The Great Treck of 1836 resulted in the establishment of two Dutch, or at least Afrikander, republics in the heart of South Africa. Public sentiment from the

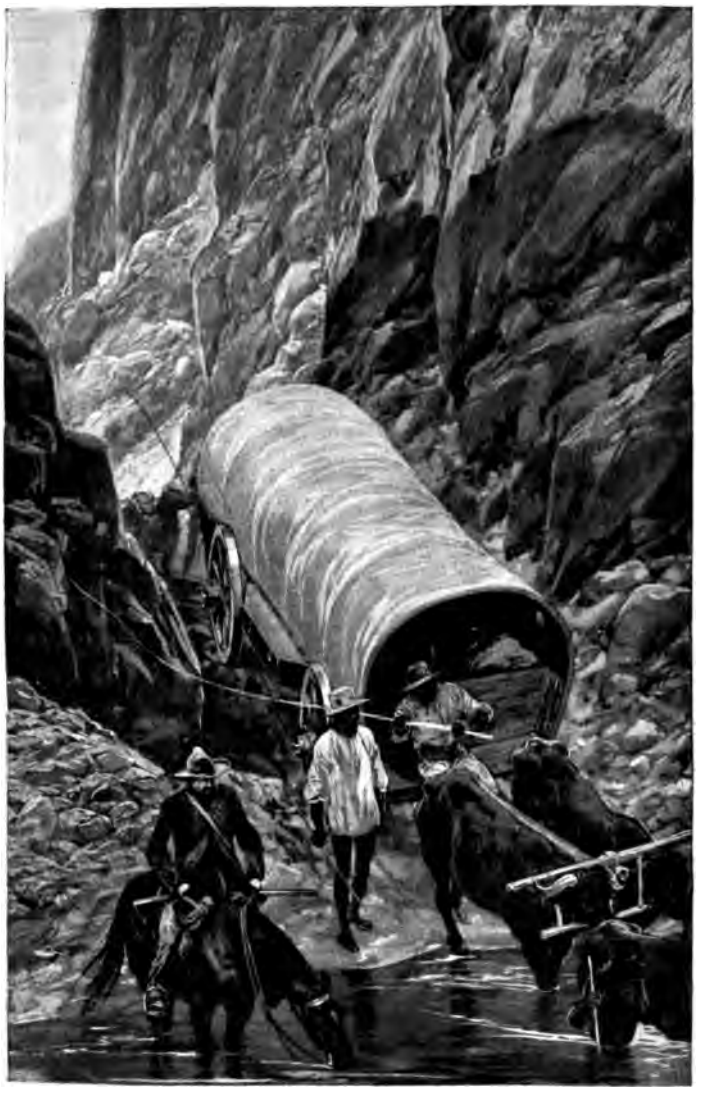
Cape of Good Hope to the Zambesi River has been largely educated in the study of Boer history, which is the story rather of wrongs than of joys under British dominion. We cannot understand the demands of the Boer without trying to put ourselves in his place; and it is only when we have done so that we can understand how deeply he resents the patronizing, if not insolent, tone adopted towards his people by many English newspapers and public men — for, thanks to the cable, the sayings of London are repeated in Pretoria as soon as they are in New York or Shanghai.

The local government sought to dissuade the Boers from leaving the Colony, and rumors were afloat that force would be used for this purpose, on the ground that the imperial government could appeal to an old English writ known to lawyers as "ne exeat regno." But the new Lieutenant-Governor, Stockenstrom, used these remarkable words to a deputation of Boers who approached him on this subject in August, 1836: "It is but candid at once to state that I am not aware of any law which prevents any of his Majesty's subjects from leaving his dominions and settling in another country, and such a law, if it did exist, would be tyrannical and oppressive."

Afrikanders remember this, particularly because at a later date we shall see that English officials acted upon the assumption that the Boers, by emigrating to other parts of Africa, lost none of their obligations as British subjects.

The pioneer trecking party was made up of about two hundred persons, headed by Hendrik Potgieter, who crossed into the territories now known as the Orange Free State, and advanced over fertile country, through Thabanchu, where is now a prosperous little

town with several churches. This was the Boer *Mayflower* trip, which was soon followed by others. To be strictly accurate, a small party had preceded that of Potgieter, had reached Delagoa Bay, where all were seized with the horrible fever of that place, and all perished excepting two. But the main party, who followed in the track of Potgieter, soon commenced to have differences of opinion, connected, of course, with the distribution of land to new arrivals, and a part of them decided to try their fortunes farther northward, along the banks of the Vaal, which is the present boundary between the two Dutch republics. They were now to make their first acquaintance with the Matabele, who were particularly jealous of any approach from this direction. The pioneers were attacked and massacred at points far in advance of the main body, but fortunately news was carried to those following, and fifty big wagons were hastily locked together in a circle, in order to form a fort against the whole army of the Matabele, which now rushed upon them. So enormous was the number of the blacks, and so insignificant the handful of defenders, that it seems to-day a miracle that any white men survived. The negroes rushed in upon the "laager" and stabbed in between the spokes of the wheels, and furiously sought to break in and exterminate the few white men, women, and children who were there defending their lives with heroic coolness. But the wagons were well chained together, and the bullets of the Boers were not wasted; and the women and children fought by the side of their husbands and fathers as they did in New England against the redskins. The Matabele, ten to one, were driven off, though they carried with them six thousand head of cattle and upwards of forty thousand sheep; for, of course, there was no



BOERS TRECKING—CROSSING THE DRAAKSBERG

room in the laager for any but the people themselves. The Matabele have now received their death-blow at the hands of Cecil Rhodes, who has done more than any other to make Africa the heritage of English-speaking people. But the Puritan Boers were the first to carry among the savage negro tribes respect for the white man's rifle, if not for his manner of government. For half a century have the Boers lived in the midst of blacks who were ready at a moment's notice to swoop down upon their settlements and carry off their cattle, burn down their houses, and sometimes murder women and children.

There is no room here to tell in detail the successive fights with natives, the massacres, surprises, hardships, which made up the local history of their people for many years, and which to-day constitute the most precious heritage to the descendants of the great pioneers, or Vortrekkers.

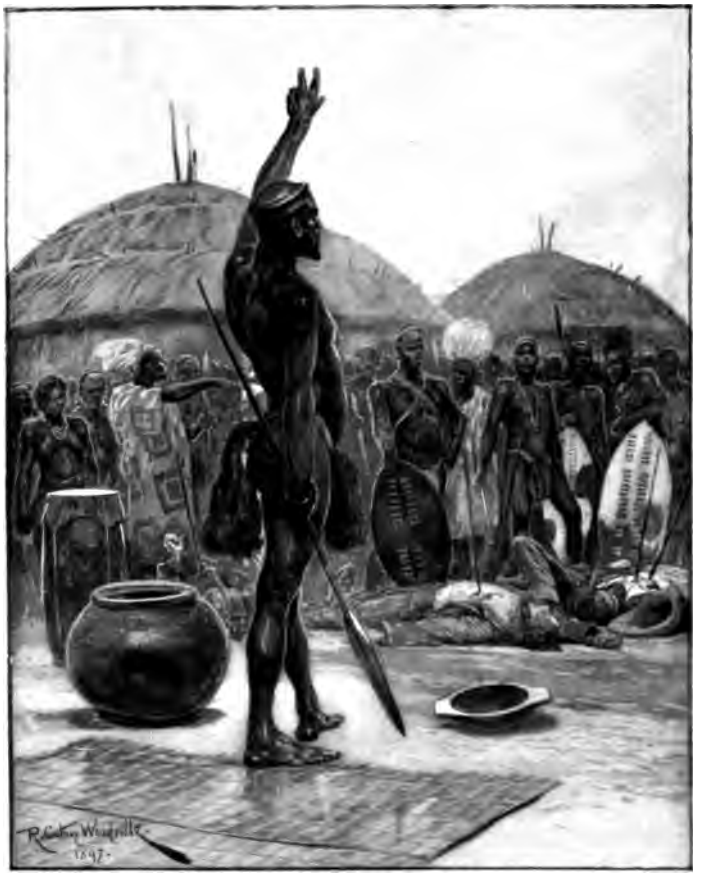
DINGAAN'S DAAG

One of the great festival days, in the Transvaal particularly, is the 16th of December, called Dingaan's Daag—the day of Dingaan. It commemorates a tragic episode of the year 1838, which is worth recalling, because it illustrates the quality of the Boers' traditional enemy, as well as another thorny episode in their relations with the English government.

Those of us who have explored the wilderness know the fascination of going on and on, forgetting what we have achieved, and thirsting only for the accomplishment of another triumph. When the Boers had once tasted the sweets of a free, roving life, it was natural that some of them at least should refuse to settle down until they had convinced themselves that there was no

better place left unexplored. This explains the movement against the Matabele, on the one side, and the other movement with which Dingaan's Daag will be forever associated. The rich fields of Natal were remotely known from ships that had visited her chief port, but it was not supposed that wagons could cross the great mountain range which divides that coast from the interior table-land. But Piet Retief was the pioneer to lead a party over this very Draaksberg, or Dragon Mountain. He brought his followers safely to Port Natal, where he met with a hearty reception from a band of British emigrants who, strange to say, were living there as an independent community. These joined forces in resenting any pretensions put forward by the Cape government for treating them as included in that colony, and based their behavior upon language used by the then Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Glenelg, who had expressly "disclaimed in the most distinct terms any intention on the part of his Majesty's government to assert any authority over any part of this territory." Piet Retief felt, however, that to prevent future disputes regarding rights to the soil, he should have treaties with the native chiefs. For this purpose he visited the capital of Dingaan, where he met with a kind reception, and was promised a formal cession of this territory, on condition that he first recovered some cattle alleged to have been stolen by a black neighbor. Retief accepted the condition, and soon brought back seven hundred head of cattle, together with sixty horses and some guns, which had at various times been stolen.

This was towards the close of 1837, by which time nearly a thousand wagons had descended over the Draaksberg and spread themselves over a rich and almost uninhabited country, anticipating here a settled



DINGAAN AND THE MURDER OF THE BOER EMISSARIES

home for themselves and their children. In January of 1838 Piet Retief, accompanied by seventy of the most respectable and picked men among the emigrants, with about thirty black servants, rode in state to the capital of Dingaan, and there handed over to him the cattle and other property which they had recovered. Dingaan expressed great satisfaction, and treated them to many festivities, notably sham war-dances. The 4th of February, 1838, had been fixed for the signing of the treaty by which Dingaan ceded to the emigrant farmers all that part of the world. The treaty was carefully explained to the black chief, who thereupon affixed his sign, and was followed by his principal councillors. The business on which they had come being now concluded, the Boers announced their departure for the following day. Dingaan asked them to come into his kraal for a final leave-taking, and told them they must leave their arms outside in sign of mutual confidence. Retief acceded to all this, and the Boer rifles were stacked outside the kraal, in charge of their black servants. They found Dingaan effusively hospitable, seated in the midst of his warriors. He passed the loving-cup, and while the Boers were thus seated upon the ground drinking his health, the black chief sprang to his feet and gave a signal which turned the feast into a bath of blood. Several thousand Zulus sprang upon the defenceless white men with assegais and knobkirries, and massacred them almost before they could draw their hunting-knives. Their dead bodies were dragged out and thrown upon a heap of bones marking where other victims of Dingaan had fed the birds of prey. The savages now rushed upon the settlements, conscious that they must strike before the news of the massacre could get out. Dividing into several little armies, the Zulus

fell upon the foremost party of emigrants, who were wholly without suspicion of what was to come. Men, women, and children were barbarously murdered, for they were all taken completely by surprise. This would have been the fate of every white man in Natal but for the lucky escape of two young ranchmen, who succeeded in getting news to emigrants in the rear. The country was at once alarmed, and the different detachments of farmers at once drew themselves into laagers and gave the blacks a hot reception. Besides the massacre of the seventy who accompanied Piet Retief to the kraal of Dingaan, six hundred were massacred before laagers could be formed and the tide of black invasion held in check. The place where all this precious blood was shed is to this day known as Weenen, or the place of tears. Six hundred is a small figure in the annals of Napoleonic wars, but to the handful of Boers holding their own against fearful odds even a dozen was a heavy blow.

Most men would have been discouraged by this first experience of Zulu hospitality, but not so these Dutch Afrikanders. They at once organized an expedition to prove once more that one white man is not merely the equal of ten, but, if necessary, of one hundred negroes. The English community at Port Natal volunteered their assistance, and together they marched upon the headquarters of the Zulu army. The English were surprised and massacred almost to a man not far from the present town of Durban, and the Zulus followed so rapidly upon the one or two Europeans who escaped that there was barely time for the people at the port to take refuge on board a ship lying at anchor before Dingaan's army swooped down upon the town and carried away all the cattle to be found. This happened less than sixty years

THE CHARGE OF THE BOERS TO AVENGE DINGAAN'S DAAG

ago, where now stands one of the most beautiful cities in the world, containing public buildings which may be compared favorably with those of any city of our country, and surrounded by beautiful residences inhabited by prosperous merchants.

Dingaan himself headed another army of Zulus, who were watching the main body of the emigrants, some four hundred in number. Another fight was fought in April, 1838, and the Boers again suffered heavy loss, though they killed a large number of the blacks. For the balance of this year the Boers nearly died of starvation, because it was impossible to cultivate the fields or to get supplies from the natives. The blacks were everywhere watching them, and ready to massacre any small party they might run across. But on the 16th of December, 1838, the god of battles gave them a glorious victory, though they were but four hundred and sixty, while the army of Dingaan rushed upon them twelve thousand strong. For three hours the blacks made rush upon rush, trying to break through their improvised fort of wagons. The Dutchmen fought with characteristic coolness and courage—women and children loading the muskets, and the men shooting with precision. The day was finally decided by a cavalry charge of two hundred Boers, who slipped out at the rear of the encampment, and, dividing into two squadrons, rushed in upon the flanks of the negroes and frightened them into a panic. Dingaan fled with his cowardly crew, and left three thousand Zulu corpses behind. He reached his capital safely, burned every building in the place, and then ran on to conceal himself with the remnant of his army in the forests. It was a wonderful victory, this glorious Dingaan's Daag, and no wonder that the Boers celebrate it with a thanksgiving once a year. And it

should be a day dear to all Afrikanders of every nationality, for Dingaan was the common enemy of all white men, and he united Dutch as well as English against his treachery and cruelty. When the Boers reached Dingaan's capital, which they found still smouldering they gazed with sorrow and anger upon the great pile of bones and carcasses, made up partly of the seventy brave men who had gone with Piet Retief a few months before. Many of the "riems," or strips of rawhide which had been used to drag these victims to the pile of bones still adhered to the bones of their legs and arms. Their skulls were smashed into little pieces by the cruel war-clubs. Piet Retief, their brave leader was oddly enough discovered by a leathern pouch which he had strapped about him, and which contained the deed by which Dingaan solemnly agreed "to resign to Retief and his countrymen a place called Port Natal together with all the land annexed," which deed was a grant of Natal to the Dutch. And what was at first the act of a paramount chief was now made effectively valid by victory over a treacherous and savage enemy. The Boers of to-day are familiar with all that I have been telling, and they do not appreciate the good motives of that English government which persistently denounces them for their harsh treatment of the natives. Nor can they quite understand why they are not to-day in possession of Natal.

After the destruction of Dingaan's army the Boers went down to Port Natal, to discover that English troops had taken possession of the place, and that these had orders to seize all arms and munitions of war, and to treat the immigrant Boers as a conquered people.

Looking at this from the Boer point of view, it was an act of injustice, but from the stand-point of the

BOER WOMEN HELPING TO DEFEND A LAAGER

English government it was an act of benevolence, for it guaranteed sound and stable government for settlers of all nations and creeds. Had England not seized Natal in 1838, Durban would to-day have been only another Pretoria or Delagoa Bay, governed by the spirit of privileges, monopolies, and other products of protectionism.

On the 14th of February, 1840, England withdrew all her forces from Natal; the commander addressed a touching farewell to the Boers, and, so far as neutral minds could judge, that colony was definitely abandoned to the Dutch immigrants. Meanwhile there had been more fighting with natives, Dingaan had been again defeated, and the present capital, Pietermaritzburg, founded. The action of England was singular, first in driving the Boers out of the Cape Colony, then annexing Natal after they had made it valuable, and within two years abandoning it as though by caprice. We have already noted how the mother-country afterwards annexed the Orange Free State, only to abandon it also within a few years. And we all remember how the Transvaal was annexed in 1879, only to be abandoned in 1881, after a disgrace to British arms unmatched in the annals of war since the battle of Jena. Let us note here that the abandonment of these three territories naturally forced the loyal English who remained either to abjure British citizenship and become members of a Dutch community, or else to remain in a society where they would be isolated, if not boycotted.

The year 1842 already brought war between the Dutch immigrants and England, for the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope attempted to regard the Boers as British subjects, while they in turn insisted upon being recognized as an independent state. Here again

England was justified by the event, because the Dutch at that time were altogether too weak to have resisted an attack made upon them by a rival power, and therefore to grant them independence would have been practically handing them over to the influence of France or any other maritime power. The Boers, however, did not share this feeling, and declined any connection with England whatever. The farmers were easily routed by the regulars on this occasion, and their Volksraad, on July 5, 1842, declared their "submission to the authority of her Majesty the Queen of England." This submission was accelerated by the fact that the natives sided with England, and the Boers had reason to fear the massacre of their helpless women and children on the farms while they were at the front. They were at that time encouraged in their opposition to England by certain vague promises held out to them by unauthorized agents of the Dutch government, which acted upon their minds much as did the famous cablegram of the German Emperor at the time of the Jameson raid. After submission the English did what was possible to establish good relations; the Boers were allowed to go freely back to their farms, taking with them their horses and firearms, and they were promised efficient protection against the Zulus.

From the time of leaving the Cape, only five years before, the immigrant treckers had not only founded the prosperity of Natal, but had spread themselves northward across the Orange River, and to some extent within the present limits of the Transvaal. They had not as yet established any government, but they had cleared the way for less adventurous settlers by impressing the native black man with the feeling that it takes at least ten negroes to kill one white man; and

that the treacherous massacre of isolated farmers will be inevitably followed by swift and substantial retribution. If to-day missionaries and white traders can travel without arms and without escort about native territories where a white face is rarely seen, it is because the tradition of Dutch pioneer-work survives. We Americans can better appreciate the Boers if we know the feelings of our frontiersmen towards the North American Indian; and in England the men most just to the Boers are those who know Africa well. Men with their lives at stake among savages who respect nothing that is not associated with superior physical force soon become weaned from the forms of legal procedure. We have in our blood the same Norse instincts as the Boer, and we become predatory and lawless the moment we leave the atmosphere of law-courts and policemen. As boys our favorite amusement is to play Indians or pirates, and as we grow older we seek adventure by exploring dangerous countries or joining in a filibustering expedition. The American cowboy of New Mexico or Wyoming views organized society as contemptuously as does the Boer Vortrekker, the principal difference being that the cowboy uses his knowledge of Holy Writ mainly by way of adornment to his vernacular.

IX

NATAL—A COLONIAL PARADISE

NATAL is of all British colonies the one in which I would most willingly spend the declining years of my life. It has more honest savagery and more complete civilization than any other part of South Africa. It is a magnificent monument to English courage and English capacity for administration. There is here but one white man to every ten black—that is to say, about forty-five thousand white to four hundred and fifty thousand natives.

It seems only yesterday that Cetewayo had organized these natives into an army so strong that the capital of Natal had to barricade itself in anticipation of such an overwhelming attack as would drive every white man into the sea. That was only twenty years ago, yet to-day I would walk through this land of Zulus with less precaution against personal violence than I should use were I projecting an evening stroll along the water-fronts of New York.

There is on all sides an atmosphere suggestive of law, liberty, and progress. The blacks are treated with fairness, and they, in turn, accept the white man's rule as representing not only the best government they have ever known, but that of a great white Queen who is strong enough to be generous, because strong enough to scourge those who break the law.

The relation of black to white in Natal has a most direct bearing upon the commercial and industrial future of this wonderful country, for there can be no more vital question to a would-be colonist than the cost of his labor and the security of his earnings. The Boers have been unsuccessful in their treatment of the native, not because they are wanting in humanity or intelligence, but because their government has been weak, and from this very weakness they have felt compelled to regard the negroes as dangerous to their existence. We know that in times of war the officer in charge of prisoners can afford to treat them generously only when he feels that his own force is adequate for contingencies. Throughout South Africa the negro has little respect for the Boer, while he readily accepts the orders of an English administrator. England could, by lifting her little finger, lead a million blacks to the conquest of any part of South Africa, and it is safe to say that no other government could meet her at this game.

The Transvaal, linked with the Portuguese of Delagoa Bay, should they ever undertake warlike operations, would be seriously handicapped in having the bulk of their black population hostile in their sympathies, if not in their acts.

Four hundred years ago, on Christmas Day, 1497, the great Portuguese navigator Vasco da Gama sailed into the port, which he named in honor of the nativity of our Saviour. Port Natal was the name, subsequently changed to Durban, in honor of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a most excellent Governor of the Cape Colony.

The Portuguese are to-day quite as much entitled to Natal as the adjoining territory of Mozambique. England generously, if not weakly, surrendered Delagoa

Bay to a government compared to which that of Costa Rica or Brazil might be called respectable. I should as soon think of treating with Roumanian gypsies for the education of my children as of expecting anything but mischief to arise from inflicting Portuguese rule upon any native of any country.

Durban is one of the healthiest towns in the world, having an excellent water-supply, modern drainage, clean and well-paved avenues, and in general a municipal administration that must excite the admiration of every visitor knowing anything of such matters. Close at hand, in practically the same climate, with an infinitely better harbor, and within still less distance of Johannesburg, the Portuguese Delagoa Bay is a poisonous swamp, just as Durban was so long as the Portuguese claimed control of it. No contrast could be more striking as illustrating the relative capacity of Portuguese and English.

Natal was practically a No Man's Land until 1843, when England definitely took charge of the country. Previous to this a few English had made a settlement here, and it was a port frequented by American whalers in the good old days when America had a merchant fleet unequalled for sailing capacity and good seamanship; but our so-called protectionists have protected this "infant industry" out of existence, and we now pay Germans and Italians and Swedes to conduct commerce for us. Durban was founded in 1835 by the English. The capital, Pietermaritzburg, commenced existence in 1839, having been laid out as the principal town of the Dutch who trecked out of the Cape Colony in 1836. There are, no doubt, good Dutchmen who cherish a grievance against England because the rule of their Volksraad gave way to that of the English Parliament;

PIETERMARITZBURG, THE CAPITAL OF NATAL

but I doubt if the most inveterate of Natal Boers would to-day exchange their government for that which Paul Kruger represents at Pretoria. The Boers have regarded the English as the enemies of liberty, yet in reaching Natal by way of the Transvaal, I felt as does the traveller in Europe who enters Hungary from the direction of Moscow. The citizen has better guarantees for liberty of speech and action in this British colony than in the neighboring republic, which advertises a quality of freedom more akin to the doctrine of absolute monarchs than that of Washington.

I have yet to discover that happy country in which the house-keeper is satisfied with her servants. It is the theme of every American woman, who sighs at the shortcomings of Irish or negro "help," and thinks rapturously of life in England, where servants and cabs are both good and cheap. But English housewives are themselves perpetually dissatisfied, for similar reasons, and they in turn envy the people of other countries. Even that fairyland of exquisite social life, Japan, finds that the servants of to-day are not what they used to be; and so I attached little value to anything said in Natal against Zulu servants. These have the faults and virtues of our own negroes of Virginia or Louisiana, and those who find most fault with them are those who have taken little pains to understand them. They are at least inexpensive, for I heard that a black man qualified for every task, from wheeling a perambulator to serving at table, was satisfied with £1 ($5) monthly. For my own part, I have constructed for myself a heaven in which the service shall be performed alternately by Japanese and Zulus. The difference between the Zulu and the Japanese is that the chrysanthemum jinrikisha man thinks and smiles at the same time. The

Zulu does not find it necessary to smile and at the same time invent a reason for so doing.

When I first looked out upon Durban from the piazza of its comfortable club, I saw a gathering of young Zulus in charge of jinrikishas similar to those of Japan. I felt as I did when first taken to the monkey cage at the Zoological Gardens—my wonder was not at their animal, but their human appearance. The Zulus before me were compelled by the English authorities to wear a white linen tunic and loose white trousers cut off above the knee. The trimming was red braid around the edges of the short sleeves, around the neck, and at the extremities of the trunks. The effect in contrast with their natural skin was striking, though possibly uncomfortable to men who considered themselves clothed when they had slipped through the lobe of their ear a long horn spoon with which to ladle their snuff. These Zulus were dancing up and down like children playing at horse in the nursery; and they uttered continuous native gurglings, partly like turtle-doves and partly like the hallelujah ejaculations at one of our African Methodist camp-meetings. They all appeared very happy during this performance, which continued so long that I calculated the amount of energy expended to represent about ten miles of unpaid travel. Though the body dress was uniform, there was magnificent diversity regarding head decoration. One would wear a common straw hat, hung around the brim with tassels suggestive of a pagoda; and the chief delight of the wearer was in shaking his head for the pleasure of making the tassels dance. Another had fastened a pair of cow-horns on either side of his head, immediately above the ears, and he grinned at me so effusively that I concluded he must have taken great pains with the

MY JINRIKISHA MAN

construction of this hideous head-piece. The kinky top of a third had been interlaced with an enormous profusion of long strings of wool, to which small fluffy balls were attached at short intervals. It seems to me that I have at some time or other seen things of this kind draping women's mantles in our cities, but, at any rate, since that fashion departed, the residuary stock appears to have seized the Zulu fancy, for I saw much of it in Natal. The head of a negro so decorated looked like a huge black mop, or one of those Skye-terrier dogs about whom one is never safe in saying which is the other end. In repose it is uncanny, but when your jinrikisha Zulu springs about in the shafts and throws his head up and down like a colt impatient of the bit, the effect upon the newly arrived is akin to what I once experienced when a long black log of wood, upon which I proposed to rest myself, turned out to be a huge black snake resting from his gastronomic exercises.

To me a jinrikisha is fascinating. Half the charm of Japan consists in seeing everything with a foreground made up of a beautiful, broad, muscular, ginger-colored mass of Japanese back, all tattooed with dragons and storks and Fusiyamas. So I picked out the Zulu who appeared to have the most elasticity of limbs and lips, jumped into his trap, and told him I would like to go to the house of Durban's distinguished citizen and present Prime Minister of Natal, Mr. Harry Escombe. The start was made under circumstances calculated to flatter the personal vanity of a field-marshal. There was a chorus of sympathetic gurgles and clicks from the jinrikisha colleagues of my Zulu, who shook his worsted mane and pawed the earth with that proud and indecisive ostentation characteristic of the warlike charger. It would not do to move forward like a common worka-

day vehicle, so my Zulu tinkled his little bell, sprang skittishly up and down, tossed his mane, and made a few feints as though to ram his surrounding colleagues, who made respectful way for him, and evidently recognized in his childlike gambols a certain professional masterliness.

We were at length on the way, my Zulu giving every now and then huge bounds into the air in order to see how near he could come to throwing me backward out of the jinrikisha. I had recently travelled over the prairies of Basutoland, so that on this occasion he was disappointed. Whenever he saw a man or woman of his own color, however far ahead or remote from his line of country, he made a nice calculation as to his chances of running over these subjects of Queen Victoria. There was no malice in my Zulu's nature. When so fortunate as to graze his target, he laughed and gurgled and kicked his heels in the air. Had he struck the bull's-eye, his joy would have been too great for utterance. Those whom he nearly knocked down were delighted not merely at their own skill in evading his attentions, but they admired him for so nearly succeeding in his efforts. He would have forfeited their respect had he not made at least some show of attempting their destruction. The Paris cab-driver has shown a praiseworthy disposition to emulate the Zulu jinrikisha in this one respect, but his efforts, though equally well inspired, fall far short of those made by even amateur Zulus.

Pretty soon, not having succeeded in killing or wounding anybody, my Zulu stopped at the public gardens, where were a beautiful fountain and a great variety of tropical trees, amid which meandered pleasant, shady walks. Of course I admired what I saw, and I am ashamed to say that New York, with all its wealth, can-

IN FULL CRY

not show so admirably kept a park as this one at Durban. But I kept this thought to myself, and when my restive Zulu had mopped himself and got his second wind, I asked him how far it was still to the house of Mr. Escombe. This request seemed to give him considerable satisfaction, for he showed me all his back teeth in a setting of coral that would have increased the fame of the late lamented Charles Backus, or even the expansive minstrel mouth of dear old Billy Kersands. Once more he rippled out some clicks and gurgles, bobbed his mop of worsted-work, and made believe he was a restive colt at a dress-parade. Then he started off, and settled down to a comfortable trot.

The day was such a one as Californians brag about to us Easterners; the roads were macadamized to the satisfaction of the most fastidious wheelman, and my mind was pleasantly occupied in noting the many handsome public buildings of this model seaport of South Africa. The Town Hall would do credit to any capital of our continent, and I was much impressed by the evidences of good detail administration, which in municipal affairs is more important than bushels of ordinances. The houses in general were built substantially and in good taste; there was none of that crudity so painfully striking in Johannesburg, Kimberley, and mining towns generally, where hotels and banks are run up overnight, and must pay for themselves within the next twenty-four hours.

Soon we left the business part of Durban and ascended gradually a beautiful avenue, from each side of which were drives leading to the residences of prosperous citizens, who from this distance and elevation could enjoy the pleasures of the country while overlooking the harbor and shipping at their feet. This was the famous

Berea, as every one in South Africa is supposed to know. On this semicircular slope the people of Durban find that the hottest summers are tolerable, while in wintertime their city is a favorite resort for invalids from a distance. Of course I enjoyed every step of this excursion, and stretched my legs to relieve those of my Zulu postilion. At a particularly pretty point he stopped short and directed at me another succession of bobs and nods and clicks and gurgles, which I interpreted as meaning that we had at length reached the residence of Durban's chief citizen.

After admiring for some moments a splendid view of the harbor and the two great breakwaters, which reach far out into the sea, past the light-house, I fell into conversation with a passing white man, who informed me that I had come in the opposite direction from where Mr. Escombe lived, but that if I retraced my steps for a few miles I should have no difficulty. I asked him if he spoke Zulu, and he said he did. Perhaps he spoke the truth—he certainly did not speak the Zulu as it is spoken in Zululand. My black jinrikisha, however, listened to my volunteer interpreter with encouraging signs, and I was soon bowling down the slopes of the Berea, rather glad than otherwise that I had been brought so well out of my way. We passed by many beautiful country-seats, and then entered the town by way of the government railway station, which is another splendid monument to white man's enterprise in Africa, and at length came out on the other side and trotted along over a broad avenue leading to a point where were many masts of big ships.

Mr. Escombe is called the Father of Port Natal, because it is to him that Durban owes her present excellent facilities as a seaport town. A few years ago

only the smallest class of ships could cross the bar, whose average depth was only about twelve feet. To-day the large transatlantic liners plying between England, the Cape, and India are able to enter this port and discharge their cargo alongside of an embankment well provided with steam derricks. The railway tracks run alongside of the steamers, so that no time is lost in moving freight from the steamer's hold to the railway truck destined for Johannesburg. Although the distance by rail is a trifle longer to the Transvaal gold-fields from Durban than from Delagoa Bay, yet merchants are apt to prefer sending by way of Natal, on account of the greater security offered by this railway company.

I was absorbed in speculations of this kind when my springing Zulu halted at a point where the road ceased and the Indian Ocean rolled its long, lazy breakers onto a pleasing beach of sand. I was delighted to find so splendid a sea-side resort on the very threshold of this busy town, and to find a colony of villas and boarding-houses for the many who come here for their health. I asked my Zulu to point me out the house of Mr. Harry Escombe, and he did so with clicks and gurgles which made me feel that now, at least, there could be no mistake. But on inquiring it appeared I had underestimated his capacity in this line, for I learned that I was several miles beyond the place I had hoped to be, and I therefore concluded that the pointing of my jinrikisha had reference to the region in general, rather than to Mr. Escombe in particular. But there were kind citizens at hand to set me right; they gave my Zulu a strong scolding, which he received as gratefully as if it had been a new story by Mark Twain, and again we turned about and trotted along in another direction. We should have thus consumed the whole day had it not

been that my Zulu at last felt that he had done enc
work to satisfy the cravings of his personal vanity
less than his stomach, so that I was at last merci
set down in a beautiful little park, looking out upon
waters of the bay, where the energetic father of
Durban breakwater holds his hospitable court. I
travelled about twenty-one miles in my morning's jin
sha ride, although the house I was seeking was less
half a mile from the club where I had spent the ni
I paid that man a sum of money which a New
cab-driver would have deemed an insult to Ireland,
I was so effusively gurgled at and clicked at and bol
at by the mop of worsted that I felt ashamed of my
From that day on I never passed his jinrikisha wit
being saluted by a gymnastic movement suggestive o
first steps in a clog-dance, the music to which was n
ly made up of gurgles. As I like to walk, I took p
to sneak out of this Zulu's path, for it made me
guilty to see him. He spoke not a word of English,
I of Zulu, yet he seemed to have established relat
with me such as he had with his chief, the only di
ence being that I did not collect the taxes.

One morning I got into a railway train running
about a dozen miles through a succession of sugar-
tations. My idea was to see the country and the pe
in a more leisurely way than I could have done h
travelled by a swifter conveyance. We stopped at
of the cross-roads, and picked up a varied assortmer
native types that soon made the train look like an
thropological section in the Berlin Museum. It
something of a shock at first to see young ladies
aboard dressed in nothing to speak of beyond
magnificent skin of chocolate bronze; but a more
est and well-behaved menagerie cannot be concei

AT THE DURBAN RAILWAY STATION—NEGROES AND EAST-INDIANS

There was a market for Cape gooseberries at the end of this railway, and the occasion was evidently one for social display, for there was considerable coquetry shown in the matter of hair-dressing and arrangement of beads. One Zulu maiden fascinated me by a head-dress which reached out behind something like a vast kinky marline-spike. This conical chignon was at least two feet in extent, and gave her great satisfaction. It excited more envy than if she had worn a ducal coronet. She allowed me to photograph her subsequently, with the result that she became even more haughty towards her undraped friends.

The Zulus are by nature ladies and gentlemen—that is to say, they are better-mannered, speak more gently, are more graceful in their movements, and altogether better company than any roomful of Anglo-Saxon people it has ever been my good-fortune to meet. The Japanese are superior to the Zulus, because they have not only all the Zulu courtesy, but they have knowledge of the world into the bargain. But our so-called fashionables are awkward, devoid of manners, and in speech devoid of melody as compared with these black Africans whom we affect to despise.

When I got to the end of the railway line I started at random on a tour of African exploration, assisted by my dusky fellow-passengers, who were all trooping in one direction. As I was the only white man in this variegated party, I was beginning to feel much like the Buffalo Bill of an extemporized African Wild West, when suddenly I came face to face with another of my own skin, if not kidney. He was an English trader, buying the so-called Cape gooseberries from a swarm of natives who brought them in from long distances, carrying them in baskets, which they poised gracefully

upon their heads. The Produce Exchange in New Y
is an interesting and even exciting congregatio
certain times, but in its moments of greatest exhil
tion it is tame compared with the normal state of
gooseberry exchange on the edges of Zululand. At
centre, with a set of clumsy scales planted on top
packing-case, stood the embodiment of English pio
civilization, a shrewd, illiterate, good-natured, ro
and-ready, very wide-awake Englishman. In con
tion with his scales he might have been used as an
gorical design for a monument to border justice. Th
was no handkerchief folded over his eyes; on the
trary, he kept a sharp lookout on the balance, and
so deft as to make an extra percentage on each we
ing operation. The blacks had probably never be
seen such a piece of mechanism, and besides would
more have ventured to question the white man's r
in these matters than his right to plant a light-hous
Durban Point.

The crowd that pressed about this gooseberry-we
maker was composed principally of comely young na
women who made nothing of waiting patiently wit
heavy basket upon the head, chatting and laughing
with the other, but never showing any disposition t
selfish in the struggle for first place. Occasionally
crowd from behind would force those in front to p
uncomfortably about the seat of justice, whereupon
white man picked up a horsewhip, which he had
vided for this purpose, and set to work whipping in
criminately whatever could be conveniently reached.
was all done in good-nature, and accepted as someth
of a practical joke, though, as these dusky maidens
mostly dressed in their own skins, there was occasion
a wry face when the flick of the lash fell too preci

THE LATEST THING IN HEAD-DRESSES

BOER SENTRY, BLOEMFONTEIN

I sat for a long time chatting with this trader, and watching the interesting picture of native life before me. It was an index of the great movement which is transforming South Africa little by little from a wilderness of savage huts and kraals into a community dependent upon commerce and agriculture for a living. The hundreds of well-made young women who were crowding about this white trader on the occasion of my visit had their counterpart in hundreds of thousands of natives all over Natal and wherever the white man inspires respect. It was an exceptional year, and one which awakened natives to the unpleasant conviction that they must either labor or starve. In times past they could have taken to the war-path and stolen enough to tide over a bad season or so; but those times have gone by, thanks to a highly efficient mounted police.

The rinderpest, or cattle plague, was raging while I was there, increasing daily the cost of living throughout South Africa, and reducing to poverty hundreds of native chiefs whose only wealth is represented by flocks and herds. The train that carried me from the capital of the Transvaal down the slopes of the Draaksberg into Natal had to push its way through swarms of locusts so dense that the sun appeared as through a fog, and the tracks became slimy with the millions that were crushed beneath the wheels. Every green thing in the line of these mysterious myriads was devoured so completely that a hostile army could have done no worse. Between the cattle plague and the locusts there was little left for the native, excepting to plunder the white man or become his servant, and possibly his partner. In Matabeleland and the Portuguese country the natives took to the assegai; in Zululand and Natal they came to work, and if English administration continues in

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is productive to an astoni
Natal is about the same s
great a variety of fruit as
Gulf of Mexico and the St.

In a shorter distance tha
ton, or from London to Live
greater variety of crops tha
ference between Florida and
found tea, coffee, sugar-can
short, the most valuable proc
growing out-of-doors in a clir
can live in comfort and rear
the ground rises to an elevat
six thousand feet, thus provi
ble for wheat, Indian corn, po
characteristic of the temperate
tude less than thirty degrees s
is to say, a latitude correspo
southern Texas, or the mouth

I stayed watching the Goos
ed lest I should not manage t
bidding farewell to this Joh
started on a twelve-mile walk

AT THE BERRY MARKET

York with the capital of the State. The scenery was always pleasing, and sometimes grand—a delightful contrast to the bleak desolation of the Boer countries. My fellow-tramps were for the most part Zulu girls, swinging along at a fine foot-pace with burdens upon their heads. The small apology for clothing which they wore within the city limits was dexterously slipped from the shoulders as soon as they reached the open country—and the change was an improvement. There was a broad, shallow river in my path, and I had taken my seat upon a rock, proposing to strip the lower part of myself and wade through. But along came three Zulus, who gurgled and clicked at me with sympathetic movements of the head, which I interpreted as an invitation to be carried across the stream. They may not have said this, but I concluded that the Zulu intention was likely to be mine under any circumstance. So I designated the one whom I regarded as the best for the purpose, motioned him to prepare his back, sprang on to his shoulders, caught his ears between my thighs, and thus, with a Zulu on either side to prevent accidents, I crossed the stream in comfort. There was, of course, some slipping upon polished stones at the bottom, and a great deal of consequent laughter; and when, on reaching the opposite shore, I gave my bearer a trifle for his pains, all three appeared as proud as if they had been German officials receiving decoration.

In general it was striking that most of the work appeared to be done by women—reminding me somewhat of Ireland. The Zulu inherits the tradition that a gentleman does his duty to society by waving an assegai when his chief calls him out for war; but that in ordinary times his women or wives should do the work, not only of the house, but of the farm as well. The militar-

ism of the Zulu varies only in degree from that of Prussia, and will only be rectified by such economic shocks as rinderpests, locust plagues, and courts of justice.

Though there are only about fifty thousand Indians from Bombay and Calcutta—that is to say, though they are no more numerous than the whites—their numbers seem multiplied, because they live only upon the highways of travel—about railway stations, in towns, and upon the roads which the natives must take in coming to and from the market. My personal observation, founded on my rambles about the country, would have forced on me the conclusion that there were more of them than all the whites and blacks put together. In the whole length of my twelve miles' tramp that day, to say nothing of other tramps in other directions, I noticed that nearly every hut represented a family of East Indians. Their forbidding features haunted me wherever I went. They appeared to do for this country what the Jews of Hungary and Poland do for those two generous and unsuspecting nations. They traffic with the natives by means of wily ways, which Westerners can only emulate at a distance. If they have not already, they will soon have the blacks of Natal in a bondage similar to that in which the Jews to-day hold the improvident emancipated slaves of the United States. It is the same old story. The trader first gives the negro drink, then encourages him to buy what he would not have bought when sober, then coaxes him into debt, and allows him credit out of proportion to his capacity in ready money. Then, when the native is likely to be most embarrassed by a demand upon him, the Hindoo presents his little bill, and threatens legal proceedings if it is not immediately paid. The trader, however, does

"A JOHN JACOB ASTOR IN POSSE"

not wish it paid, and thus he can pretend to accommodate the native, who is not able to pay it. The Natal Shylock asks only a promissory note or a mortgage, along with a stipulation that his debtor shall trade with no one excepting himself. Thus, out of a little original debt of a few shillings the black man has converted himself into a bond-slave of the Jew, paying to him everything that he can possibly earn, and remaining unto the day of his death in a condition differing only in name from slavery. Wise men see this great wrong that is done, but no government has yet ventured to cope with it. We have laws protecting our minors from designing money-lenders, but there is no such protection for the negro, who is in money matters vastly weaker than the average boy of fourteen. In the Middle Ages, accounts between debtor and creditor were periodically closed by a generous massacre of Jews throughout the Christian world. In our day, socialism and sixteen-to-one Bryanism aim at relief in more indirect manner. On the European continent anti-Semitism, or Jew-baiting, is by no means a cult of the mob alone. It is the principal article of political faith in every community other than financial. And though it is frowned upon by government, rebuked in the courts of law, and, above all, hotly attacked by the newspapers, which depend much upon the advertising support of Jews, this spirit is no less strong for lacking the usual public channels of expression. Let no one think because of what I have said that I have a prejudice against Jews on personal or theological grounds. On the contrary, many of my friends in South Africa, as well as in Europe and America, are of Hebrew blood. If I speak more strongly on this subject than others, it is because I have travelled in those border-lands where the Jew is at home, and where he

cultivates the habits which make him dangerous to men of less complex minds.

These coolies, as they are called in South Africa, were introduced from India with the sole object of providing a reliable supply of labor in the sugar-fields. The Zulus were regarded as too fickle for steady work, and the government of India threw so many safeguards about their emigrants that the sugar-planters were easily reconciled. It was originally provided that when these coolies had served out their term of engagement they should be reshipped to their native land, and indeed the coolies themselves attached great importance to this provision. But as the years passed by, the opportunities for advancement were found to be so much more abundant in South Africa than in Calcutta or Bombay that, instead of going home, this ingenious race sought lucrative employment at work which the black man could not do and the white man would not. I found these coolies in large numbers about the gold-fields of Johannesburg, carrying on most of the petty traffic and a considerable portion of the mechanical trades. They had wedged themselves in between the white man and the black, exactly as they have in the West Indies and British Guiana, though in that part of the world the Chinese run them pretty close. They are a thrifty people, and absorb property with great rapidity. In Natal they are coming to represent more and more the capitalist class of the community, and to domineer over the black man. The black man will stand much from a white man, but he is not readily reconciled to the dominion of cocoa-colored people who are themselves a conquered race, and yet in Natal acquire full citizenship with the white man, and use this citizenship to exploit the native black. Some fine day the papers

TOWN CLOTHES AT DURBAN

will inform us that these gentle Zulus have massacred a few thousand Hindoos overnight, and I for one shall not be surprised. The premonition of this species of lynch law has already occurred since my visit; when the white people of Durban sought forcibly to obstruct the landing of more coolie immigrants. To be sure, in this case the feelings outraged were those of white people, but it needed only this to teach the blacks that in a demonstration against the browns they would have the whites neutral, if not sympathetic with them.

The coolie of Natal stands in relation to the white population much as the Chinaman does towards the whites of our Pacific coast. We respect his thrift and cognate virtues, but we do not become attached to him, or he to us. We find fault freely with the negro, but with all his shortcomings of intellect and morality we love him as we do a faithful dog or horse. He becomes a member of our family, and we trust him with our honor, though we tremble for our watermelons and hen-roosts.

The year 1896, so critical in many ways for South Africa, has, I think, done much to persuade the black man of Natal to be content with workman's wages rather than the rewards of plunder. It has, to the same extent, weakened the importance of the Bombay coolie as a laborer, and, above all, it has aroused among the whites a wholesome dread lest the franchise so generously bestowed upon all property-owners, without distinction of color, should eventually result in the coolie of India governing the Englishman of Natal. We Americans have had a taste of black legislation in South Carolina, and may have studied its consequences in Haiti and San Domingo. They do not form pleasant reading.

Natal collects customs exclusively for revenue, and from our stand-point may be regarded as a free-trade country, where the nations of the world can find a market strictly upon their merits. Germany, Sweden, Belgium, France, England, and the United States all compete on equal terms for the right to sell their goods in Natal. It is to be regretted that all South Africa is not a federation, at least for custom-house purposes, because their interests are so intertwined that commercially they are to the rest of the world as the different States of our Union. The trade of Durban is to a large extent made up of imports to the Transvaal, and it is impossible to separate these interests, though the Boer republic has custom-house doctrines suggestive rather of Spain in the Middle Ages than of the commercial Dutch. I was much interested in learning what I could of American trade with South Africa, and I believe Americans themselves will be amazed when they learn the relative importance of our commerce to that of England and Germany. Our present protective legislation does much to hamper this commerce by artificially enhancing the costs of American manufactures, and our people are still further handicapped by our "navigation laws." In earlier days, our politicians were Americans, ready to challenge the world on the high-seas; to-day we are shivering at the very thought of foreign competition, and invoking the essentially Irish doctrine of trades-unionism and protection for so-called infant industries.

American trade with Natal fairly illustrates our relations with all South Africa. England, of course, takes easily first place in nearly everything, and notably in the carrying trade. It is natural that English colonists should draw their supplies from people whose ways

AN EAST-INDIAN MILKMAN

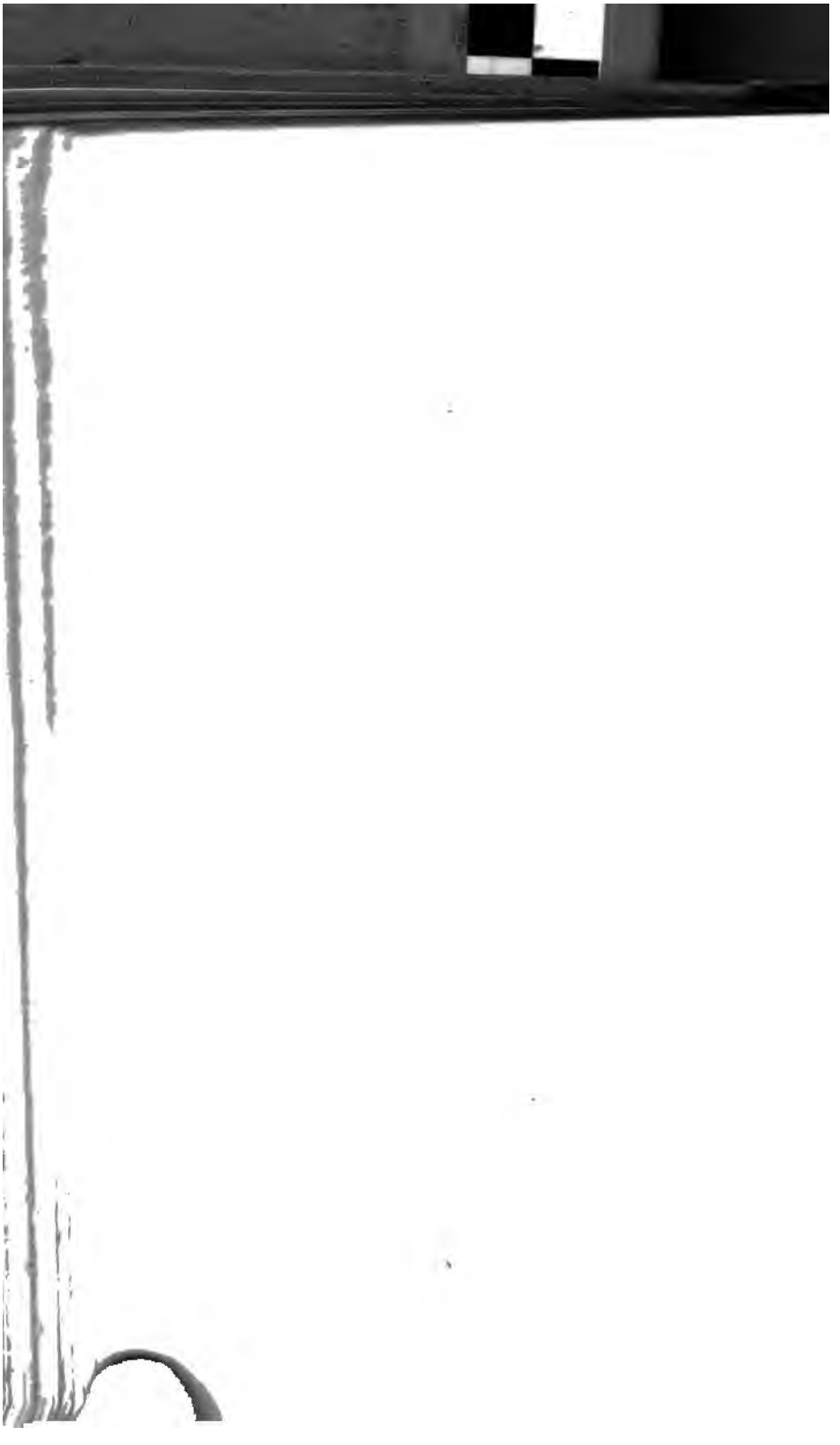
they know, and to whose goods they are accustomed. But the African climate and conditions of life give a distinct advantage to many articles of American manufacture.

For instance, in wooden ware of all kinds, such as houses and frames and oars, etc., the United States leads all other countries, although it is second to Sweden in timber. We lead in manufactured tobacco, but Germany, Holland, and England beat us in the unmanufactured article, which does seem rather strange. We are the chief shippers of turpentine, petroleum, lard, oil, salt beef, and pork. On the official record England beats us at clocks and watches, but I suspect that a large amount of those imported as from England are really manufactured in America. We ship to Natal agricultural implements worth £12,000, against England's £5000 and Germany's £1000. We are ahead in exports of carriages and carts, although England runs us close. Out of a total import under this head, aggregating 333, England and the United States together furnish 319, Germany only 3, and the rest of the world 11. I am quoting from the official Natal Blue Book, just placed in my hands (March, 1897) by the government. The information only reaches to the middle of 1895, but for comparative purposes it is well enough. In the matter of hardware and cutlery, out of total imports valued at £109,000, England and America together furnish £105,000, leaving only £4000 to be provided by Germany and the rest of the world. In this department it is strange that we should figure better than Germany, though we are only a very poor second to England's lead. Germany beats us in the matter of perfumery, living plants, plate and jewelry, musical instruments, manufactured leather, though in all of these England easily takes the

lead, and our country forms one of the princip
In the matter of wire fencing we have the com
of Belgium, Germany, and Holland; yet out of
of 3366 tons England and America contribute
3000. We are only second to England in gener
mongery, Germany coming third. This is true
preserved vegetables and fruits. We beat the w
our lard shipment — 23,000 against England's
In raw leather we are second only to England, a
applies also to such commodities as linens, sail
general machinery, artificial manures, "oilman's
varnish, preserved meat and fish, cordage, swe
rum, tallow and grease, tin-ware.

Wherever I went in any part of South Africa I
American handicraft represented in ploughs, car
mining machinery, labor-saving implements for
tic purposes, furniture. These things were there
cause they were imitations of English things, or b
they were cheaper, but entirely because they ha
to be lighter, stronger, and better adapted to the
tions of African life. The few examples I have
are applicable as well to one part of South Af
another, and should encourage us to do away wit
tectionism, and manfully reach out with Engla
the trade of the world. We hear much about G
competition as undermining England, but this co
tion will prove less and less severe in proportion a
land carries out her present policy of giving her
ing-classes a workman's education, instead of, as
tofore, training the children of day-laborers for n
excepting to become governesses, shop-girls, and
The Germans are far ahead of England and A
in primary as well as advanced education, and we
follow their example in the matter of trade-scho

A ZULU POLICE ORDERLY



fore we can hope to be their equals in the labor market. But commerce, like literature and art, requires freedom if it is to grow strong, and in this respect Germany is greatly handicapped by its own government, and so is the United States.

The more wonderful, therefore, that America makes so good a second to England in this neutral market. In fact, could we to-day unite the English-speaking people in a commercial brotherhood, as so many sovereign states of a great customs union, the Anglo-American trade would so overshadow that of the rest of the world that the single states of Europe would be barely noticed.

In my travels about the world I have been struck, in common with others, at the absence of efficient American consuls. More striking, however, is the persistent presence of consuls so bad that they form a hinderance to American trade. More than once in South Africa English importers spoke of the difficulty which met their efforts towards commercial relations with American houses. When they went to the German or French consul they were gratefully assisted, because these officials are not only well-trained public servants, but regard it as their chief duty to encourage the trade of their respective countries; but when they turned to the American consul, they found a person whom they either could not trust, or who, if he happened to be honest, was ignorant. This is a scandal well known to American merchants, but they find it inexpedient to discuss it publicly, because a consul abroad, while he may have no power to do good, has often considerable opportunity for harm.

Mr. Harry Escombe has become Prime Minister of Natal since my visit, and his selection proves that there is to be no check to the commercial development of this colony. He is an energetic, practical man of affairs, and

understands the needs of South Africa. The only laxation he allowed himself when I was in his cou was to visit his darling breakwater at five or six in morning, regardless of weather. He knows the po tiality of every current that moves about his port, dwelt with loving interest upon every stone that helping to make Durban one of the chief ports of world. He proved to me beyond peradventure within measurable distance of time thirty feet of w would be the normal depth on the Durban bar, within its shelter would be space for the transatla commerce of the world. I soon caught his enthusi and before leaving Durban felt that I should die a rich man if I could but invest a few hundreds in fronting upon this marvellous port. South Afric full of able and self-sacrificing statesmen built upon pattern of Mr. Escombe, and it is to such men, and to the missionaries of Exeter Hall or the philant pists in the British House of Commons, that we our debt of gratitude for such progress as has made in the White Man's Africa.

Colonel Dartnell is another institution of which N is proud, for he commands the mounted police of country, and is so excellent an administrator tha keeps order over the whole of his territory by mear a mounted force of only about three hundred w men, under whom are about six hundred black au ries; but the blacks have no discretion, and act u orders of the whites. No prouder person walks earth than the black policeman of Maritzburg or ban with a European helmet on his head, bare feet legs, and carrying as his badge of authority a war of his tribe. He emulates the easy, phlegmatic swi the London policeman, and is altogether a magnif

LANDING PASSENGERS AT DURBAN—THREE IN EACH BASKET

creature. There are black policemen in Barbadoes, and we know them also in the United States, but the Zulu of Natal beats them at their own game. It speaks volumes for the excellent administration of this colony that there should be less than one white policeman to every thousand of the black population. Measured on this standard, the nations of Europe would appear to be exceedingly lawless. It is very impressive for the black man fresh from the interior, where the highest law is the capricious order of a savage, to step at once into a crowded and busy community of mixed white, blacks, and browns, and there for the first time feel that law and justice can reach the highest and the lowest alike; and that a simple Zulu, clothed with a badge of authority, stands for the whole majesty of the British Empire. This is the great missionary lesson that is spreading from the white man's centres throughout the Dark Continent, and is producing healthy results wherever the source of authority is not tainted.

Having made an inspection at Johannesburg and Pretoria of the two most famous jails in South Africa, it was of course natural that I should wish to see how prisoners fared in Natal. I was fortunate in having enjoyed acquaintance with the gentleman who is governor of the Durban jail, a retired officer of the English army; and by a happy coincidence I was accompanied on this visit by Mr. Lionel Phillips, who had been for several months an inmate of the Pretoria jail, charged with the horrible crime of having sought to better the government of Johannesburg. Mr. Phillips considered himself an expert in prison fare and treatment, so that I am quite satisfied here to reflect his opinions, more particularly as they coincided with my own. There was nothing in Durban to conceal or to be ashamed of, and conse-

quently we were shown everything as freely as if we had been inspecting the cadet barracks at West Point. Both at Pretoria and Johannesburg I was made to feel that my inquiries were embarrassing, and that even the Boers themselves took little pride in the provision made for their unfortunate prisoners. This was the more striking in Pretoria, where the overwhelming majority were strictly political prisoners, both black and white. Scarcely a face did I see of a white jailer among the Boers that would not have justified an impartial jury in putting its owner into the stocks as a brutal man. The few decent jailers at Pretoria were so disgusted with their own administration that they were but too glad to leave and accept positions under the Johannesburg reformers, whom they had learned to like during their enforced companionship. All honor to Captain Smith, of Durban, who governs the jail as a trust for humanity. I tasted of the food, I pulled the beds to pieces, I went into the out-houses and lavatories, and found everywhere a condition that would have done credit to the barracks of a good regiment. The Boers flog their prisoners with knotted ropes. The English use no knots—they find no justification for laceration. A jail is at best a poor place for a picnic, and I should have thought this Durban one a very sad resort had I not come fresh from Pretoria. But were I a monk and offered my choice of cells, I should not complain at exchanging from any monastery of Europe into the common jail of Durban. The food here is abundant of its kind. The Boers give their white prisoners meat only after all the juice has been boiled out of it; the Durban prisoner gets real meat every day if he is a first-class misdemeanant, four times a week if he is rated second class, and twice a week if he is third class. This is generous fare from

A ZULU SERVANT OF THE GOVERNOR OF NATAL

my point of view, when I reflect that besides meat the prisoners of all classes have as much corn-meal and vegetables as is good for them. Mr. Lionel Phillips grew so enthusiastic over the capacity for innocent enjoyment offered by this penal institution that Captain Smith offered him free quarters during his stay at the port. But, on the whole, the ex-reformer concluded to put up with the Durban Club.

South Africa is studded with clubs, of which it can be said that they are, as in other countries—better than hotels, and never so good as a private house. If there is an exception to this rule, it is the Durban Club, where the servants are all Orientals, with huge turbans upon their heads, broad red sashes about their waists, and a white uniform radiating cool cleanliness. It is like stepping into Calcutta to enter the Club of Durban, for the halls are spacious, luxurious tropical vegetation shades the court-yard, broad verandas abound, and the architecture is one favorable to space and fresh air. The rooms are comfortable, the attendance as good as anything in Mayfair, and the members are characteristically wide-awake, well informed, and disposed to courtesy. Colonials in general are interesting to the travelling stranger. The London man would die the death of a martyr rather than ask his neighbor at table to pass him bread or salt. He retires to his club as to a savage solitude, where he can be as unmannerly as he chooses, provided he does not fall foul of the committee. This has its good side, for it prevents one-half of a community acting as bores to the other half. But it is discouraging to the traveller who is burning to ask questions and obtain personal information from every class and condition of man. The German and Frenchman are accessible and courteous to the travelling stranger, and so is the Amer-

ican, particularly west of the Alleghanies. Unsociability is not peculiar to Englishmen in general so much as to the inhabitant of England. The moment an Englishman leaves Pall Mall and crosses the sea he becomes at once communicative, and when he reaches Natal he is a positively delightful companion, whether we know his name, his rank, or even his occupation.

It seems conventional and therefore proper, before closing an article of this kind, to burden the reader with a few statistical items extracted from blue-books, gazetteers, almanacs, geographies, year-books, and other publications, useful, if not exhilarating. The greatest length and breadth of Natal is about 150 miles; that is to say, about the distance between New York and Albany. Its whole area is less than the half of New York State—only about 20,000 square miles. Cape Colony has more than ten times this area, and the Transvaal is five times as great. Even the Orange Free State has twice the area of this colony. Natal is the Rhode Island in the United States of South Africa, and, like Rhode Island, is not only the smallest, but one of the most enterprising and prosperous. It has to-day over four hundred miles of excellently built and managed railways, connecting its port and principal towns both with the Orange Free State and the South African Republic. The extension of this railway is towards Zululand, and will, no doubt, pursue its course northward through Transvaal or Portuguese territory until it joins the great lakes of equatorial Africa. The railway is, after all, the greatest civilizer of this country, for it demonstrates more completely than any other agency the capacity of the superior race for organization, and, if necessary, rapid military concentration. Missionaries have done good in so far as they have taught the blacks to respect their marriage

AT THE DURBAN CLUB

vows and occupy themselves with productive trades. But all that they have accomplished from the days of Livingstone down to this year of Jubilee is small indeed compared with the evangelizing effect of one locomotive. We all know the marvellous political effect this agency has wrought in Mexico, and it is for this reason only that France is squandering millions on the construction of railways into the deserts of northern Africa. It is a sad reflection that France should reap so little profit from the large expenditures she makes upon her colonies, and she must feel still worse in noting that throughout South Africa every railway so far constructed has yielded handsome dividends.

Next to the locomotive, the missionary that appeals most strongly to my sympathies is one after the fashion of Mrs. Dartnell, whose husband commands the local military forces of the colony. Colonel Dartnell was stationed at one time in a part of the colony where his official residence was approached by a path leading up a rather steep hill. He was much respected by the natives, and there were frequent occasions for these to visit him. Mrs. Dartnell discovered that the native custom was to let the wives carry the burdens up this hill, while the gentlemen of the party contented themselves with a stick or spear. With fine feminine tact Mrs. Dartnell commenced her missionary career by inviting the heavily burdened women to rest themselves and have refreshments; but the men she ostentatiously ignored, on the ground that, as they had done no work, they could not require any rest or refreshments. Little by little the news of this social revolution permeated the mind of the black neighborhood, and it was a revolution by no means uncongenial to the advocates of black woman's rights. Soon it was learned that one black man had

actually carried part of his wife's burden up the hill; and as this was not followed by a convulsion of nature, other Zulus followed the example until little by little it became the rule, in that neighborhood at least, for a man to assist his wives in the bearing of burdens. I have occasionally, in Germany, seen a woman bearing a trunk to the railway station on her back, while its owner followed behind smoking a cigar; and in my canoe cruising I was once struck by the sight of a heavy boat being towed against the stream by a docile Saxon wife, whose husband was comfortably manipulating the helm, likewise enjoying a fragrant smoke. But, then, Germany requires a large army, which the Natal natives do not. Therefore let us pray for a blessing on the missionary work of such as Mrs. Dartnell, and may she live long, a blessing to Natal.

X

BRITISH AND BOER GOVERNMENT

ALL there is of Boer history for the last eighty years is a struggle for personal liberty. The Boer is the embodiment of republicanism without a republic. The Boer ideal is to live upon a farm so big as to conceal from view his next neighbor, and to be exempt from all government interference, particularly that of the tax-collector. His political constitution is framed on the theory that every Boer capable of bearing arms has a right to be heard in the national assembly, and if his view does not prevail it is in his tradition to secede and establish a government for himself, even in defiance of a popular majority. The history of the Boers is one-third war against England, one-third war with negroes, and one-third civil war. So natural is it that the Boer should take up arms against his own government that in past years the penalty for technical treason has been about the same as that for stealing a horse or being drunk and disorderly overnight. The Boer by no means surrenders any of his own personal rights when he elects his representative in the Volksraad or his President. The parliament is regarded merely as a people's committee, and the President as its moderator or spokesman. The people expect their President to visit them with the regularity of a family physician or minister of the Gospel, and they exercise the right to catechize him as

to what he has done, and to ventilate, each in turn, whatever grievances he may entertain. Even in the United States the President has never, least of all in the earliest days of the republic, represented so intimately the people of every corner of the country. To be sure, George Washington presided over a population of three millions against President Kruger's little burgher band of perhaps one hundred thousand souls.

As I travelled along towards the Transvaal frontier I pictured the contrast that awaited me between the aristocratic forms of the Cape Colony and the stern simplicity of the Boer republic. Dutch sympathizers in the Cape had prepared me for such rugged virtues as characterized certain heroes of Roman history. I confess that I crossed the Vaal River prejudiced in favor of the Boer.

Having been fortified by a letter of introduction from a high official in the Cape Colony, directed to the State Secretary of the Transvaal, I sent this letter ahead of me, begging the honor of an interview, and desiring to know when it would please Dr. Leyds to receive me. On arrival at my hotel in Pretoria I found a letter from Dr. Leyds's clerk, informing me that the State Secretary would not be able to see me by reason of his health. The letter contained no intimation of a hope that this unfortunate state of infirmity would be alleviated during my stay in South Africa; in fact, it was the plainest possible expression of this gentleman's desire to have me leave Pretoria and stay away. This was discouraging, for my purpose in visiting Pretoria was not to get a concession for a gold-mine, but to understand the state of things at this interesting time.

When I woke on the following morning it was in answer to a knock at the door. A black boy brought

in a visiting-card with a nobleman's coronet in the centre of it, below which was printed the name of the clerk who had written the letter for Dr. Leyds. I received him, and listened to a most polite demonstration of Dr. Leyds's deep regret that his health did not allow him the pleasure of making my acquaintance, etc., etc. He placed himself at my disposition, and asked if he might show me about Pretoria and initiate me into the pleasures of this capital. I sought to emulate the magnificent, if unconvincing, courtliness of the young man, expressed a tender solicitude for the precarious condition of his chief, and regretted that I, in turn, was not strong enough to avail myself of his kind offer.

On the same evening that the State Secretary of the Transvaal declined to receive me, I met on the street a German gentleman who had come over to Pretoria on private business. He told me that Dr. Leyds had met him that day at the station, and was to lunch with him at the hotel on the morning following. He asked me to be his guest, but I protested that, under the circumstances, I doubted if the meeting would be an agreeable one. My German friend said this was all nonsense; that there was some great mistake; that Leyds would be delighted to see me, and that if anything had gone wrong in the past it must have been because my letters of introduction came from English sources. The next day Dr. Leyds greeted me at lunch with a courtesy, not to say warmth of manner, which convinced me that he had yearned for this interview for some time past. He pronounced everything a mistake that had previously occurred, and asked me if he could not have the pleasure of introducing me to the President. Under the influence of my German friend's introduction, Dr. Leyds left nothing to be desired on the score of courtesy. I had heard

before that in order to succeed in the Transvaal, one must be either a German or a Dutchman.

Dr. Leyds is a handsome man, about thirty-five years in appearance, slim and erect, with black, glossy hair and large dreamy eyes, such as I frequently noticed in first violins at a classical concert. He struck me as a man of another world, doing his daily work here faithfully but without pleasure. His conversation is that of a speculative philosopher without human passions. His sentences issue with a cadence and correctness suggestive of rehearsal under a careful band-master. One cannot conceive of Dr. Leyds ever showing temper or haste. He deals with the problem of humanity, though himself without the feelings of a man. I felt his intellect, his logic, his self-restraint, his exquisite capacity for veiling his meaning in polite phrases. He is, I am sure, enormously misunderstood, for he is credited with hatred of England and passionate love of Dutch ascendency. This all is the absurdity arising from judging others as we judge ourselves. Leyds has no hate and no love. He is neither a Boer nor an Afrikander, nor even a Dutchman by birth; yet at a strikingly early age he is virtually the leading spirit in a government whose present object seems to be to make the Transvaal a sovereign state, even if this involves war with England and an alliance with Germany. Dr. Leyds is never personal. He deals with forces that affect humanity, and does not bother his head about a man more or less. He is convinced that the Transvaal can prosper best by total separation from English influence, and in that sense he encourages everything calculated to produce distrust, if not dislike, of England. While the Orange Free State liberally educates its Afrikander children in both languages, the college of the Transvaal insists upon Dutch exclusively, in

spite of the obvious importance of English to even the farming class of Boers. Leyds is the head of a Boer democracy, yet his government is almost as centralized as that of an absolute monarchy.

Thanks to the enormous revenue furnished by the aliens at Johannesburg, the Transvaal has been able to erect a first-class fort overlooking Pretoria, equipped with the most modern and effective artillery. I was not allowed to visit the place, but from a distance it reminded me of one or two of the works about Metz. There is an abundance of ammunition on hand, and while I was there extensive additions were being made to the field-artillery barracks. The men whom I saw were excellently equipped and mounted, their dress being similar to that in the Austrian army. I asked to see a battery drill, but the colonel commanding (since deceased) did not encourage my request. When I was taken to call on the Minister of War, I found him with a rifle in his hand in a room full of cartridges and small-arms of different make, discussing with some gentlemen the relative merits of the different systems. In fact, Pretoria bore all the outward signs of war fever—against only one possible enemy, namely, England.

The Boers do not love Leyds as they do old Paul Kruger. In the Transvaal Leyds maintains his power because the people believe him essential to the safety of their country, much as we employ a physician whom we may not approve of on social grounds. In so far as distrust of England overshadows all other feelings among Afrikanders, the position of Dr. Leyds is impregnable; but aside from this feeling the Afrikander citizens of the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Orange Free State resent warmly the Transvaal policy of excluding from educational and other posts people from other South-African

colonies. And even more bitterly do they object to the large number of clerks and school-teachers who have been brought from Holland and fitted into lucrative positions.

I asked a well-informed gentleman of Pretoria as to the number of Hollanders imported by the state, and he kindly went through the lists of the government employés and marked off those who had been born Dutchmen. It made a respectable total, the strongest representation being of course in Dr. Leyds's department of the government. As a free-trader, I have no fault to find with the drafting of good clerical force from the source that gives it best. But in this particular case we are dealing with a country, speaking of South Africa as a whole, well equipped with schools and school-teachers of both sexes, and with an abundant supply of young Afrikanders fluent in both languages, familiar with the needs of the country, and calculated to make better Transvaal citizens than the class of young clerks that graduate in Amsterdam or The Hague.

The official Transvaal year-book notes many things that are suggestive to us; for instance, the birthday of William II. of Germany, which is now celebrated at Pretoria with as much warmth as in the father-land. About the 1st of January, 1896, William II. addressed to Paul Kruger a despatch which not merely congratulated him upon having defeated the illegal expedition of Dr. Jameson, but also added language which gave the Boers to understand that in case they had required outside assistance, it would not have been withheld.* The

* Cable despatch from German Emperor to Paul Kruger, January 3, 1896: "I express my sincere congratulations that, supported by your people, and without appealing for help to friendly Powers, you have succeeded by your own energetic action against the armed bands

BRINGING THE RAIDERS TO JOHANNESBURG

German official press has vigorously denied this construction, but when a Boer gets an idea into his head it remains there. Under the constitution of Germany the Prime Minister is supposed to accept responsibility for the acts of his sovereign, and as Prince Hohenlohe did not at once resign when this cable was published to an astonished world, we must assume that as a self-respecting public servant he approved of this message. It certainly made the Boers believe that Germany would help them in case of a war with England. The effect has not been one conducive to good relations between Germany and England; and while during the present anti-English activity in South Africa, owing to the Jameson raid, Germans are very much favored, the Boer in general is not likely to substitute Prussian officials for the present nominal suzerainty of Queen Victoria.

It is a strange episode in history that England, the only country that has planted in Africa free and self-governing colonies, should be, in the eyes of the Transvaal, regarded as an enemy. The French, Portuguese, Spaniards, and latterly the Germans, have in turn attempted to colonize on this continent, but without material success. They have all of them acted on the political principle that government can create national wealth. Government never has and never can do such a thing. It can take money out of one man's pocket and put into that of another, but it cannot make a colony, or Germany would have the most magnificent colonies in the world, for no people have so much government as Germans.

In Africa alone Germany has nearly a million square

which invaded your country as disturbers of the peace, and have thus been enabled to restore peace and safeguard the independence of your country against attacks from outside"

miles of colonial possession—an area nearly five times as large as the whole German Empire in Europe. For thirteen years she has expended vast sums for the purpose of giving the black people of these territories the same minute and paternal administration that it dispenses in Brandenburg and Pomerania. Costly buildings have been erected in which extensive offices have been provided, and patient clerks on very small salaries are kept busy tabulating from day to day the results obtained. German exports to these African colonies are considerable, but they are mainly in the nature of ammunition, beer, and other articles of prime necessity to government officials. An army of highly trained scribes is maintained in Berlin for the purpose of directing the colonial administration, and a complaisant parliament votes from year to year enough money to make up the chronic deficit; yet to-day in all German Africa there are not a thousand white colonists. I met recently in Berlin a German who had held important positions of trust, both commercial and political. He told me that he was doing very well with a large plantation in the Dutch East Indies. I taxed him with lack of patriotism in taking his capital, and above all his administrative talent, to the colony of a rival power. His answer sounded like this: "I visited the German colonies of East and West Africa with a view to investing my money there. But I found them so unpromising because of the superabundance of meddlesome officials that I felt no security for the future. The German colonies cannot prosper until they are managed by men who know their business, and to get such men you must pay them. I have to pay the manager of my estate a larger salary than the German government gives to an imperial governor, but I get a better article."

The Boers tried to establish themselves in German

OFFICE OF THE "REFORM COMMITTEE" DURING THE JAMESON RAID

Southwest Africa, but from what I heard in Pretoria they soon returned discouraged. Such of them as had formerly complained of English tyranny had no words with which to describe the administration of their friends the Germans.

In contrast to this form of colonization is that of England. Cape Colony has about 400,000 whites, Natal about 50,000, Bechuana about 5000. Add to this 150,000 whites in the Transvaal, most of whom are Uitlanders or aliens, and 80,000 for the Orange Free State, and a few more in the protectorates of Great Britain, and we find roughly 700,000 white people, entirely masters of their own local affairs, who are carrying on the great work of commercial conquest with no governmental interference worth mentioning. These whites have all a common ancestry, in that Dutch and English both belong to the Anglo-Saxon fraternity; both are stubborn and courageous people who hate tyranny in every form. They are all Protestants, and they have all spread northward from the Cape of Good Hope under conditions that bind people together. The good that has been done in South Africa springs from the individual effort of free colonists, who have asked of government nothing beyond the most elementary duties of a paramount policeman. We must have policemen nowadays to prevent thieves from robbing honest producers, and every Afrikander is grateful to Great Britain for holding the seas with a fleet equal to all emergencies.

That the Boer should to-day hate the Englishman is as absurd as if Dutch and English should quarrel on the banks of the Hudson or Delaware. But the Dutchman of South Africa does not dislike the Englishman *per se* any more than he dislikes the American, the Frenchman, or the German. The bad feeling that has grown up in

recent years can be traced directly or indirectly to the action of government officials in London, or men acting under their orders at the Cape. Boers have had no reason to complain of English administration in so far as it has been that of fellow-Afrikanders; and had the home government recognized this and reposed more confidence in their colonial subjects at the Cape, I doubt if to-day a single newspaper of South Africa would be printed in the Dutch language.

To be strong, a government must be successful. The government of England has been neither strong nor successful. The African colonies have prospered in spite of their government from London, albeit that government has been actuated by just, not to say philanthropic, motives. In 1877, for instance, the Transvaal was bankrupt, and politically as impotent as an Indian reservation. The burghers wanted nothing but their own local self-government, and made no effective resistance when Sir Owen Lanyon ran up the British flag and proclaimed a protectorate there. It was not, in the abstract, an unjust or selfish act. South Africa was threatened with a wholesale native war, and the occupation at such a time of this particular territory meant little to Great Britain beyond financial responsibility. There were many English settlers there, and these naturally clamored for protection against a probable black invasion.

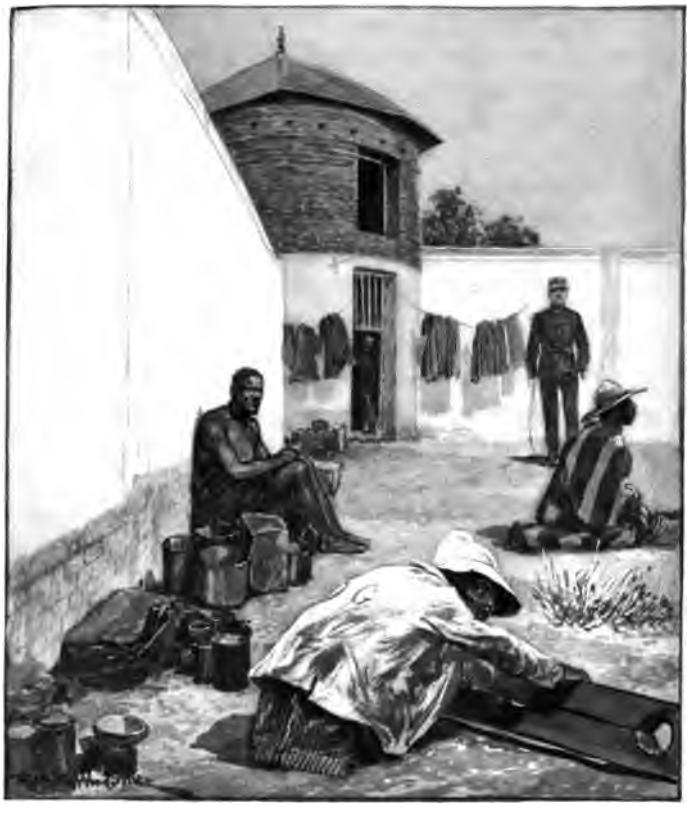
The opportunity was magnificent, but wasted. In Pretoria I heard from the mouths of Afrikanders friendly to England that the burghers of the Transvaal were driven into a war of independence because of the manner in which their local liberties were curtailed. The Boers resented deeply that the English commissioners should treat their most respected representatives with haughty indifference. Men like Paul Kruger and Jou-

bert became ten times more important in the eyes of their own people when it was noised abroad that Sir Owen Lanyon had treated them as inferiors. Then was a magnificent opportunity to organize the United States of South Africa, with a representative assembly intrusted with legislation on matters of common concern. But so far from encouraging this idea, the agent of the London government acted in a manner that could not fail to excite distrust and hatred among the people over whom he had been sent to rule.

In 1881 the Boer war broke out, and ended with strange suddenness at Majuba Hill. The Boers were a handful of undisciplined ranchmen, fighting presumably against the whole power of Great Britain. I was shown at the museum at Pretoria a piece of artillery that had been used in this war of independence. It was constructed entirely of iron hoops that had once served as the tires of ox-wagons. The victory at Majuba was a surprise to the Boers, so great that to this day they compare it to the wonderful actions described in the Old Testament, where Divine interposition frequently gave victory to the chosen people and completely destroyed the hosts of proud enemies. At such a moment England should have put fifty thousand men into the African field and demonstrated her capacity to conduct military operations. But England did nothing of the kind. From the stand-point of Paul Kruger, the British lion tucked his tail between his hind legs and crawled away to a safer spot. The Boers obtained what they fought for, and on every Boer farm it was believed that one Boer was more than a match for any two Englishmen. The surrender of the Transvaal was an act creditable to the magnanimity of the venerable English statesman whose voice has often and eloquently pleaded the cause

of distressed humanity. Politically, however, it was mischievous, because the Boers saw in this noble gift no generosity whatever, nothing but the gift of him who dares not withhold.

The surrender of the Transvaal meant the surrender of interests which England had no right to abandon. Let me explain by a little anecdote. A friend of mine —a most excellent, a now eminent official, whose name I withhold at his own request—was in 1881 living with his parents on their farm in the Transvaal. His father and mother were English, but he was born in the Cape Colony, and the family regarded itself entirely as Afrikander. They had been attracted to the Transvaal by the prospect of permanent stability offered by its annexation to Great Britain. Suddenly the Boers rebelled against the government of the British, and my friend, in common with other Englishmen, was called upon to fight with the Boers against the English regulars. Their interests and personal friendships were wholly with the Boers, their neighbors. But the British government had solemnly declared that they would never abandon the Transvaal, and English colonists, relying on this promise, refused to act with the Boers. Had the British government made no such promises, they would either have left the country at once with their cattle, or acted with the Boers in such a manner as not to incur their enmity. My friend's family was ruined by this Boer war; his cattle had all been driven away, while he himself had been kept a prisoner at a distance from his place of business. The mere fact that he had been loyal to England made him odious to every Boer, and his prospects for the future were those of a boycotted man. He appealed to the English government for the promised compensation, but it had none to give him,



NATIVE CHIEFS IN THE JAIL WHERE THE "REFORM" PRISONERS WERE KEPT

because, having been a prisoner in one spot while his cattle were being stolen in another, he could procure no witnesses. He had no money wherewith to fight what promised to be a long and expensive suit; and so, with a few shillings in his pocket and a most precious fund of experience in his heart, he began life again on the other side of the border.

The Boer government to-day is applying to a complex modern community administrative principles fit only for a community of cattle-herders and teamsters. Before 1857 the Transvaal had no formal constitution, such as governed the more enlightened Boers of the Orange Free State from the outset. What took the place of a constitution was a set of resolutions framed by men who approached the task without experience, knowing only that it was expected that they should promulgate something that should look like a constitution. This document, commonly called "The Thirty-three Articles," reminds one strongly of club by-laws drawn up by schoolboys. For instance, the first article of this great document declares, "All trials shall be held in public," an excellent safeguard to have originated in Madrid or Amsterdam, but wholly superfluous in a nomad community which at that time would have had the greatest difficulty in securing privacy in anything bigger than a bullock-cart. The second article orders that "Persons present at trials shall keep their heads uncovered, shall preserve a respectful demeanor, and shall maintain silence." The idea that the constitution of a great prospective Dutch republic could be embodied in thirty-three sentences, occupying in all not more than three octavo pages, would have been a courageous one to a Francis Bacon or a John Locke. And that of these precious paragraphs a whole one should occupy itself with the details of court-room

manners gives us a hint as to the rest. The Thirty-three Articles has been superseded, nominally at least, by a more modern instrument, more elaborate but by no means more satisfactory. The original constitution of 1844 is still consulted to explain the spirit of later laws.

In a long and interesting conversation with Chief Justice Kotzé at Pretoria I was convinced that a conflict must sooner or later arise between the legislative and judicial branches of the government. The Chief Justice of the Transvaal resembles the other Chief Justices whom I met at Cape Town and in the Orange Free State in that he is in legal learning fit for the judicial eminence he enjoys. In the Transvaal the judiciary is the only branch of government which can be regarded as equal to the duties of the office, and for that reason it is ominous that their decisions should be subject to revision by a popular assembly. The conflict which in May of 1896 Chief Justice Kotzé indicated to me as possible has broken out since I began this chapter; and, unfortunately for the people of the Transvaal, the will of the Volksraad has triumphed.

A law against treason was introduced into the Transvaal constitution, obviously because it sounded well, and was not expected to injure any one. The Boers have been hatched in treason, have grown fat on it, and a charge of treason in the Transvaal is a mere figure of speech suggesting political disapproval. The word would never have appeared in the Boer constitution had not some of its framers conceived the notion that it would look rather well to incorporate a line or two of old Dutch law, just as your parliamentary windbag throws in a Latin quotation now and then by way of proclaiming that he has enjoyed a gentleman's education. So idle was the charge of treason regarded that it was made

punishable by a fine of thirty-seven pounds ten shillings —say, the price of a horse. Treason in the Transvaal down to the moment of the Jameson raid was looked upon as a misdemeanor equivalent to borrowing a neighbor's watermelon. The handful of Boer treckers in 1836 had scarcely got away from Cape Colony before they commenced disintegration and constructive treason. Those who went to Natal, those who settled in the Orange Free State, and those who finally framed the Thirty-three Articles at Potchefstrom on the 9th of April, 1844, not only represented three seceding states, but, within each of these, individual groups reserved to themselves the right to resent any act of government which they did not specifically approve of. Indeed when, on the 5th of January, 1857, the great Pretorius was elected President of the Transvaal, and a more complete constitution was adopted, a large section of the burghers defied this government and started an opposition republic at Leydenburg. Burghers took the field, and there was a three-cornered rebellion involving the republics of Leydenburg, Potchefstrom, and the Orange Free State. The intricacies of this rebellion are too many to follow at present, but it was settled by bringing to trial for high treason the worst of the rebels. His whole punishment was a fine of £150. Other traitors were punished in smaller sums, mostly about £25 ($125) apiece. Paul Kruger was one of the commandants who represented the outraged majesty of the Transvaal government in 1857, and perhaps bore the events of this year in mind when he consented to the monstrous penalties imposed upon the Johannesburg reformers of 1896.

Had Jameson been shot at Krugersdorp by a drumhead court-martial held by the Boers on the field of

battle while their blood was boiling, the civilized world would have condoned the action, though it would have been the severest penalty ever dealt out in the Boer republic for such a crime. But they treated him and his fellow-freebooters courteously, and handed them over to the British agent on the frontier of Natal. So long as Jameson and an indefinite force of armed men were within call, Paul Kruger and his government promised reforms to the citizens of Johannesburg and entered into negotiations with them for this purpose.

We must remember that the citizens cherished no treason, at least from a Boer, American, or even an English point of view. They represented pretty much all the intelligence of the country, all the industrial machinery, more than half the landed property, and they paid nearly the whole of the taxes. It was not an English rebellion against Dutch domination, but it was a union of Americans, Afrikanders, English—in short, every white man who was not an official of the Boer government, and who had any property at stake, was heartily in favor of a reform in the government. Every mine of any consequence had an American manager, the machinery used was mostly American, and, aside from the political problems, the situation was one which in its industrial and economic phases was as important to the United States as to any other power. The Boers, from the very outset of their constitutional career, confessed their incapacity for administering a modern state by enacting in their constitution that revenue was to be raised by the abominable mediæval practice of selling monopolies. The political economy of Spain in the days of Philip II. was applied by Paul Kruger of 1896 to a community of the most modern and progressive manufacturers ever assembled together in one spot. One man, by jobbery

or favoritism, would secure the exclusive right of making blasting-powder, or paper, or brandy, it matters little what. The system opened the door to every species of bribery, and the producing class were made not merely to pay very high prices for what they needed, but they were made to put up with very inferior articles.

The treason of Johannesburg has never been directed, as so many Boer treasons, to the overturning the head of the state. No important body of Johannesburgers has gone further than to demand the fulfilment by the Boers of their plain obligations under the convention with England, the paramount power. It is a monstrous anomaly that *bona-fide* alien settlers in such a republic as the Transvaal should be forbidden to carry arms and forbidden to exercise the franchise; that they should have to submit to a censorship in the matter of the Press, and even private telegrams, that would be hardly tolerated in Germany. It is still more monstrous that the hostile legislation of this country should be guided not by Boers, or even Afrikanders of other nationalities, but by a governmental ring of Hollanders who are out of sympathy with the great body of white people in Africa, and who necessarily feel that their tenure of office depends upon the degree to which they can stimulate the fear of the Boer for his independence. The presence of so many imported Hollanders is another evidence of the Boer's incapacity for managing his own affairs.* The

* Every school-boy in America will recall that from the time the *Mayflower* left England down to the Concord fight in 1775, and through the seven-year Revolutionary war, and throughout the hot political debates that culminated in the Constitution of 1789, no foreign interference was invited or tolerated. The great American Republic was the work of colonists whose ancestors had left England more than 150 years before the battles of Yorktown and Saratoga.

Transvaal has grown rich by the earnings of an alien population to which she has made no adequate return. Excellent public-spirited reformers like John Hays Hammond and Lionel Phillips she has treated as malefactors, sentenced them first to be hanged, then changed this ridiculous penalty into one of long imprisonment in a loathsome jail, and finally pardoned them in consideration of their paying, each of them, a bigger fine than would have been demanded from any dozen Boer traitors of the most extreme kind. Each of the reform prisoners should have received the thanks of the Transvaal Republic for the good that they strove to accomplish.

I am writing from the stand-point of a Boer, and I know such who are educated love their country, and at the same time are interested in its material development. These men are now completely cowed by the military Jingoism which rules in their government, and they hardly dare be civil to English-speaking people at the Pretoria Club. But in their hearts they are sick of a government that embodies the economic vices of the Middle Ages.

We cannot afford to waste much sympathy on the company promoters and mining speculators who make

When Englishmen in America rebelled against George III. they had been colonists about as long as the Dutchmen who trecked and rebelled in 1836 had been settled at the Cape. We welcomed Steuben and Lafayette in the Revolution as we have since welcomed hundreds of thousands, but it is wholly wrong in Germans or Frenchmen to imagine that the course of American history was materially affected by any but the English-speaking and English-acting Americans, who represented traditions of liberty and law undreamed of in Germany or France. The land of a Lafayette or a Steuben could not then have produced a Washington or a Franklin any more than in later years it could have given birth to a Richard Cobden or a John Bright.

AT THE PRETORIA CAMP—TRANSVAAL STATE ARTILLERY

most of the noise in Johannesburg. These men are not likely to shoulder a rifle in the cause of any country, not even their own. They have gone to the Transvaal with their eyes open, just as they might to-morrow go to San Francisco or China. They are financial adventurers, whom the Boers not unnaturally distrust and dread. When I first visited the legislative assembly at Pretoria I was much struck by the strange contrast offered by these two extremes of the human family. Here were long-haired and long-bearded Boer senators, fresh from the ranch, jostled about in the lobbies of the Volksraad by ferret-faced brokers hungry for a concession or a monopoly, and ready to draw a check of a thousand pounds for the mere vote of a scrawny cowboy who had probably never handled a ten-pound note in his life. Imagine Jay Gould in a gathering of the Twelve Apostles, and you form some notion of the incongruity which every day startles the visitor in the capital of the Transvaal. The Boer is an honest and courageous man, of strong moral convictions, and of a higher grade in matters of social purity than the average in Europe. But he is, after all, human, and the temptations to which he is subjected, thanks to the vicious nature of the government, are such as he cannot long withstand. No community can prosper where the property of those who have is at the mercy of those who have not; particularly when, as in the Transvaal, those who vote are the inferiors in matters of knowledge.

Honest and patriotic Boer ranchmen are ready to believe that their dearly bought liberties are in daily danger at the hands of English filibusters, if not of the English government itself. It is by the aid of this popular force that Dr. Leyds and his government of im-

ported Hollanders insidiously encourage the notion that Boer liberties are at stake, and that all measures are justified so long as they strengthen the central government. It is by playing upon these passions that the Transvaal government has been able to impose upon her free burghers a curtailment of individual liberty that would have created rebellion before the Jameson raid. Hand in hand with the craft of Dr. Leyds and the ignorance of the Boer goes the newspaper press, which is managed mainly by imported adventurers, who outstrip even the Hollanders in daily abuse of anything and everything English. At the capital of the Orange Free State, for instance, is a newspaper edited by a German who does not sleep well if he has failed to print at least one anti-English article daily. At the Cape of Good Hope he was described to me by a violent Dutch Afrikander as the journalistic mouth-piece of the Orange Free State government. But when I reached Bloemfontein I found that respectable business men laughed at him, and that the President did not even receive him socially.

England's faults are focused in the Jameson raid. Against the individuals who fought in that raid the Boers feel no anger. But they are smarting under the injustice done them in London. They hear that the money for this raid was subscribed in England; that the man chiefly responsible was Cecil Rhodes; that instead of being punished he was received as a hero. The meddling of the English government at all was a bad thing, for it drew upon the Queen's cabinet all the odium which might otherwise have dissipated itself in charges made at Cape Town against the Chartered Company. The crime was committed in South Africa; all the witnesses to the crime were there, plaintiff and de-

fendant were on the spot; a competent tribunal was not wanting. To drag this local matter to a point six thousand miles away, before the bar of a judgment-seat which the Boers could not regard as impartial, was unfortunate.

Time can do wonders, and a wonder is needed to once more bring together the conflicting races that are now wasting their energies in recrimination. There must be liberty and peace throughout that country if it is to realize the future which only the other day seemed within its grasp. There must be no question of Dutch, of English, German, or French, if that country is to prosper; all must unite, and there are none too many. The flag of Great Britain represents freedom of trade, freedom of thought, beyond that of any flag on the high seas, and in Africa, at least, it is the only flag strong enough and generous enough for our purposes. It guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to all within the sphere of its influence. It is, in short, the only flag which to-day makes possible our dream of a White Man's Africa.

THE END

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